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DECEMBER, 1901.

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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



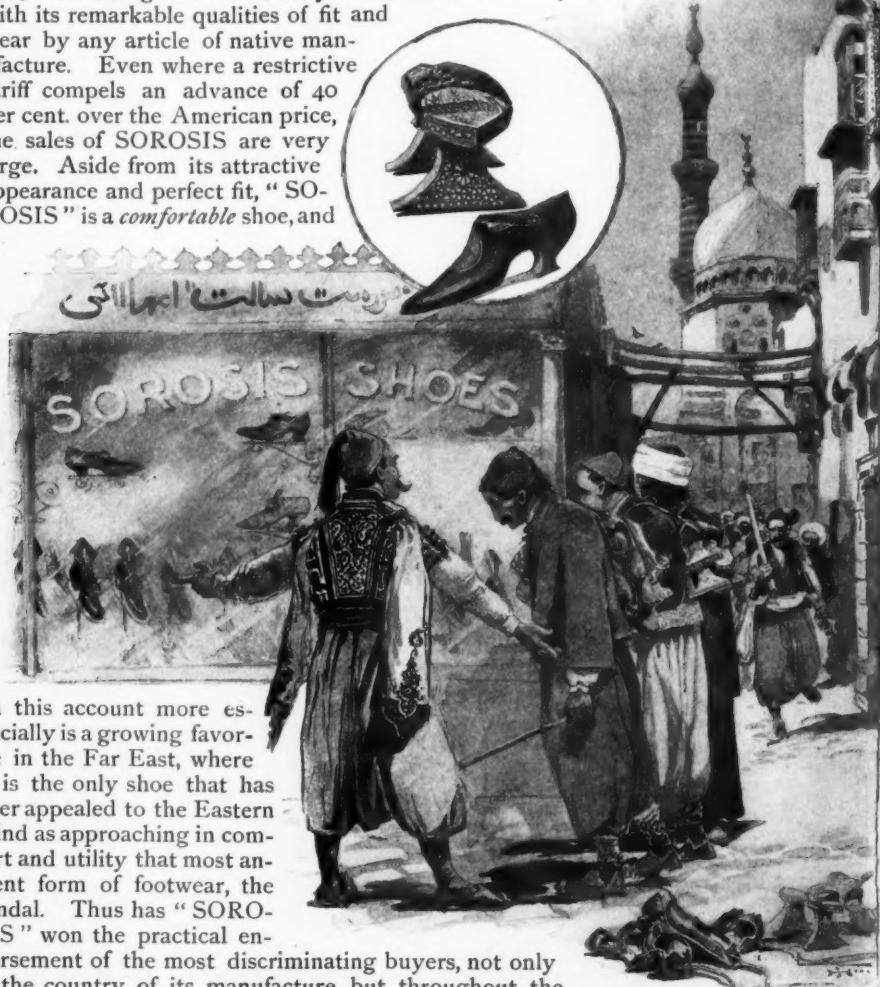
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MACMILLAN AND CO. LTD ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON
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Sorosis "A Survival of the Fittest"

From being the most popular American shoe, "SOROSIS" will soon be known as the "Shoe of all Nations," for it is fast supplanting all other footwear throughout the world. The large variety of models for all types and conditions of feet makes it a shoe adapted to every nationality. The opening of SOROSIS stores in London, Berlin, and Paris was a source of great alarm to the local dealers, while in Vienna the advent of SOROSIS caused a veritable panic among the Austrian shoemakers, six hundred of whom protested to their government against the sale of "SOROSIS," on the ground that they were unable to compete with its remarkable qualities of fit and wear by any article of native manufacture. Even where a restrictive tariff compels an advance of 40 per cent. over the American price, the sales of SOROSIS are very large. Aside from its attractive appearance and perfect fit, "SOROSIS" is a *comfortable* shoe, and

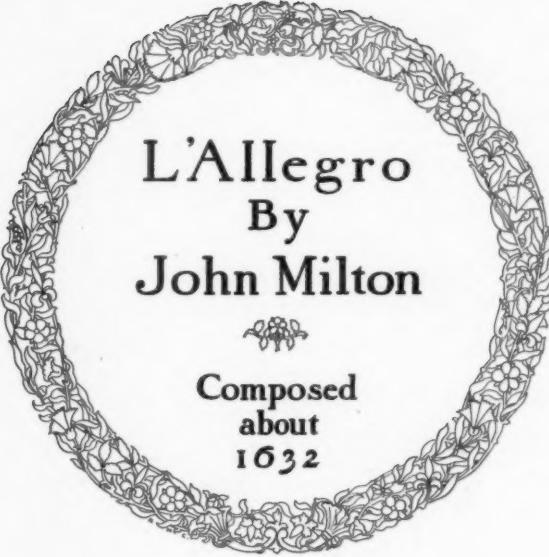


on this account more especially is a growing favorite in the Far East, where it is the only shoe that has ever appealed to the Eastern mind as approaching in comfort and utility that most ancient form of footwear, the sandal. Thus has "SOROSIS" won the practical endorsement of the most discriminating buyers, not only in the country of its manufacture but throughout the world. Everywhere in America the price still remains \$3.50 per pair.

A. E. LITTLE & CO., 67 Blake St., Lynn, Mass.







L'Allegro
By
John Milton

Composed
about
1632

With Pictures
by
Maxfield Parrish.



“And the milkmaid singeth blithe.”

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIII.

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HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
‘Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee



"Straight mine eye bath



caught new pleasures."



Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.





"Such sights as youthful poe's dream
On summer eves by haunted stream."



Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures :
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many afeat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,





Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

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"THE NOCTURNAL VISITS OF THE LITTLE CHRIST-CHILD."

CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

BY TH. BENTZON.

WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

HALF a century ago I can see myself as a little girl, bundled up to the tip of my nose in furs and knitted shawls, tiny wooden shoes on my feet, a lantern in my hand, setting out with my parents for the midnight mass of Christmas Eve. What joy there was in the mere fact of being up so late! And, moreover, we were permitted to play every imaginable sort of game until eleven o'clock. The night before Christmas was surely the most boisterous in the year. I, for my part, however, preserved a certain dignity, feeling myself an important personage: I was to take up the collection at church! Once a year I had to perform this public function.

We started off, a number of us, together in a stream of light, which I called the glow-worm procession, over a road that at this nocturnal hour was not lacking in solemnity—the long avenue leading out from the park to the church. Our lanterns cast great shadows on the white road, crisp with frost which crackled under my feet as I walked. The sound of a dry branch falling to the ground, and all the other mysterious noises

which in the country, on a winter's night, are suggestive of fear, made me take firmer hold of my mother's hand.

There are so many legends about Christmas eve, the night when animals in their stables begin to talk like men! The peasants of our acquaintance had not left us in ignorance of such matters, but what harm can come to people of good intention, and what intention can be better than that of going to midnight mass? As our little group advanced, it saw others on their way, people from the farm and from the mill, who joined us, and once on the Place de l'Église, we found ourselves with all the parishioners in a body. No one spoke—the icy north wind cut short our breath; but the voice of the chimes filled the silence. Pealing out, they sang joyously of the great fête, and I repeated to myself the lines by Théophile Gautier, which they had made me learn by heart, those beginning:

Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche;
Cloches, carillonnez gaiement!
(The sky is black, the earth is white;
Bells, ring out merrily!)

Yes, they rang into my ears only the merry things of those days, the Christmas bells. Later on one learns that they can speak another language, counting from year to year, for instance, the dear ones who have vanished.

Above us the stars shone like diamond nails driven into velvet, and my eyes sought confidently the most beautiful, the one that guided the Wise Men, convinced as I was that it must guide us too, and all who are good. The old church, out of all proportion to the village of four hundred souls it sheltered, rose much more majestically than in the broad daylight; and how black was its ivy-mantled tower, which is all that remains to it from the thirteenth century! We entered, accompanied by a gust of wind that swept into the porch at the same time we did; and the splendors of the altar, studded with lights, green with pine and laurel branches, dazzled us from the threshold. Indeed, it was almost as cold as outside in this tumble-down building, whose walls were spotted with saltpeter, whose damp stone floors had never known the luxury of a furnace or even of a matting; but the brilliancy of the wax tapers evidently sufficed to warm us and the crowd as well. Not only all the village was there, but the people from the neighboring hamlets, who, expecting to sup with friends after the midnight mass, had to wait for the one at daybreak too. It was a pious place, and many of the faithful attended the three masses.

At once I looked for the *crèche*, the miniature stable, which we had been hard at work

upon for a week at least, as the accessories from year to year needed repairing. The damaged animals had to be restored, the turbans and the cloaks of the Wise Men had to be made over, the straw freshened, and the figures that could no longer be used replaced by new effigies. It was a devout way of playing dolls; we went about it with a particular feeling of reverence.

And now the songs burst forth before the mass had even begun, the Christmas carols so old, so charming, sacred idyls in honor of Christ's nativity:

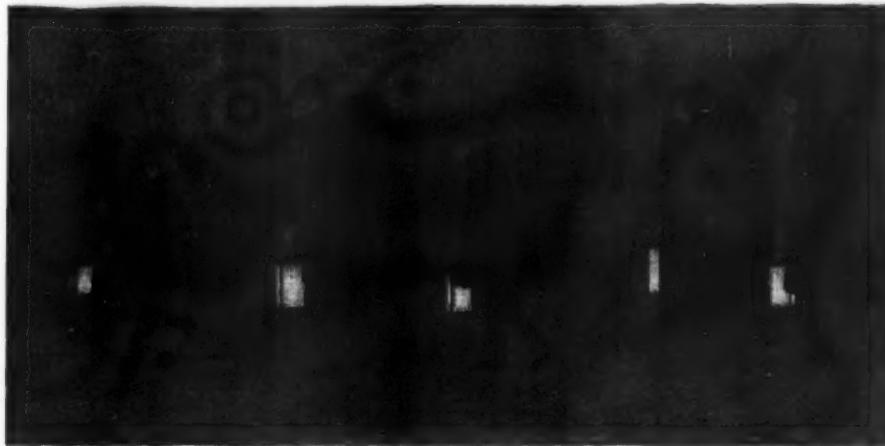
He is born, the holy child,
or,

The angels of our land,

and so many others!

I stayed awake determinedly, listening to these beloved refrains that one hears only at Christmas-time. I was less attentive to the sermon, a short one, however, on account of the late hour. It recalled simply to this rustic congregation the duty of giving alms in the name of him who, being God, was born destitute. This announced the moment for the collection.

Leaving part of my wrappings and my wooden shoes in the pew, I went about proudly, an embroidered red velvet bag in hand, shaking it at every step to make the sous ring and clatter. But later it is very probable that sleep overcame me in spite of myself, for my mother had to rouse me when it was time to go, although the angels around us continued to sing endless glorias. Every



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.
"THE GLOW-WORM PROCESSION."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

ON THE PLACE DE L'ÉGLISE.

one went off to eat roasted chestnuts soaked in the light white wine of the country, and we did like every one else, except that instead of this frugal repast it was a fat chicken or a turkey that awaited us. For dinner we had limited ourselves to a collation of hors-d'oeuvres and preserves in order to fast during our vigil and to enjoy our supper better after it; and what appetites! Hunger and cold got me wide awake on the way

were guesses and smothered exclamations, "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" I can remember with what care I placed my shoe before the mantelpiece and determined not to close my eyes until morning, so as not to miss Noël's arrival; but a fatal moment always arrived when my eyelids closed in spite of themselves. And I must confess that, at the particular time of which I am speaking, I had not for several years believed in the noctur-



"WITH WHAT CARE I PLACED MY SHOE BEFORE THE MANTELPIECE."

back. I enjoyed in anticipation the wonderful welcome that would greet us at home—gaiety, comfort, cheer, and good food. At last we reached it all—a big fire where the Yule log was burning, a well-laden table, a huge roast with its appetizing fumes, all sorts of luscious home-made pasties (we always sacrificed a pig at Christmas), and a sparkling wine from the neighboring hillsides, which, in our opinion, was as good as the best champagne. It went somewhat to the young people's heads, and we would willingly have romped until morning, we were so excited, especially as it would have been a pretext for spying out the first glow of dawn that was to bring our presents down the chimney. But the grown-up people felt differently about this matter. The youngsters were sent to bed just at the moment when they least wanted to go.

As we climbed up-stairs to our rooms, we kept asking each other, "What do you suppose Petit Noël will bring you?" And there

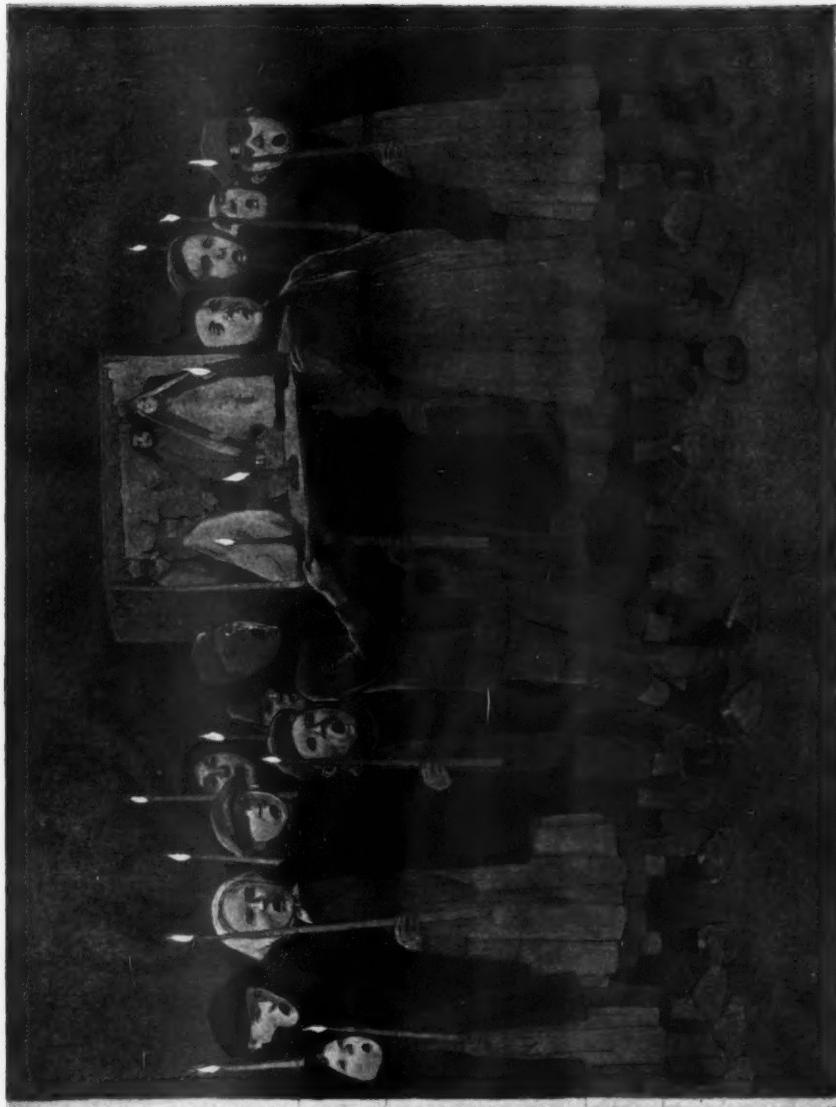
nal visits of the little Christ-child. The name of a Parisian toy-shop stuck on a certain box, which I can still see, had suddenly enlightened me. From this same white box, so innocent in appearance, many evils were let forth. One does not know what may result from the loss of a first illusion!

Realizing that my credulity had been abused, I was careful to conceal the bitterness of my disappointment. I continued to say to my mother, "This is what I want the Petit Jésus to bring me." But it was no longer like an innocent confidence: I said it slyly by way of a hint. And when the thing I had asked for appeared, it seemed less precious to me than formerly. It was not long, however, before the gift made up for my loss of faith. Already I was lowering my standard!

Nowadays there is not a baby of three, probably, ingenuous enough to believe that its toys come from heaven, nor sentimental enough to care.

"THE VILLAGE CHILDREN, ARMED WITH TAPERS, . . . CARRY ABOUT THE STREETS . . . A LITTLE CRÈCHE, SINGING AS THEY GO."

HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN A. ROGELICH.



In remote parts of the country Christmas is still celebrated in very much the same way. Near Paris, where I live now, the village children, armed with tapers which shine out in the darkness of the night, carry about the streets, on their shoulders, a little crèche, singing as they go the Christmas carols which they make the pretext for collecting pennies from door to door.

When I was young I saw in the south of France what remains of the mysteries that used to be part of the midnight mass, and

nuts, and singing couplets like these to an air one might have believed was by Lulli:

Shepherdess,
Dearest one,
Where hast thou been?
What hast thou seen?

To which the others replied:

Deep in a manger,
A little child,
On the dry straw,
Suffers, yet smiles.



B.M.

"THE MAGI."

which have been got together, songs and music, by collectors of popular chansons. The most beautiful part of this curious work is a song in patois where the shepherds ask from without to enter the church. Scholars think also that it is the oldest, and that the origin of this pastoral mystery goes back, perhaps, as far as the twelfth century. In the beginning it used to be represented by pilgrims who were returning from the Holy Land, and as time went on new scenes were added to it. When the shepherds had come in, after their prayer full of a wild and original sort of melancholy, the shepherdesses arrived in turn, three by three, carrying a tree festooned with apples, nuts, and chest-

And it began over and over again:

Shepherdess, etc.

The first three shepherdesses advanced a few steps, and the others drew back until the two groups united again, singing together:

Bring your gifts, little shepherdesses,
Bring your sweetest fruits;
Be ready at once to come,
And, kneeling, offer your hearts.

This scene, as regular as a ballet, is evidently the most modern. It is believed to be of the seventeenth century, and traces of it are to be found in several provinces.¹

¹ In Canada, at the Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec, I saw a crèche carefully preserved in an immense wardrobe, which the nuns open only at Christmas-time. Angels, dressed in satin, wearing curled wigs worthy of the Great Monarch, float over the divine new-born infant.

And before that sort of royal relic, which dates from the foundation of their house, an old French carol is sung to a minuet tune, by the spiritual daughters of the high-born lady who was Mother Catherine de St. Augustin.



Sometimes the shepherdesses accost the shepherds:

Whither so swiftly,
Shepherds, are you hastening?

The last act of the mystery dates from the sixteenth century. It used to be played under the pulpit, near the baptismal fonts, which represented summarily the palace of Herod. The king was seated on a raised throne, between his two ministers, and three lawyers stood about a table covered with books. Suddenly the Eastern star glided on a string from the sanctuary to the pulpit. Three knocks sounded on the church door, and the beadle went to open for the Magi, dressed in full, Oriental trousers, with shawls rolled up into belts and turbans. They made known the object of their journey to the greatly astonished king; they consulted the lawyers, who, after discussing at length and looking through many books, ended by quoting the prophets. Whereupon Herod sent the Magi to Bethlehem, and they crowded before him, making salaams, and then walked toward the sanctuary, where the shepherdesses were already awaiting them. While they were all prostrating themselves, the priest concluded the mass which had been interrupted, giving communion to the actors and to all the others at the same time. Then an angel came to warn the Magi that they should return to their country without visiting Herod

"THE KING WAS SEATED ON A RAISED THRONE, BETWEEN HIS TWO MINISTERS."

again. The star reappeared as guide. The wicked king rose noisily, and gave orders for the slaughter of the innocents.

It is centuries since these rustic scenes, handed down from the middle ages, have been played in church, but they must have inspired Richepin and Maurice Bouchor in their sacred marionette shows. The "Marche à l'Étoile," so often given in the ungodly surroundings of the Chat Noir, also suggests them. All Paris, even the most blasé, took pleasure in this primitive performance. It was while seeing the "Mystère de la Nativité," in the little theater of the Rue St. Lazare, that I first understood the reverent admiration of the Greeks for puppets, and the great inspiration Haydn and Goethe have taken from these simple wooden actors. Their faces were carved with a care as to the expression which made them marvels of art. No living comedians could ever have attained the naïve charm they diffused about them.

But this brings us back to the Parisian Christmas, with its studied effects, its refinements, its splendors borrowed from all

countries; for if they make the Christmas marionettes sing minuets and gavots revived from the days of Louis XIV, they have also acclimated St. Nicholas, the American Santa Claus. He is on show in the candy-shop windows, with a long beard and a pointed hood, sprinkled with frost and laden with bonbons. Mistletoe was introduced at the same time that he was, although we have not attained to the luxury of wreaths and garlands that appear at the windows and doors in New York. As for the Christmas tree, brought from Northern regions and transplanted in France, or at least in the fashionable and official world, it is the center of popular fêtes given to school-children at the Palais de l'Industrie, and the pretext for all sorts of society parties which have nothing in common with simple family reunions. The little folk, who used to be satisfied with a modest present slipped into their shoe, now expect a pine-tree lighted with many-colored candles, bedecked with ribbons, glistening with golden fruits, and bearing on every branch a costly toy or some goody. Cosmopolitanism has crept into the Parisian Christmas as it has into everything else.

Of course there is a religious fête in Paris, a midnight mass solemnly celebrated. The beautiful music, the magnificence of the ceremony, attract an enormous and often not very serious crowd. There is also the *réveillon*, which is not always preceded by mass, the big restaurants of Paris remaining open all night. But the real French Christmas is celebrated only in the retirement of provincial life. It is not at all like the great popular holiday which in London, from the top to the bottom of the social ladder, sets people to a merrymaking that is manifested by an abundant display of eatables, by pantomimes and dazzling fairy pieces, and amusements of all sorts.

Our Christmas, although it was formerly named the *Cri de Joie*, is more especially a church festival, a religious celebration almost like Easter, a family reunion also, as it is the beginning of the vacation of the *Jour de l'An*, which, in a secular way, means to us what Christmas does in Northern countries. It is on New Year's day that we exchange cards, compliments, and visits. The *étrences*, of a distinctly Latin origin, are given on the 1st of January, not on the 25th of December. We do not wish a Merry Christmas, but a Happy New Year. The cry of the Gauls, "Au gui l'an neuf!"—slightly distorted into *aiguillonné*—is yet used by the Languedoc peasants. At the exact moment when the December moon is full, the beginning of the druidical year, they go from door to door, a pack on their backs, a stick in their hands, telling off the fifty verses of an old-time song, whereby they procure donations of flour, eggs, and other articles of food. There is a sequence of traditions, completed by the Twelfth-cake (*gâteau des rois*), served in every household on Twelfth Night, the 6th of January, Epiphany.¹ In the cake is concealed a bean, and this bean determines, by the laws of chance, the last royalty which France still preserves. The one who finds it in his piece of cake is king, and must choose himself a queen. Shouts of "Le roi boit! La reine boit!" are sent up around the table as soon as their Majesties touch the glasses placed before them and carefully kept replenished.

In the country the poor have always had their share of Twelfth-cake. It was called "the good God's share."

Unfortunately, all that was pious and poetic in these old customs has an ever-increasing tendency to disappear. Soon, it is to be feared, nothing will remain but unfeeling routine.

¹ The Magi are commonly referred to as kings.





The steeple-builders

By Anna Fitch

ithin the room of weekly prayer,
Where God's great peace may dwell,
One and by one the good folk stood
Expectant to tell.

And then the steeple-builder big
Rose up with glorious youth,
And as he spoke he wept, and all
Knew that he spoke the truth.

He said, "Once on the scaffold high
Stood one with dizzy head,
And on the ground stretched out below
He seemed to look with dread.

" And I stood by, who 'd hated long,
And swift above the world,
Upon this dazed one, strong as I,
I my strong body hurled.



forced him to the scaffold's edge
And faced him to the skies,
To feast upon his trembling fear
And shrinking, coward eyes.

"But lo! the man was unafraid,
And as we stood there came:
'Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.'

"I laughed, 'Thy God in
churches lives;
He may not scale the air!'
He said, 'Nay, friend, you do mis-
take:
My God is everywhere.'



bent his body like a reed,
And cried, 'How call this One.'
He answered, looking on the clouds,
'Dear Lord, thy will be done.'

"I tore him back and said, 'Begone!
Or I shall kill thee still.'
He answered, 'Here I must remain,
If but your hate to kill.'

"I bade him take my own poor life,
And swore that death were sweet.
He said, 'My brother's keeper, I
Must lead his wand'ring feet.'

"He knelt and prayed with simple word
That I might know God's peace;
And as he prayed I felt the bands
Break with my heart's release.

"He sang of Calvary and Him
Who for man's sake had died;
He sang the sin out of my soul
And cooled its burning tide.

"And then he left me there to weep,
When soon, O wondrous sight!
The bright Christ on the scaffold stood
And built with me till night.

"And since that day, where'er I climb,
And other feet must go,
I trace a cross, that other souls
This mighty Love may know."



THE MYSTERY PLAY.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CROSSROADS FARM.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

I.

HIGH and conspicuous in a stout red wagon, a new cooking-stove made a triumphant progress along the country road which connected the county town, the Crossroads and Pegram Settlements. A triumphant progress it was, because, on a frosty December morning, the good farm-folk had plenty of time to flatten their noses against the window-panes at the sound of wheels,

or leave wood-chopping in barn lot or forest to ask questions, or peer into the wagon-bed and admire. It was such a cooking-stove as had never come the Crossroads way before. Large, with a water-tank, with bright nickel trimmings and long lengths of shining pipe, it impressed the communities far more than a set of new parlor furniture would have done. This seemed to mean much more. In answer to a hundred questions along the route, Carl Kruse, the German driver, had one invariable reply. He was doing "dish shob of haulin' fer Deacon Gladden." Beyond that his mind did not go, but the country-side, for eight miles, reckoned "thet the deacon was sheerin' up his big wheat-crops with Mis' Gladden."

The progress of the cooking-stove was past large and small farms; by long, isolated fields; through remnants of forests where the brown beech-leaves rustled above with a crisp softness; down a steep hill-slope, and

over a knoll or two. It waited at a red waggon-gate only long enough for the lank youth, who had been the German's silent companion on his errand, to open the creaking hindrance. It drew up before the kitchen door, where Ma Gladden stood in wait, mildly defiant of happenings, and unconscious of surprises.

"Ye've made a mistake, hain't ye?" she ventured gently as the German turned his tired steeds. "Or air ye jest stoppin' fer a restin' spell?"

The stout driver gave her a joyless smile, while the chains rattled as he threw down the tail-board.

"Ter deacon buyed de stove," he said. "Shust ask him, mem."

A small and rosy man who appeared behind the partner of his joys and sorrows looked rather nervous.

"Hurry up," said his wife, pulling at his sleeve, "er they'll have out a stove thet hain't oun at all, Asahel."

Much as Pa Gladden liked to have things happen, he was blushing now as he looked from his wife to the new cooking-stove.

"Thet's all right, Drusilly," he said huskily. "Ye see, I jest thort, Drusilly, an' Brother Kruse here, thet it war erbout time fer Christmasing ter begin. Now, hain't it?"

Drusilly gave way, and hastily retreated to a corner with her arms rolled in her apron. There was something she could not swallow low in her throat. She watched the men take down and carry out the old stove that had seen thirty years of actual service with few repairs. She saw, set up in its place, a very apotheosis of a cooking-stove, splendid in its glitter and high polish. About it were new tea-kettles, pots, pans, and baking-utensils, of all which she could not even guess the use. The men, in a joking way, at once started a fire and put on the tea-kettle "to see ef it would dror well." As one in a



dream, she obeyed pa's hospitable suggestion to give "them thar young fellers a bite ter eat before they start back ter town."

Pa hovered about, making congratulatory remarks on the draft and the heat and the general splendor, but when the men had finished their meal and driven away, he at once subsided into a silent wonder as "ter how Drusilly 'd take it." For Pa Gladden had a secret in his breast that made him uneasy.

Drusilly said nothing until there was no longer the sound of wagon-wheels, then she threw her apron over her face with a dry sob.

"Waal, I swanny!" cried the man. "Ye never air goin' ter cry, Drusilly? Ain't ye glad? I jist could n't wait fer that stove to git here. Ye shorely know I been like a hen on a hot griddle all the mornin'. I thort ye'd ruther hev a new stove than a new gownd. Shorely ye like it; shorely ye're pleased with yer present, Drusilly."

But Drusilly still sobbed behind her shield.

"An' ye're actooly cryin' like a baby. If women ain't the oncertaintest critters anyhow! Laws o' massy, I thort ye'd be tickled ter death!"

"Oh, pa," came from the apron, "I'm repentin' in dust an' ashes how mean I hev been ter ye about that barn. I never hev give ye one minute's peace sence ye built it so fur away, believin' it pure foolishness. It war onchristian of me, truly, but ye've made me 'shamed by yer kindness, ye hev."

It was pa's turn to redden, but he helped himself to another piece of pie as unconcernedly as possible.

"Thet's all right," he said in a conciliatory tone. "I never minded it much, an' I jest planned ye ter hev yer stove up afore yer cousin Mary Jane Ann got in from Kansas fer that visit. It'll stump'er, won't it?"

Drusilly sobbed anew.

"She can't say yer all fer yer own comfort arter that, Assahel. It air a most beautiful stove, ain't it?"

"They don't make many better ones," replied pa, finishing his pie. "I don't never warnt ye to ast me whut that kitchin orniment did cost, Drusilly. I don't keer nothin' about the cost, an' I warnt ter fergit it ez soon ez I kin. Air ye properly pleased?"

"Ye know I be," replied Ma Gladden. "I never made no complaint, but the way that old stove could act on a windy day war a terror, it war. Whar's the old stove anyhow, pa? Did ye sell it fer old iron?"

Pa's mouth was again full, and he speechless of a necessity. Mrs. Gladden went to the kitchen door, looked out, and returned to the disordered table. By that time pa said, in a trifle too light a tone to deceive her:

"It's out at the barn."

"I'd 'a' sold it," said his wife, "onless ye air to hev a fire in the harness-room."

"It might come handy in lambing-time," mused pa, "er fer heatin' water, would n't it?"

"Er fer settin' by," broke in his wife, with a touch of sharpness; "yer likin' ter set off alone so much. I'll be glad to think ye can get warm arter the long journey out to the barn on a cold mornin'. It's turrible fur."

"Tut, tut!" replied pa. "Jest listen to the drorin' power of this one. Mary Jane Ann air boun' ter respect that stove, Drusilly. It did cost scand'lous, an' she's boun' ter respect it."

A half-hour later Pa Gladden escaped to his capacious barn, his pride and, for a year past, the wonder of his county. For Pa Gladden had dreamed of this barn as the prophets of old dreamed of temples, and he builded it from crops that seemed miraculous in years when others were scanty. The barn was a large and long building of rough stones in the first story, and with two stories of frame lofts above. At one end was a square tower, making a room below and above, with the roughest of stairways connecting them. Primitive architecture in every part it was, but somehow well in keeping with the rugged slopes, the fields, the woodlands near. To Elder Becks, the gaunt and earnest Methodist preacher of the Dutch Settlement Church, did Pa Gladden impart the real reason and secret of the construction of the barn.

"Ye see, elder," he said earnestly, "the Lord Almighty fust put it inter my head ter house my cattle an' sheep in winter weather. An' I said, 'Lord, how kin I? This hain't the days of meracles, an' I hain't hed good crops fer years.' The thing kep' turnin' uppermost in my mind, an' I kep' questionin' how. Then I had my fust good wheat-crop, an' I says, 'Lord, ef this means build a barn fer them pore dumb brutes, I'll do it.' Thar war really no accountin' fer the crops, elder, leastwise onless it war because I sot on the rails every night an' prayed over 'em. An' the plan of the barn come to me gradooal-like, a leetle now an' a leetle then. When the wheat moved in the wind, I could see it all stacked and threshed, bushels an' bushels, waitin' ter be sold ter build a barn ter shel-



"SHORELY YE 'RE PLEASED WITH YER PRESENT."

ter dumb brutes. An' it allers stood right on the same spot, elder, in my thorts; so thar I built it, regrettin' thet it made any feelin' betwixt me an' Drusilly. It air borne in on me thet thar air meanin's to enymost everything thet stays in yer mind, elder, an' they ginerally work out arter a while, jest ez the ways of the Lord air shorely past findin' out."

To-day Pa Gladden gathered an armful of sticks and started the first barn fire. He brought in a rough milking-stool from the stalls, and sat down in front of the blaze, rubbing his small, hard hands in an almost child-like glee.

"Let the women talk now," he thought, "but women's talk such ez Mary Jane Ann is partial to is very tryin' to quiet folk. Drusilly'll never miss me when Mary Jane Ann an' her gits ter dissectin' the relationship. I hev heerd thet hull relationship pulled fore an' aft every time Mary Jane Ann comes in from Kansas, an' I'm plumb tired of it. We never kin agree. She air Hard-shell Baptist an' I air rank Methody. God has 'lowed them

two creeds to grow mighty various—mighty various. Now, me an' the dumb brutes hev a refuge here. When we can't do jist right ourselves, an' keep from bein' wordy, we 'll cut an' run. Thet's sound sense ef it hain't pure Scripter. An' this here air the bes' place ez I kin be tinkerin' roun' while she's here an' not raise no more feelin'. It air one thing ter kill a cat an' 'nother ter choke it with butter. I calkilated thet new stove ter be the bridge thet 'll carry me over Mary Jane Ann's stay without a real squabble."

II.

MARY JANE ANN arrived from Kansas for her visit two or three days after the setting up of the new cooking-stove. Her youngest son had just entered a Baptist theological seminary, and she was much elated at the honor. She entered upon the full enjoyment of her visit by starting the most heated argument on religion that had ever been heard in the Gladden homestead. After this preliminary skirmish Pa Gladden chided himself anew and kept silent during meal-times. The barn was, indeed, his refuge, and to its shelter he betook himself at the least sign of a storm. There was always much visiting in the county when Mary Jane Ann came, and many noontimes it was quite convenient for Pa Gladden to boil his coffee and eat his luncheon in the barn. Thus, little by little, discarded comforts, cooking-utensils, and broken furniture found their way thither. His hymn-books, a worn Bible, and the farm almanacs had a new niche on the rough wall shelf. Drusilly was too busy to miss anything or to notice much. Mary Jane Ann was a woman who filled all silences and absences.

Pa spent much of the daylight hours in the harness-room, mending and tinkering, looking after the wants of his cattle, and rejoicing in their evident comfort. Over his tasks he crooned and hummed quaint psalms and old hymns. He had been a great psalm-singer in his youth, and he still raised a quavering voice in his Maker's praise. Besides, he knew many odd ballads and strains that, though he never realized it, were a direct inheritance from an English grandmother and a long line of God-fearing people. When Christmas-time came he remembered many of these Old-World carols:

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity!

along with many Yule-tide anthems and carol-singers' glees. And, because of forgotten or never-known things in the past, Pa Gladden's tender heart was always more tender near the Christmas season.

After the middle of the month there came a wild night or two, loud with wind, bitter with snow and sleet. The small man's rosy cheeks were more rosy than ever, and there was a glow in his heart. His cattle were safe in the weather-proof barn, his sheep safe in the old sheds, all protected, all cared for. No keen blast made him shudder for his stock, helpless creatures with which he felt that the Lord had intrusted him. Beyond his fields, his pastures; there was suffering enough, the horses and steers, sheep and cows, running in the bleak fields, "turned out," as the phrase went, to gain a scant existence during the winter from frozen gleanings. He breathed always his favorite petition, that one for "redeemin' love." It was pa's religious theory that when this great "redeemin' love" entered into the heart of any man or woman there was no room for hardness, rebellion, selfishness, or greed. All took flight, like black ravens from out a belfry, and the clear sunshine of God went through.

For two days sleet and snow fell, and the north winds blew. Drusilly and Mary Jane Ann found occupation in many elaborate preparations for the annual festival of the Crossroads church, which had been set for Christmas eve. It took the farmer's entire time to attend to his stock, and he found the fire in the harness-room a great convenience and comfort. It warmed the upper room fairly well, and many an afternoon nap Pa Gladden snatched on a bed of hay covered with a blanket. There was absolute peace there, time for thought, and, like king and philosopher, Pa Gladden had come to his years of contemplation. Absolute peace was here among his cattle, and absolute relief from Mary Jane Ann's strident voice and her love of argument.

He was bracing the tongue of the old green sleigh, one morning, when Drusilly appeared, almost breathless.

"Thar's a strange man an' woman to see ye, pa," she began hurriedly. "They come from Washin'ton County. They've been lookin' fer a young woman that's strayed away, an' they been durected here. 'Pears like she run away them cold days an' hez walked clear over here. Law!" she continued, glancing into the harness-room, "you hev plumb set up ter housekeepin', ye jest hev."



"I SOT ON THE RAILS EVERY NIGHT AN'
PRAYED OVER 'EM.'"

Pa put down his tools hastily.

"Ye should hev rung the big bell, an' I'd come," he said. "Thar air really no call fer ye ter git yer feet wet. 'Pears like ye lose yer good sense ef anything excitin' comes yer way. Ye never'll be more'n sixteen, Drusilly, will ye?"

Both smiled, for this was pa's bit of conjugal gallantry, and never wore out. The two tramped over the snowy foot-path in silence. In sight of the house Drusilly broke out:

"Thet man says the young woman war roun' here yesterday, pa, walkin' long our hay-field line. Ye hain't seen her, hev ye?"

"Pore thing!" said pa, in a low voice. "Whar'd I see 'er, Drusilly? I been clost kep' ter the barn sence Cephy's been off his feed. No, I hain't seen 'er."

"Cephy," be it known, was the favorite of Pa Gladden's good team of horses. If, as the



"DRUSILLY APPEARED, ALMOST BREATHLESS."

Crossroads doctor had once remarked, in some past time this good steed had been christened Bucephalus, his master neither knew nor cared. "Cephy" was the name for him, and between the horse and his master there was a perfect understanding on every subject save that of oats.

"There hain't a mite o' danger o' losin' the horse, air they?" queried Drusilly, anxious at once.

"No; he's better now," said pa, over his shoulder. "He'll pull through."

"What did ye doctor 'im with this time?"

Pa stopped mysteriously.

"Yewon't tell Mary Jane Ann, will ye? Kin ye keep it?"

"La, Asahel, I won't tell."

"Then," continued pa, reaching over until his ear was at her shoulder, "I give him a little meal an' bran, mixed warm, an' a little linseed, an'-an'-I tried thet cha'm thet ole black Jude over the river onct told me. I biled three ha'rs of a dead hoss's mane in the meal."

"Mysakes! Air thet Christian?" queried Drusilly, much impressed.



"I BILED THREE HA'RS OF A DEAD HOSS'S MANE."

"Jude says it'll fix the wind-colic every time, an' it did Cephy good, Drusilly, fer a fact. I hope ye'll hold out ag'in' mentionin' it ter any one. It air a powerful cure, somehow, but I would n't tell it."

They found the neat kitchen occupied by the two strangers and Mary Jane Ann, who had long since found out their errand. Pa Gladden at once recognized the man as the almshouse-keeper of a neighboring county, and a man of whom he had never heard a good report. The woman with him seemed much overdressed to pa's simple tastes. A strong compassion for the fugitive girl filled his heart at once.

"We've lost an inmate of our institution, Mr. Gladden," began the man, with an important air, "and hear that she was seen walking along your hayfield. She is a tall young woman, and wore a large cloak and hood."

Pa Gladden took a chair to the side of the new stove and sat down.

"Tuesday war a mortal bad day fer any one ter be out er run away," he said slowly;

"leastwise it war a mortal bad day at the Crossroads."

The burly stranger grew red.

"Maybe you don't remember me, Mr. Gladden," he went on. "My name's Simon Helmbold, and I have charge of the almshouse over in our county, Washington. This young woman was placed with us for care by her friends, you understand—prominent people. Just at present there was no place else open to her."

Pa regarded him mildly.

"Oh, yes, I understand," he said. "They're payin' money fer her, bein' she war a pore derelict."

The spokesman was evidently most uncomfortable.

"But she blindly and foolishly determined to leave us, and was helped away by a male inmate we thought we could trust. At least, I did; Mrs. Helmbold never did put thorough faith in him."

"I don't trust any one," announced the woman; "at least, not that class of people."

"Quite right," echoed Mary Jane Ann,



"I HAIN'T LIVIN' MUCH AT HOME JESS NOW, . . .
BUT I GOT THE DEEDS TER THE FARM."



MR. AND MRS. HELMBOLD.

"quite right. You can't trust the lower classes."

"I don't see ez we hev anything to do with this, hev we, ma?" said Pa Gladden. "The young gal hez never called here to my knowin'."

"No, indeed," added the visitor. "Don't you understand, Asahel, that she hez no character now, if she ever had any?"

"I should say not," burst out Mrs. Helmbold, "and sets herself up for decent people to worry over. She ought to be in a prison."

"Mebbe others air also ter blame," suggested pa, gravely. "It ain't allers best ter condemn. Let the Lord do that. He knows all the ins an' outs of every one's sorrier. Let him jedge."

"To lay religion aside," said the black-browed keeper, sharply, "this person was seen by two of your neighbors, who were hauling wood, walking at the corner of your land. When they looked back she was gone. Could she hide anywhere on your place, do you think?"

Pa Gladden stared at the man in astonishment. Suddenly he said, and quite shortly for him:

"No, I hain't seen 'er about. She mebbe cut across to Tarleton road through the wood lane. Why not let her go? She's out of yer hands."

The man grew pale.

"It might cost me my place. She left saying that Mrs. Helmbold abused her. It might

get to the trustees' ears. She was such a bold one."

"I never abused her," broke in Mrs. Helmold, sullenly. "I shut her up because she would n't answer my questions."

Pa's mouth changed into a narrow line.

"It ginerally do take two stories ter git at the truth of a matter," he said, with his judicial air; "but right gits on top every time. Thet young woman ain't here, an' I don't at all hold with yer drivin' women out in the snow an' sleet. It suttinly don't look right ter Christian people. The poor an' oppressed hez got the Lord on their side everytime."

The couple at once rose, the man livid with anger.

"I'm sure they calkilated ter stay ter dinner," whispered Drusilly, as she watched them down the walk. "Ain't ye a leetle hard on 'em, Asahel?"

"Some one hez got ter be hard on 'em," returned her small spouse. "Sech a storm ez we hed on Tuesday don't eefax women out ter go walkin'. Thar's bad men's money somers, Drusilly, er my name ain't Pa Gladden."

"I'm glad she never come in here," replied his wife, nervously; "I'd be afraid."

"Waal, now," spoke up Mary Jane Ann, "you need n't be. I'd send such a baggage flying. I'm just as much of a man ez Asahel, any day."

Pa was winding a blue comforter about his neck. He stopped and looked at Mary Jane Ann for a full minute. Then he started for the door.

"I hain't livin' much at home jess now," he said mildly, "but I got the deeds ter the farm. Ef thet young woman comes, Drusilly, ast her in an' ring the bell. I'll come up an' tend ter the hull matter."

He gave Drusilly a reassuring smile and returned over the hill to his work in the barn.

III.

"YE never air goin' out ter the barn this time o' night, air ye, pa?" called Ma Gladden's soft voice from the kitchen bedroom.

For Pa Gladden, after having removed a portion of his garments, was deliberately donning them again. Mary Jane Ann was comfortably snoring in the parlor bedroom, and it was nearly ten o'clock.

Pa tiptoed over the carpet to the bedside.

"Drusilly," he said solemnly, "somethin' is callin' me from out thar, an' it is likelier ter be the voice of God than of Satan, seein' it came arter strong prayer. Yer know that I felt that way when Cephy hurt hisself on the barb-wire fence an' eeyemost bled to death. Don' ye hol' me back, Drusilly, fer some trouble er somethin' air callin' me out thar ter the barn."

"I never do like ter hear ye say sech things," replied his wife, timidly. "I don' hear no calls ner feel sech things, pa."

"Natur's air different, Drusilly. I disremember whether it war my grandmother er my mother tol' me thet the hull family 'way back in Scotland had 'second sight.' Some things air put in the blood fer all time. Lie down thar now an' say yer prayers fer me an' fer all poor creeturs like thet wanderin' one we hearn tell of ter-day."

He kissed her as solemnly and tenderly as if she was a child, then gave her a little pat.

"I allers feel like sayin', 'Now I lay me,' after you've done thet, Asahel," she smilingly said as he turned away.

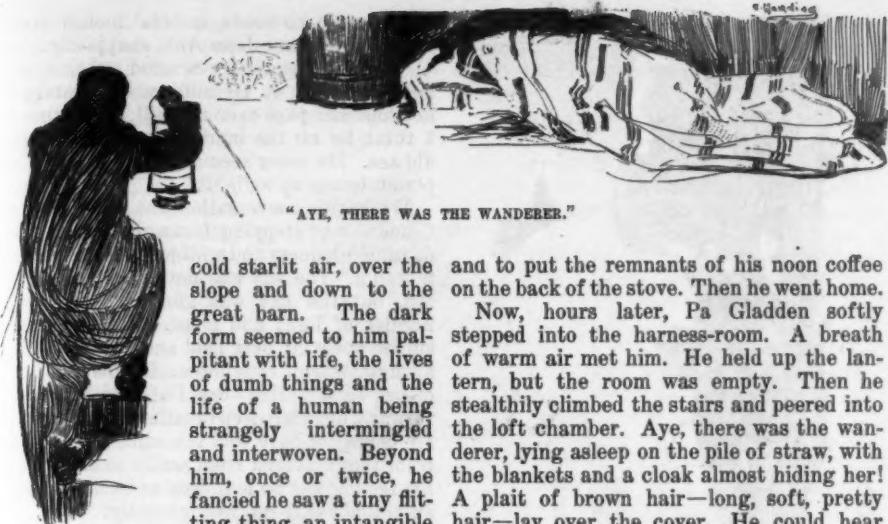
"Now I lay me' never did do any hurt," he returned.

Then he lighted the lantern and went forth sturdily, with his heart full. Before him lay a wonderful still and white world, a world pure enough for spirits, the air crisp and sharp, the serenity of the everlasting, starlit firmament above, symbolic of the ever-living, ever-speaking beyond. He went forth on a quest, and his pure old heart was as unsullied by the fifty years he had lived in the world, was as noble and as knightly, as that of any fabled Sir Galahad. He went forth on a quest to seek and to save.

Along the narrow path he went in the



"THEN HE LIGHTED THE LANTERN
AND WENT FORTH."



"AYE, THERE WAS THE WANDERER."

cold starlit air, over the slope and down to the great barn. The dark form seemed to him palpitant with life, the lives of dumb things and the life of a human being strangely intermingled and interwoven. Beyond him, once or twice, he fancied he saw a tiny flitting thing, an intangible shape like a large white

moth that led him on, and which flew to the stable door. But he was not a fanciful man, and thought the wind blew the snow about. He felt sure that the great barn sheltered the hunted woman of whom the almhouse people were in search. He opened the basement door and went in quietly. The cows turned inquiring eyes upon his lantern, but with little concern. The horses never moved, nor did the great collie, whose week-old puppies lay on a warm bed of straw. They knew Pa Gladden, and that they were safe where he came and went.

He passed along the stalls with a reverent feeling he knew came from the Christ-birth story he had read to himself in the twilight of that very day, read before he closed the barn and was about to snap the hasp and padlock as usual. It had seemed to him then that his hand was arrested by something. Was it only a thought or an actual, detaining hand? Whatever it was, he took the key from the lock, and, for the first time since Jan Gunderman's cow had been stolen in late August, Pa Gladden left his barn unlocked at night.

His thought? It was hardly tangible. The poor creature he had called a "derelict" might be somewhere—maybe she was watching him from the near-by woodland. It seemed to him he could feel that she watched him in the semi-darkness, that, when he went away she would slowly creep in among the cattle and find warmth and shelter until morning. He even went back after starting away—went back to carry a second blanket up the rough stairs, to build the fire anew,

and to put the remnants of his noon coffee on the back of the stove. Then he went home.

Now, hours later, Pa Gladden softly stepped into the harness-room. A breath of warm air met him. He held up the lantern, but the room was empty. Then he stealthily climbed the stairs and peered into the loft chamber. Aye, there was the wanderer, lying asleep on the pile of straw, with the blankets and a cloak almost hiding her! A plait of brown hair—long, soft, pretty hair—lay over the cover. He could hear her heavy breathing. She was safe—warmed,



"THE CHRIST-BIRTH STORY HE HAD READ TO HIMSELF."



"I WAS BEHIND SOME CEDAR-TREES."

quieted at last. He stole down and put some wood into the stove. Then he went home.

"Did you find anything wrong?" sleepily inquired his wife, as he moved about.

"Nothin' wrong, thank God," returned he; "nothin' wrong, Drusilly, this night."

IV.

"PA gits airlier an' airlier o' mornin's," sighed Ma Gladden, when her spouse had closed the kitchen door the next morning. "He war up before light, actooly."

Mary Jane Ann was sitting at the breakfast-table in a dark wrapper and curl-papers. She was at that moment thinking that visiting in winter was rather tiresome after all.

"It is early," she snapped, reaching for the coffee-pot, "powerful early. Out in Wichita I never get up till seven anyhow."

"You'd better snatch another nap," returned Mrs. Gladden, hospitably, "fer pa does rouse up airy. He war restless last night anyhow. I b'lieve thet story of the missin' woman bothered him, pa is thet tender-hearted."

"There's no sense in bein' foolish over trash," said Mary Jane Ann, snappishly.

"He air thet tender-hearted an' thet innocent," went on Drusilly, as she watched her husband pass over the hill, "sometimes I think he air the innercentest man I ever did see. He never sees any wrong 'less he's plumb brung up ag'in it."

While this conversation was going on Pa Gladden was stepping forward through the dazzling gladness and whiteness of a winter's morning. The sun was not above the horizon, but the sky was glorious with long heralds of light and color. The crisp, unsullied snow lay over field and road, and hid all ugliness, all roughness. In this mother-of-pearl and marble world Pa Gladden walked forward, drawing deep breaths of enjoyment. He could not have told the name of a single color that quivered from zenith to nadir, but his feeling was no less deep as he murmured an actual heart-rapture fervently:

"God onspeakable!"



"HE RAIDED THE PANTRY."

A figure stood in the barn door as he came over the hill slope, a woman's figure shrouded in a dark cloak. He had been almost too late. He now hurried his steps, but she hastened around the corner of the building. The small man actually ran to intercept her. She had not gone far, and was leaning against the fence of the cow-lot, already exhausted. She looked at him with a white, pitiful face, frightened, helpless.

"Oh, sir," she said humbly, "I was going. I did n't do any harm in there, indeed I did n't."

She was like a broken-winged bird, fluttering, lost. An instinct, an emotion, something hitherto no part of his existence, awoke in Pa Gladden. He put out his hand to her arm, himself trembling.

"Come inside, my darter."

He led her in, wondering at her evident feebleness. In a few moments he had a fire blazing in the old stove, the coffee-pot on. He went into the barn and returned with three fresh eggs, which he put into a saucepan over the fire.

"Now, when thet there water biles, them eggs 'll be done to a T," he said cheerily, "an' there 's coffee, an' there 's milk, an' ye 'll feel better when ye've eaten somethin'."

The young woman sat upon the milking-stool. The dark cloak fell back and showed a pale young face, very pained and anxious. Her hair was parted in the meekest fashion, and hung in two thick plaits over her shoulders and into her lap. Her eyes were deep-sunken and her lips drawn. There was suffering in every lineament.

"You won't send me back to the alms-

house," she quavered pitifully, "'cause I ran away from there. I could n't stay in a poor-house. Oh, no, indeed, I could n't stay there!"

"Hain't ye got any friends er kinfolk, darter?" asked Pa Gladden, in his gentlest tone, "'cause this 'ere is heartrendin' business an' jest won't do. Hain't ye got any one ter look arter ye?"

"Oh, yes, yes; some one will come. Christmas will be the time. All this trouble will be over. The time is certainly 'most here, indeed it is."

"To-day is Christmas eve," returned Pa Gladden from over the stove, "an' how 'll yer folks find ye out if ye hide from 'em?"

"I just wanted to hide till I got some rested. I was so tired and so cold. Then I will go on and get to a city. And I 'll let some one know right away. I can't tell any one anything, for I promised I would not, not a word. I 'll die rather than break that promise. Oh, sir, just let me get rested, and I will go on, indeed I will."

Pa gulped something down his throat, and proceeded to pour out the steaming coffee.

"Jest hold yerself level," he said, trying to be humorous to hide his feeling. "You eat, an' I 'll see to

Cephy. Cephy warn't well yestiddy, so I must give him a leetle extry attention. Make yerself ter hum an' don't ye worry."

When he returned she had bathed her face and was plaiting her hair. It almost hid her as she looked sorrowfully up into his face.

"The almshouse man was after me," she said. "I saw his buggy go by twice. I was



THE DOCTOR OPENED THE DOOR OF THE CATTLE-BARN."

behind some cedar-trees out of the wind.
Was he at your house?"

Pa nodded as he poked the fire.

"He told you I was a bad girl, a wicked woman. I know that it turns folks from me, but I am not what he says. Oh, why does God let me suffer so?"

"Air ye an orphan gal?" asked pa, very gently.

"From my birth. My father was killed by a locomotive, and my mother died when I was born. But I had friends—until—I—I could n't explain everything—and then they sent me away."

She began to sob.

"You air, indeed, a pore, deceived creature," thought Pa Gladden, "a lost sheep in the wilderness." But aloud he said: "The best thing ye kin do is tu lie by till this here cold spell is over, an' we 'll git ye somers. A barn hain't like a house, but this here hain't a common barn. It's a refuge fer some folks. Lie by an' rest fer a day er so, an' trust yer Pa Gladden ter fetch ye some vittals an' ter keep the old stove goin'."

"I should tell Drusilly ter onct ef it war not fer Mary Jane Ann," he said to himself, "but Mary Jane Ann air allers so hard on her own sect. No one comes out here, an' thet festivil air an all-absorbin' performance jest now. I'll fix 'er a bed an' make 'er comfortable. Pore gal, pore gal!"

As it was the day of the Christmas fair and festival at the Crossroads settlement, he had no difficulty in carrying out his ideas. The green sleigh carried Ma Gladden and Mary Jane Ann to the village by ten o'clock. Pa made them a conditional promise to join them in the evening. At noon tide he raided the pantry for good things to tempt the wanderer's appetite. But the girl could not eat. She shook her head, and she looked at him with eyes that did not seem to see anything.

"Air ye so sick?" he asked her when, toward night, he climbed the half-ladder again.

She seized his hard hand with a terrible shudder.

"Oh, sir, good, kind sir, I am ill! If I have to have a doctor, make him promise to come quietly. I will pay. See! I have this to pay him. It will bring one, I am sure."

She rapidly unfastened a knot in her hand-kerchief. One large and shining gold coin she laid in his palm.

"Now, don't ye give up," pa replied cheerfully. "Ye won't feel thet way to-morrer. Ye 'll be rested an' much better. But

I 'll git a doctor ef ye say so, good ole Doc Briskett, thet tells nobody's business, not even his own."

"Wait a little," she whispered, "wait a little"; but her lips were set.

"It air lucky," soliloquized Pa Gladden, half an hour later, "thet Cephy don't git on 'is feed, fer thet 's a good excuse ter stay at hum. Drusilly an' Mary Jane Ann kin put up at Aby Early's, an' I 'll jest send 'em word by the passin' neighbors. Then I kin properly look arter things in the barn. Somethin' might happen thet 'd need me ter run it. Thet pore creature acts party sick. I jest tuk the responsibility ter send a line ter doc ter come right out. I know doc: he 'll be eenymost ez glad ter git out of a church festivil ez I be."

V.

In the early darkness of the winter night Pa Gladden returned to the barn laden with a lamp, a candle, tea and food. He felt glad that he had sent for the doctor, although he attributed the young woman's illness to exposure and anxiety. She was tossing on the warm bed, at times unable to speak intelligibly. She drank the warm tea he gave her, and again asked for the doctor. Being assured that he would soon come, she turned her face to the wall. It was such a sorrowful sight that, setting the candle down on the floor, Pa Gladden knelt upon the boards and prayed fervently:

"Father of love, look down on our sorrierful darter this holy night when redeemin' love should fill all our hearts, this Christmas night when ye sent yer Son inter the world ter bear all our sins an' ignorances. Heal 'er sore heart, O Lord, heal 'er wounds with the soothin' balm o' thy love. Hold 'er in thy arms in all 'er trouble an' tribblelations, an' let Christmas day be a real turnin'-point in 'er life."

When he rose up, the young woman was sitting up, her eyes full of deep meaning.

"You are a good man," she said. "I want to say I deserve it, all your goodness. I am not"—here her voice rose to a shriek—"I am not wicked. You can pray for me, and over me if I should die. I am not afraid to be here. It's quiet and peaceful. I will try to be patient. Please tell me your name, sir."

"Pa Gladden."

"Mine is Mary, plain Mary. Have you any daughter?"

"No"—with lingering regret; "but I 'm allers Pa Gladden to all the folks."



S. Maedina

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"FATHER OF LOVE, LOOK DOWN ON OUR SORROWFUL DARTER."

"If you had a daughter, Pa Gladden, she'd likely be grown up."

"Probable."

"And married; and you might be praying for her, right by her side, just like you are here. God bless you forever and forever, Pa Gladden!" She ended with a sob.

"Don't take on so. Won't ye come inter the house, my darter? I'll make it all right with Drusilly. Hers is a good heart."

"No, no. I'm afraid of women. Does it make you feel bad to see me cry, Pa Gladden? Then I'll set my lips tighter. Just let me stay here. If you had a daughter she'd want to be quiet now, peaceful and quiet."

He sat by her for a few moments longer.

"The doctor'll be comin' ter the house presently," he said cheerfully. "I must go an' pilot him here. Lie still, darter; he'll soon git somethin' outen them old leather saddle-bags ter quiet ye down. Doc Briskett knows his business."

She held out her hand to him.

"Yes, go, Pa Gladden, but leave me the little candle. It's lonesome in the dark when one is in misery. And I'll listen for your footsteps."

Pa was not much too soon. He heard the bump and rattle of the doctor's cart over the hard road before he reached the red gate.

"Jest hold hard, doc," he called out as he swung it open. "Go out the barn road. Yer patient air out thar."

"Jee whillikins!" exclaimed Doc Briskett. "You never have brought me way out here to see a sick cow on a church-festival night!"

Pa climbed in beside him.

"It's a pore woman that's sick," he announced calmly, and unfolded his story for the doctor's amazed ears.

"Pa Gladden!" exclaimed the doctor. "God alone knows what sort of an illness she may have. However, I'll see her. A tramp is likely to have any disease traveling."

A lamp stood on the old table in the harness-room, and the burly doctor took it and climbed to the upper room. Pa Gladden paused at the doorway to look over the white world of Christmas eve. On such a night, he thought, the shepherds watched, the star shone, the angels sang, the Child was born. Pa Gladden heard the voice of his mother in the long ago:

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity!

Then, hoarse and terrible, came the doc-

tor's voice as he almost tumbled down the ladder:

"Pa, pa, get in that cart and drive like mad to Dilsaver's. Meenie is at home, and tell her I said to come back with you. Bring her here; bring some woman, for the love of God!"

It was in the first dawn of the morning that the doctor opened the door of the cattle-barn to find Pa Gladden. By the light of the forgotten lantern he saw the small man seated with his head buried in his hands beside the rough-coated collie. Used as he was to scenes of distress, he was touched by this. He bent over him and laid his hand on his shoulder. Pa glanced up and tried to rise.

"Air she gone?" he gasped.

"Gone? No, no! Why, she'll live fifty years. And just come in and see what a fine little boy Christmas has brought to your house, dear old pa, a real little Christmas fellow with big blue eyes."

"But I thort—" and pa's lips quivered.

"We all thought for a while, pa. Things, indeed, looked black," said the doctor, gravely, "but the danger is past—though it wrung her foolish secret from her. Oh, pa, old Pa Gladden, you are a good man, if there is one! Do you know what you've done this time? Rescued a poor mistaken child that was only foolish, never worse. She is the wife of that little rascal, Jeddie Hebbs, the one that you used to be so fond of when the old squire was alive. She is an orphan girl brought up by his uncle in Washington County. He courted her there and married her on the sly last fall, then went out to California to get a home for her. She promised to keep it a secret, and a fine time she's had with her secret. He will be here for her as quick as I can telegraph him. Then I'll give him a piece of my mind as big as the Crossroads church. There, pa, don't shake so. Go in and see that baby, and let Meenie, good soul, give you a cup of coffee. You've done a good deed, pa, and I really like to know you're alive. This is a queer old world, but God made a few of the folks in it."

Through the half-open door Pa Gladden caught a glimpse of the old German woman with a small bundle across her knees. He looked back through the long barn, then out into the gray of the Christmas dawn. His lips moved as, pale and shaken with the awful fear of the night hours, he turned to enter the harness-room. To him Christ was, indeed, new-born. His lips moved in his own secret rapture-cry:

"God unspeakable!"



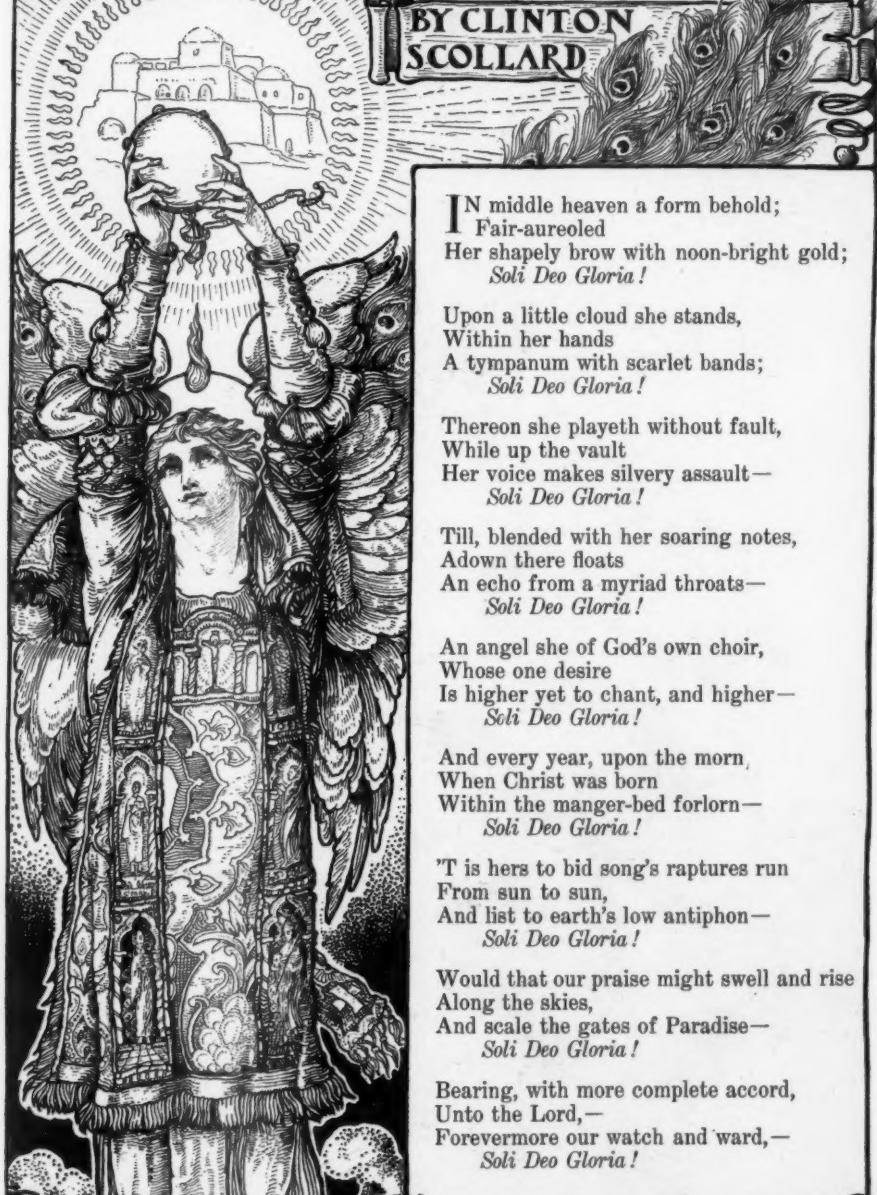
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE M. LEWIS.

"A REAL LITTLE CHRISTMAS FELLOW."

H.M.ARMSTRONG

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

BY CLINTON
SCOLLARD



IN middle heaven a form behold;
Fair-aureoled
Her shapely brow with noon-bright gold;
Soli Deo Gloria!

Upon a little cloud she stands,
Within her hands
A tympanum with scarlet bands;
Soli Deo Gloria!

Thereon she playeth without fault,
While up the vault
Her voice makes silvery assault—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Till, blended with her soaring notes,
Adown there floats
An echo from a myriad throats—
Soli Deo Gloria!

An angel she of God's own choir,
Whose one desire
Is higher yet to chant, and higher—
Soli Deo Gloria!

And every year, upon the morn,
When Christ was born
Within the manger-bed forlorn—
Soli Deo Gloria!

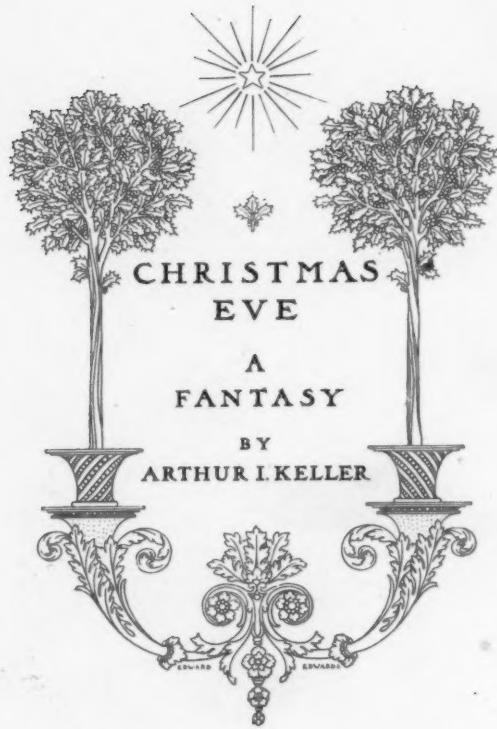
'T is hers to bid song's raptures run
From sun to sun,
And list to earth's low antiphon—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Would that our praise might swell and rise
Along the skies,
And scale the gates of Paradise—
Soli Deo Gloria!

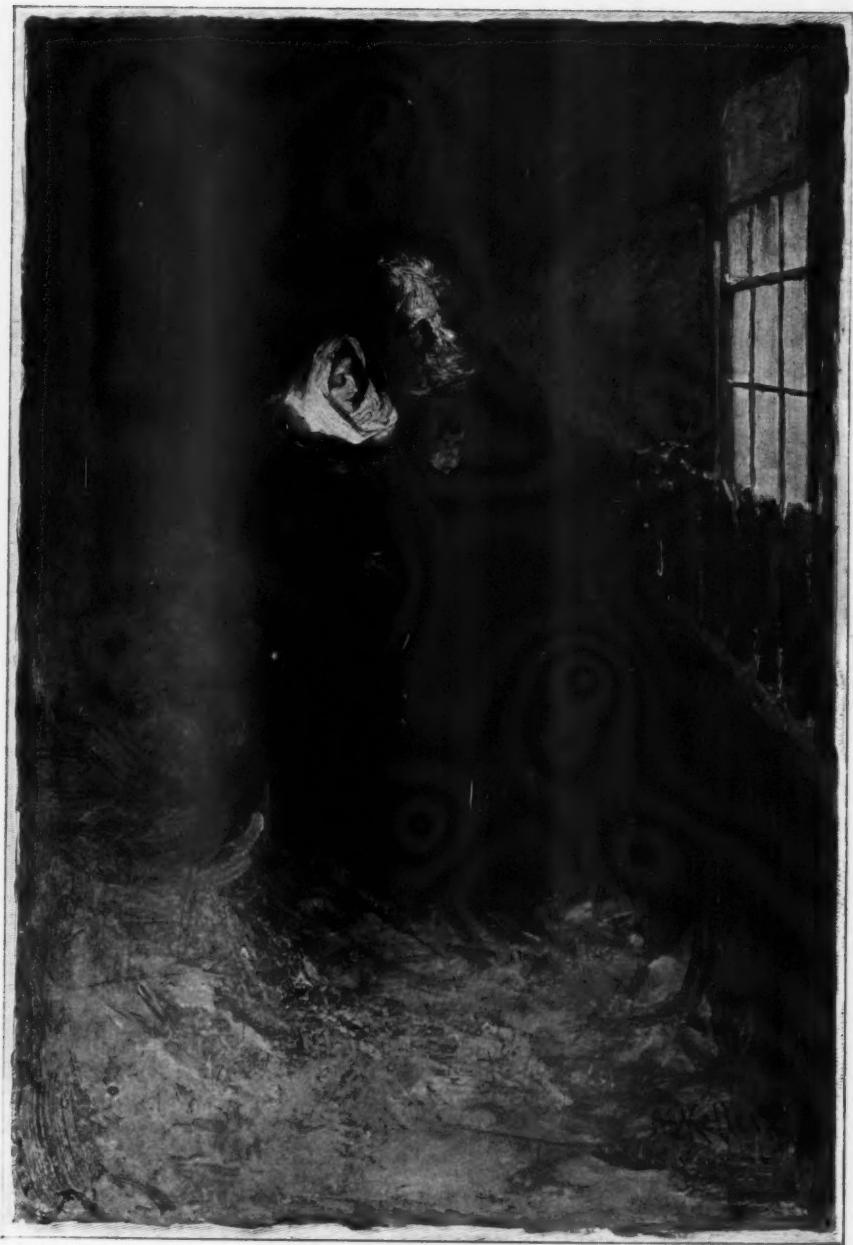
Bearing, with more complete accord,
Unto the Lord,—
Forevermore our watch and ward,—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Laudate eum in tympano

Laudate eum in chordis et organo



BY
ARTHUR I. KELLER





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.
THE UP-RIVER MEN—CORDELLING BOATS ON THE YELLOWSTONE.



THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST: A STUDY IN TRANSPORTATION.

BY EMERSON HOUGH.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

II. AGAINST THE WATERS.

THE UP-STREAM MAN.

IN 1810 the Western frontier of the United States slanted like the roof of a house from Maine to Louisiana. The center of population was almost exactly upon the site of the city of Washington. The West was a distinct section, and it was a section which had begun to develop an aristocracy. We still wore linsey-woolsey in Kentucky; still pounded our corn in a hollow stump in Ohio; still killed our Indians with the ancient weapon of our fathers; still took our produce to New Orleans in flatboats; still were primitive in many ways. None the less we had among us an aristocrat, a man who classified himself as better than his fellow-man. There had been born that early captain of transportation, the keel-boatman, the man who could go up-stream. The latter had for the stationary or semi-stationary man a vast and genuine contempt, as nomad man has ever had for the man of anchored habit. There was warrant for this feeling of superiority, for the keel-boat epoch was a great one in American history. Had this clumsy craft never been supplanted by the steamboat, its victories would have been of greater value to America than all the triumphs she ever won upon the seas.

As for the keel-boatmen themselves, they were a hardy, wild, and reckless breed. They spent their days in the blazing sun, their heads drooping over the setting-pole, their feet steadily trudging the walking-boards of their great vessel from morning until night and day after day. A wild life, a merry one, and a brief, was that lived by this peculiar class of men who made characters for one of the vivid chapters in the tale of the early West.

ANECDOTE OF UP-STREAM MAN.

MIKE FINK, they tell us, was a king among the keel-boatmen at the date of the intro-

duction of steam-craft upon the Ohio and the Mississippi; a man of medium height, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds, all bone and brawn, a champion with the rifle, a master in fisticuffs, a hard drinker, a hard worker, of temper alternately sullen and merry, and of a sheer physical force which dominated all he met in his rude calling. This is the man who figures in a well-known anecdote recounted by different early writers. It seems that he had a bosom friend named Carpenter, with whom he was wont to engage in a certain risky pastime. "Carpenter and Mike used to fill a tin cup with whisky," says one chronicler, "and place it by turns on each other's heads, and shoot at it with a rifle, at the distance of seventy yards. It was always bored through without injury to the one on whose head it was placed. This feat is too well authenticated to admit of question. It was often performed, and they liked the feat the better because it showed their confidence in each other." Yet it fell out that after a long and much-tried friendship these two at last had a quarrel which parted them, and it was some time before their friends could bring about a reconciliation. A truce was patched up, however, and, to bind it, the two agreed to resort to their old test of amity. Mike won the toss, and it was Carpenter who was chosen by fate to carry the tin cup for the other's aim. Carpenter knew what was to follow, and he then and there made his will, giving his rifle, pistols, and equipment to his friend Talbot. He was too proud to ask for his life, though he knew Mike Fink's treachery and relentlessness. Folding his arms, Carpenter stood calm and steady with the cup on his head. Fink shot him square through the forehead, and then calmly chided him for spilling the contents of the cup. He pretended remorse when told he had killed his friend. Justice of the frontier overtook him, when Talbot, at a

later day, shot him with one of the pistols Carpenter had bequeathed to him.

THE UP-STREAM MAN REACHES THE HEAD OF THE WATERS.

No great interest attaches to Mike Fink as a man, though he is typical of the wild conditions which then obtained in the Western regions. It is an important thing, however, to know that this cowardly action of his took place in 1822, and not on the Ohio or the Mississippi, but far up the Missouri, near the mouth of the Yellowstone River—the "Roche Jaune" of the early voyageurs. We may see that the men of the West had solved in some rude sort of way the problem of getting up-stream, though still they clung to the highways of nature, the watercourses. Fink and his savage friends were in the employ of Henry & Ashley, traders in furs. The men of the ax and rifle had once more broken over the ultimate barriers assigned to them by the men of book and gown. That mysterious land beyond the Mississippi was even then receiving more and more of that adventurous population which the statesmen of the Louisiana Purchase feared would leave the East and never would return. The fur-traders of St. Louis had found a way to reach the Rockies. The adventurous West was once more blazing a trail for the commercial and industrial West to follow. This was the second outward setting of the tide of West-bound travel. We had used up all our down-stream transportation, and we had taken over, and were beginning to use, all the trails that led into the West, all the old French trails, the old Spanish trails, the trails that led out with the sun. No more war parties now from the Great Lakes to the Ohio, from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. This was our country. We held the roads.

STEAM HELPS THE UP-STREAM JOURNEYINGS.

BUT now there were happening yet other strange and startling things. In 1806, at Pittsburg, some persons built the first steamboat ever seen on the Ohio River. Its first trip was the occasion of much rejoicing, and was celebrated with fervor, which, however, must have received a certain dampening by the outcome of the experiment. The boat,

¹ Naturally, the down-stream and up-stream eras overlapped. Thus the cypress rafting of the Mississippi Delta, down the Sunflower and Yazoo rivers to the port

crowded with excited spectators, ran very handsomely down-stream, but when it essayed to return, the current proved too strong, and only setting-poles and rowboats saved the day. This, then, was the precursor of an aristocracy in transportation before which even the haughty keel-boatmen were obliged to abase themselves. In 1811 the steamer *New Orleans* was built at Pittsburg, and following the guidance of "Mr. Roosevelt of New York," who had previously investigated the matter, successfully ran the river-way to New Orleans. More than that, she proved able to return up-stream.¹ What fate then was left for the keel-boats?

In 1819 a steamboat had appeared as far west on the Great Lakes as Mackinaw. In 1826 a steamboat reached Lake Michigan. In 1828 the first steamboat of the American Fur Company mastered the turbid flood of the Missouri, and ascended that stream as far as the Great Falls. In 1832 a steamboat arrived in the city of Chicago. The West was now becoming very much a country of itself.

NORTH AND SOUTH MAKE THE WEST.

THE curious fact continued to be fact—that it was the South which was to open, the North and the East which were to occupy. Of the two essential tools, the Southern man might have left at home his ax, the Northern man his rifle. But it was as yet no time for a North or a South. The Northerners and the Southerners both became Westerners, and if the ax followed the rifle, the plow as swiftly came behind the ax.

KASKASKIA: THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

THANKS to the man who could go up-stream, corn was no longer worth one hundred and sixty-five dollars a bushel anywhere in America. Corn was worth fifty cents a bushel, and calico was worth fifty cents a yard, at the city of Kaskaskia, in the heart of the Mississippi valley. Kaskaskia the ancient was queen of the down-stream trade in her day. She was important enough to command a visit from General Lafayette, early in this century, and the governor of Illinois addressed the distinguished visitor with an oratory not without interest, since it was alike full of bombast, of error, of truth, and of prophecy:

of New Orleans, was at its height in the years 1842-44. The rivers will ever remain the great downhill highways for heavy freight.

Sir, when the waters of the Mississippi, generations hence, are traversed by carriers of commerce from all parts of the world; when there shall live west of the Father of Waters a people greater in numbers than the present population of the United States; when, sir, the power of England, always malevolent, shall have waned to nothing, and the eagles and stars of our national arms be recognized and honored in all parts of the globe; when the old men and the children of to-day shall have been gathered to their fathers, and their graves have been obliterated from the face of the earth, Kaskaskia will still remember and honor your name. Sir, as the commercial queen of the West, she welcomes you to a place within her portals. So long as Kaskaskia exists, your name and praises shall be sung by her.

To-day Kaskaskia is forgotten. The conditions which produced her have long since disappeared. The waters, in pity, have literally washed her away and buried her far in the southern sea. Yet Kaskaskia serves very admirably as a measuring-point for the West of that day. She stood at the edge of civilization on the one hand, of barbarism upon the other. Beyond her lay a land as unknown as the surface of the moon, a land which offered alike temptation and promise.

THE COMMERCE OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST.

CALICO was worth fifty cents a yard at Kaskaskia; it was worth three dollars a yard in Santa Fé. A beaver-skin was worth three dollars in New York; it was worth fifty cents at the head of the Missouri. There you have the problems of the men of 1810, and that, in a nutshell, is the West of 1810, 1820, 1830. The problem was then, as now, how to transport a finished product into a new country, a raw product back into an old country, and a population between the two countries. There sprang up then, in this second era of American transportation, that mighty commerce of the prairies, which, carried on under the name of trade, furnished one of the boldest commercial romances of the earth. Fostered by merchants, it was captained and carried on by heroes, and was

dependent upon a daily heroism such as commerce has never seen anywhere except in the American West. The Kit Carsons now took the place of the Simon Kentons, the Bill Williamses of the Daniel Boones. The Western scout, the trapper, the hunter, wild and solitary figures, took prominent place upon the nation's canvas.

This Western commerce, the wagon-freighting, steamboating, and packing of the first half of this century, was to run in three great channels, each distinct from the other. First there was the fur trade, whose birth was in the North. Next there was the trade of mercantile ventures to the far Southwest. Lastly there was to grow up the freighting trade to the mining regions of the West. The cattle-growing, farming, or commercial West of to-day was still a thing undreamed.

CAUSES FOR GROWTH OF SELF-RELIANT WESTERN CHARACTER.

IN every one of these three great lines of activity we may still note what we may call the curiously individual quality of the West. The conditions of life, of trade, of any endurance upon the soil, made heavy demands upon the physical man. There must, above all things, be strength, hardihood, courage. There were great companies in commerce, it is true, but there were no great corporations to safeguard the persons of those transported. Each man must "take care of himself," as the peculiar and significant phrase went. "Good-by; take care of yourself," was the last word for the man departing to the West.¹ The strong legs of himself and his horse, the strong arms of himself and his fellow-laborers, these must furnish his transportation. The muscles tried and proved, the mind calm amid peril, the heart unwearyed by reverses or hardships—these were the items of the capital universal and indispensable of the West. We may trace here the development of a type as surely as we can by reading the storied rocks of geology. This time of boat and horse, of

¹ As witness the following from the record of an early prairie journey:

"Our route lay through all that vast extent of country then known as Dakota, including the Territories, since formed, of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, and a portion left, still bearing the original name. The greater part of the distance had never been traveled, and we were obliged to pick our way as best we could. There was not even an Indian trail to guide us. We were twenty days in crossing the State of Minnesota to Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the

North, at that time the last outpost of civilization. Remaining there a few days for repairs, we resumed our journey early in July over the trackless plains, certain of our point of destination, but uncertain as to the distance between us and it, the time to be consumed in getting there, and all the difficulties of the long and tedious travel. Conscious of our exposure to attacks from savages, we were on the lookout every moment. A trip that is now completed in five days and is continuously a pleasure-trip consumed five months of time, every moment filled with care and anxiety."

pack and cordelle and travoisi, of strenuous personal effort, of individual initiative, left its imprint forever and indelibly upon the character of the American, and made him what he is to-day among the nations of the globe.

THE ADVENTUROUS WEST.

THERE was still a West when Kaskaskia was queen. Major Long's expedition up the Platte brought back the "important fact" that the "whole division of North America drained by the Missouri and the Platte, and their tributaries between the meridians of the mouth of the Platte and the Rockies, is almost entirely unfit for cultivation, and therefore uninhabitable for an agricultural people." There are many thousands of farmers to-day who cannot quite agree with Major Long's dictum, but in that day the dictum was accepted carelessly or eagerly. No one west of the Mississippi yet cared for farms. There were swifter ways to wealth than farming, and the wild men of the West of that day had only scorn and distrust for the whole theory of agriculture. "As soon as you thrust the plow into the earth," said one adventurer who had left the East for the wilder lands of the West, "it teems with worms and useless weeds. Agriculture increases population to an unnatural extent." For such men there was still a vast world without weeds, where the soil was virgin, where one might be uncrowded by the touch of home-building man. Let the farmers have Ohio and Kentucky: there was still a West.

THE WEST OF THE FUR TRADE.

THERE was, in the first place, then, the West of the fur trade, that trade which had come down through so many vicissitudes, legacy of Louis the Grand Monarch and his covetous intriguers. For generations the *coureurs des bois*, wild peddlers of the woods, had traced the ultimate waterways of the far Northwest, sometimes absent for one, two, or more years from the place they loosely called home, sometimes never returning at all from that savagery which offered so great a fascination, often too strong even for men reared in the lap of luxury and refinement.

TRANSPORTATION OF THE FUR TRADE.

STEAM was but an infant, after all, in spite of the little steamboat triumphs of the day.

The waters offered roadway for the steam-boats, and water transportation by steam was much less expensive than transportation by railway; but the head of navigation by steam-boats was only the point of departure of a wilder and cruder transportation. One of the native ships of the wilderness was the great *canot du Nord* of the early voyageurs, a craft made of birch bark, thirty feet long, of four feet beam and a depth of thirty inches, which would carry a crew of ten men and a cargo of sixty-five packages of goods or furs, each package weighing ninety pounds. This vessel reached the limits of carrying capacity and of portability. Its crew could unload and repack it, after a portage of a hundred yards, in less than twenty minutes. Thousands of miles were covered annually by one of these vessels. The crew which paddled it from Montreal to Winnipeg was then but half-way on the journey to the Great Slave and Great Bear country, which had been known from the beginning in the fur trade.

THE ULTIMATE TRAILS.¹

BEYOND the natural reach of the *canot du Nord*, the lesser craft of the natives, the smaller birch barks, took up the trail, and passed even farther up into the unknown countries; and beyond the head of the ultimate thread of the waters the pack-horse, or the travois and the dog, took up the burden of the day, until the trails were lost in the forest, and the traveler carried his pack on his own back.¹ It is a curious fact, and one perhaps not commonly known, that the Indian sign of the "cutthroat" (the forefinger drawn across the throat), which is the universal name for "Sioux" among all other American tribes, is, in all likelihood, a misnomer. The Sioux were dog Indians of old, before they got horses from the West, and they worked the dog as a draft-animal, with a collar about the neck, just as it is now worked over much of the subarctic country. The sign of the two fingers across the neck once indicated "dog," as plainly as the single finger across the neck now signifies "cutthroat." Not only did the native and early white wanderers of the wilderness use the dog as a draft-animal, but they packed him as they later packed the horse in the wagonless lands of the West. This fact is still

¹ The pack of the "timber-cruiser," or "land-looker," of the lumber trade is made of stout canvas, with shoulder-straps. When the cruiser starts out on his lonely woods voyage, his pack, with its contents of tent,

blankets, flour, and bacon, weighs about eighty pounds, exclusive of the rifle and ax which he also carries. He may be absent for a month at a time, and he crosses country impenetrable to any but the footman.

quite within the memory of man. Old John Monroe, a half-breed Piegan, once described to the writer how his people used to pack the dogs, sometimes with loads so heavy that the creatures would lie down in the snow and groan. The dog was an artful dodger, it would seem, for when the party would go away and leave him lying there, presently he would "jump hup, wag hees tail; then he all right." A dog could draw more on a travois, or pole-frame, than he could carry on his back. It was not unusual to see a great copper kettle lashed to the poles of a travois drawn by a dog, and in the kettle piled indiscriminately moccasins, babies, puppies, and other loose personal property. Hitched to the proper sledge, six dogs could draw a thousand pounds upon the snow. Thus ran the earliest stage-coach in the West.

GEOGRAPHY LEARNED FROM THE FUR TRADE.

THE great canoe, the travois, and the sledge were inventions of the early French fur trade, but we used them as we needed them when the fur country became our own. France ceded her trading-posts to England in 1763, and England transferred them to us in 1796. The great Northwest Company had by 1783 extended its posts all along our Northern border, not being too particular about crossing the line; but by 1812 we had made our authority felt, and by 1816 had passed a law excluding foreigners from our fur trade. The old Northwest Company handed over to the younger American Fur Company all the posts found to be within our marches. We heard, for the time, of the Pacific Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain

Fur Company, the Missouri Fur Company, of the "free trappers" and "free traders" of the West. It matters not what form or name that trade assumed. The important fact is that we now, by means of this wild commerce, began to hear of such lands as Oregon, of that region now known as Montana, of a thousand remote and unmapped localities which might ultimately prove inhabitable.

TRANSPORTATION AND TRAFFIC OF THE UPPER MISSOURI REGION.

SUMMER or winter, over all these new lands the wild new travel of the West went on, and after fashions which it determined for itself. Thus, in the country of the Missouri, the left fork of our great American waterway, there was no birch bark for the making of the *canot du Nord*. Hence the keel-boat, the setting-pole and the sweep, the sail and the tracking-line. Yet the great craft, like the Northern birch-bark ship, must at last reach a land of waterways too small for its bulk. The Montana adventurers had not birch bark, but they had the buffalo. They made "bull-boats" out of the sun-dried hides, and these rude craft served to carry many a million dollars' worth of fur over gaps which would have seemed full long to a walking man. The outlying posts¹ at the head of the far-off streams received their supplies from the annual caravan of keel-boats, or the later great Mackinaw boats, square-sterned craft fifty feet long, of twelve feet beam, of four feet free-board, and a carrying capacity of fourteen tons.² Each of these boats required a crew of twelve men, and it took six months of the hardest labor towing, tracking, poling, and rowing to get

¹ Fort Union, 1829, near the mouth of the Yellowstone; Kipp's Fort (temporary), 1831, at the mouth of the Marias; Fort Brule, 1832, on the north bank of the Missouri; Campbell and Sublette's Fort, 1833 (on the site of Fort Buford); Fort Lewis, 1844, on the south bank of the Missouri; old Fort Benton, 1846, on the north bank of the Missouri, one of the most famous of the old posts, and still standing to-day, originally built of adobe, not of logs. Of the Yellowstone River posts the important ones were Fort Van Buren, 1832, at the mouth of the Bighorn; Fort Cass, 1836; Fort F. A. Chardon, 1842, at the mouth of the Judith; Fort Alexander, 1849, on the Yellowstone; Fort Sarpy, 1850, at the mouth of the Rosebud. Fort Sarpy was the last of the more important old Indian trading-posts to be established.

² "The principal articles of trade were alcohol, blankets, blue and scarlet cloth, sheeting (domestics), ticking, tobacco, knives, fire-steels, arrow-points, files, brass wire (different sizes), beads, brass tacks, leather belts (from four to ten inches wide), silver ornaments for hair, shells, axes, hatchets, etc.—alcohol being the

principal article of trade, until after the passing of an act of Congress (June 30, 1834) prohibiting it under severe penalties. . . . There was a bitter rivalry between the Hudson Bay Company and the American Fur Company. The Hudson Bay Company often sent men to induce the confederated Blackfeet to go north and trade, and the Indians said they were offered large rewards to kill all the traders on the Missouri River and destroy the trading-posts. . . . When the Blackfeet commenced to trade on the Missouri, they did not have any robes to trade; they saved only what they wanted for their own use. The Hudson Bay Company only wanted furs of different kinds. The first season the Americans did not get any robes, but traded for a large quantity of beaver, otter, marten, etc. They told the Indians they wanted robes, and from that time the Indians made them their principal article of trade. The company did not trade provisions of any kind to the Indians, but when an Indian made a good trade he would get a spoonful of sugar, which he would put in his medicine-bag to use in sickness when all other remedies failed." ("The Rocky Mountain Magazine.")

the clumsy craft from St. Louis to such a spot as old Fort Benton. The run downstream required only about thirty days, and it was commonly believed that the square stern of the Mackinaw caused it to run faster than the current in taking the rapids of the Missouri.

BIG ENDEAVORS MADE BIG MEN.

THE labor of this primitive transportation, this wading for hundreds of miles each spring against an icy torrent, was not work for children. It was not children that this wild trade begot, but men. The Titanic region demanded Titanic methods. It made its own laws and customs, struck out for itself new methods. Hitherto the world beyond had never asked the world behind what and how to do. This vast, rude land asked no other country how to perform the tasks that lay before it. Of the wildness and rudeness of this new world there could be no question, but its savagery was met by a savage determination more fearless and indomitable than its own. Consider something of the size of even the early West, by the reflection that it was three hundred years after De Soto's discovery before Schoolcraft first found the source of the Mississippi River. It was slow going, in this up-stream epoch of our growth.

THE TRAPPERS' MARKET.

BEFORE and beyond all this systematized and organized Missouri River trade were those light skirmishers of the fur trade, the men of the horse, the dog, the bateau, the dug-out, the canoe, and the bull-boat, men who had no home but their own tepees. The voyageur and the trapper could not take time to come to market, hence the market must go to them. Organized merchandizing established that wild mart of the mountains known as the trappers' rendezvous, now upon the Green River, now in the parks of Colorado; once, it is thought, in that pleasant, open region now known as the Hayden valley of the Yellowstone Park. Never was a market like this in all the world, and sometime it will find its story.

At the annual rendezvous the trapper had practical lessons in prices. He paid two dollars and a half to four dollars for a pint of coffee, as much for a pint of the crude alcohol which he craved, nearly as much for a pint of gunpowder, and half as much for a plug of tobacco. It mattered little to him, to be sure. There were more beaver in a thousand streams that he knew. There was still

a West, abounding in richness. Why save a dollar, when one might meantime make a dozen dollars? Such was the open-handed spirit of that class and time. Fortunes were established in those days, when the rich furs came down out of the far Northwest in a ceaseless, splendid stream. Even before the day of Manuel Liza and his ruffian crews, when St. Louis still belonged to Spain, that city collected in one year over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of furs. Not a pass nor a park in the Rocky Mountains but was pressed by the foot of the American trapper, predecessor of the explorer, the army officer, the scientist, the writer, each in his turn to come, filled with his own importance. In 1805 Lewis and Clark crossed the Rockies; in 1808 the Missouri Fur Company had its trappers in Oregon. It was the trapper, of all men on earth, who could truly say that he had stood where never foot of white man had trod before. In some way he reached these last fastnesses of the wilderness, in some way he got back his baled furs to the yearly rendezvous. There was an adventurer for you, and there was commerce of a sufficiently crude and curious sort.

THE FUR TRADE SHOWED US ALSO THE SOUTHWEST.

THE fur trade taught us something of our own geography upon the North and Northwest, but it did more. It was a fur-trader who first developed the possibilities of the Spanish Southwest for the second expansion of our Western commerce. In 1823 General William H. Ashley, of the American Fur Company, made an expedition up the Platte, and is credited with first reaching from the East the South Pass of the Rockies, which was soon to become recognized as the natural gateway of the great iron trail across the continent. In the following year Ashley penetrated to the Great Salt Lake, and later reached Santa Fé, situated in territory then wholly belonging to Mexico.

EARLY TRADE TO THE SOUTHWEST.

WHILE Ashley was not actually the first American trader to visit Santa Fé, he did much to develop the Southwest trade. In 1804 one Morrison, a merchant of Kaskaskia, sent an emissary named La Lande with a cargo of goods, perhaps intended for the mountain trade, up the Platte valley and into the Rockies. La Lande turned up at Santa Fé and sold his goods there, but found the profits so great that he did not trouble

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himself to return or to make an accounting to his far-distant employer, who was more remote than he would to-day be were he in Kamchatka. In 1805 James Pursley crossed the plains to Santa Fé, and returned to the East. He is credited with being the first American to visit Santa Fé and to bring back news of that region, though his story did not excite much interest, nor was the Southwest trade greatly considered until after the return of Lieutenant Pike from his imprisonment in Mexico. In 1812 the expedition of McKnight, Beard, and Chambers, a dozen Americans in all, reached the city of Santa Fé; but they were cast into prison, and later sent to Chihuahua, where they were confined until 1821. When they finally escaped and returned to their own country, they brought back great stories of the possibilities of the Southwestern trade. Glenn, an Indian trader, who had a post at the mouth of the Verdigris, and a Missourian by name of Becknell, later took small parties through to Santa Fé, the latter going by the route up the Arkansas, nearly upon the line later to be occupied by the great Santa Fé trail and ultimately by the railway of the same name.

NATURE OF SOUTHWESTERN TRANSPORTATION.

THE Santa Fé trade may be said to have been first established in the year 1822, the opening of the Northwest and the Southwest—vast sections of the land then vaguely known as the “Great West”—occurring virtually at the same time, though upon slightly different lines.¹ The canoe, the bateau, and the bull-boat of the upper country must in the dry Southwest be replaced by the pack-train; for this was before the time of wagons on the plains. The commerce of the plains was in the nature of great merchandizing risks, and the company sending on the goods customarily owned its own trains, or at least assumed the risks of the transportation, the day of the common carrier not yet having arrived in that part of the world. It was not until 1824 that the first wagons were used on the Santa Fé trail, “a party of eighty Missourians” in that year taking through the first wagon-train. Witness now, long before the genesis of the Western stage-coach, the birth of the prairie-schooner, first patterned

after the old Conestoga wagon of the East, and later to become one of the institutions of the West. It was this wheeled vessel of the plains which made famous cities, whose names we have since well-nigh forgotten—Independence, Franklin, Van Buren, and other towns, the location of some of which it might puzzle us to tell to-day.

DETAILS REGARDING SOUTHWESTERN WAGON-TRAINS.

THE story of the Santa Fé trail has been told by many writers, and its chief interest here is simply as showing the eagerness with which the men of that day seized upon every means of transport in their power, and the skill and ingenuity with which they brought each to perfection. The wagon-freighting of the Southwest was highly systematized, and was indeed carried on with an almost military regularity. The route was by way of the Council Grove, then the northern limit of the Comanches’ range, and it was at this point that the organization of the wagon-train was commonly completed. A train-master or captain was chosen, and the whole party put under his command, each man having his position, and each being expected to take his turn on the night-watch which was necessary in that land of bold and hostile savages. During the day the train moved in two columns, some thirty feet or so apart, each team following close upon the one immediately preceding it in the line. In case of any alarm of Indians, the head and rear teams of the two parallel columns turned in toward each other, and thus there was formed upon the moment a long parallelogram of wagons, open in the middle, and inclosing the loose riding-animals, and closed at the front and rear. The wagons were loaded, to a great extent, with cotton stuffs in bales, and these made a fair fortification. The Indians had difficulty in breaking the barricade of one of these hardy caravans, defended as it was by numbers of the best riflemen the world ever knew. Small parties were frequently destroyed, but in the later days a train was commonly made up of at least one hundred wagons, with perhaps two hundred men in the party, and with eight hundred mules or oxen. The goods in convoy in such a train might be worth half a million dollars. The time in transit was about ten weeks, the

¹ Yet it was all accomplished up-stream. The Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Platte, the Arkansas, the Red, the Brazos, the Rio Grande—these were the ordained pathways into the unknown West of that day,

and woe befell the traveler who forsook them. How different their directions, thus reversed, from the down-stream courses of the rivers of New England and the Carolinas!

out trip being made in the spring and the return in the fall.

The Santa Fé trade lasted, roughly speaking, only about twenty years, being practically terminated in 1843 by the edict of Santa Anna. These difficulties in our Western commerce all came to an end with the Mexican

of that region was soon to have yet greater opportunities. The discovery of gold in California unsettled not only all the West, but all America, and hastened immeasurably the development of the West, not merely as to the Pacific coast, but also in regard to the mountain regions between the Great Plains



"I TOOK YE FOR AN INJIN."

War, and with the second and third great additions to our Western territory, which gave us the region on the South as well as the North, from ocean to ocean.

THE GOLD-BEARING WEST.

THIS time was one of great activity in all the West, and the restless population which had gained a taste of the adventurous life

and the Coast. The turbulent population of the mines spread from California into every accessible portion of the Rockies. The trapper and hunter of the remotest range found that he had a companion in the wilderness, the prospector, as hardy as himself, and animated by a feverish energy which rendered him even more determined and unconquerable than himself. Love of excitement and change invited the trapper to the mountains.

It was love of gain which drove the prospector thither. Commercial man was to do in a short time what the adventurer would never have done. California, Oregon, Idaho, Montana—how swiftly, when we come to counting decades, these names followed upon those of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio!

THE NEW WEST BRINGS NEW PROBLEMS.

IN the new demands for locomotion and transportation which now arose from these new armies of moving men, the best thinkers of the country could for a long time suggest nothing better than the sea and the rivers as the great highways. Steamboats ran regularly on every Western river where such navigation was possible. Yet at the head of the waters there still existed, and in greater degree than ever before, long gaps between the abodes of the mountain population and their bases of supplies. The demand, moreover, was for transportation of heavy goods. The trapper who started out into the mountains might take only two or three extra horses. He did not use more than half a dozen traps in those days, and counted always on living upon wild game. The new population of the mining-camps, which spread all through the mountains with incredible rapidity, was made up of an entirely different class of men, and was surrounded by an environment less bountiful. They did not come to hunt, but to dig or to riot; and they must be fed. At this time the necessity brought forth the man. It was the American packer who now saved the day.

OUT OF NECESSITY COMES THE PACK-HORSE.

THE pack-horse idea was as old as America, but in its perfection it was the product of the Spanish Southwest. We read in history of the progresses of royal personages in ancient times in the Old World, and frequent mention is made of the number of sumptermules which attended the caravans in those roadless days. The sumpter-mule was the forerunner of the pack-mule, though it is to be doubted if any servant of an old-time king ever learned to do such impossible things with the sumpter-mule as the American packer did as a matter of course with his beasts of burden. No one can tell just how or when the horse came up over the plains and mountains of the West, though, in a general way, it is accepted as a fact that it came from Mexico. With the horse, and in

the same mysterious fashion of things that happened quite beyond trace of modern investigation, there came from the same region the "diamond hitch" of the old *cargadores*—the lash-rope which was so great an institution in the civilization of the West, less known, but perhaps even more important, than the stage-coach.

THE DIAMOND HITCH AND THE PACK-HORSE.

THE diamond hitch, once its intricacies were mastered well and fitly, made possible the use of the horse in apparently impassable mountain paths, over which he might strain and stumble as he best could, but might never lose his pack, no matter what befell himself. Some writers have ascribed the discovery of the diamond hitch to the Indians, but nothing could be more erroneous. The hitch was adopted by the latter from the whites, or partially so, for its proper use implies brains. The Crow Indians use pack-animals, for instance, but they pack a horse upside down according to a white packer's notion, their cinches being apparently intended to keep the horse from getting away from the pack, not the pack from the horse; and they do not scorn to descend to the use of a tourniquet for tightening their ropes, which expedient would be anathema to a genuine packer.

THE LOCAL MERCHANT AND THE COMMON CARRIER.

GRADUAL changes were taking place, about midway of the present century, in the characteristics of Western commerce. The trapper and the hunter had trafficked as individuals. The Santa Fé trade was in control of men who remained at home and sent their goods into other country, just as did the early Phenician merchants. In the trade of the mining-towns, the merchant had come to be a resident and not a non-resident, and the transportation of his supplies was in the hands of companies or individuals who had not any ownership in the goods they handled. The greatest drama of the common carrier had its scene in the Rocky Mountains.

HARD TRANSPORTATION MAKES GREAT PRICES.

THE price of staples in any mountain town was something which not even the merchant himself could predict in advance, dependent

as it was upon the thousand contingencies of freighting in rude regions and among hostile tribes. Prices which would stagger the consumer of to-day were frequently paid for the simplest necessities. As in the days of the trappers' rendezvous everything was sold by the pint, so now the standard of measure became the pound. A very usual price for sugar in a mining-camp was thirty-five to fifty cents a pound. In the San Juan mining-camps, as late as 1875, potatoes sold for twenty-five cents a pound. A mule or burro would earn its own cost in a single trip, for there were occasions under certain conditions, such as the packing from Florence into the more remote placer districts, when the pack-master charged as much as eighty cents a pound from the railroad or supply-point to the camps.

PACK-TRAINS MAKE NEW CITIES.

NEW cities began to be heard of in this mountain trade, just as there had been in the wagon days of the overland trail to Santa Fé. Pueblo, Cañon City, Denver, all were outfitting- and freighting-points in turn, while from the other side of the range there were as many towns,—Florence, Walla Walla, Portland,—which sent out the long trains of laden mules and horses. The pack-train was as common and as useful as the stage line in developing the Black Hills region, and many another still less accessible.

CAPACITIES AND PRICES OF PACK-TRAINS.

COMMONLY a horse or a mule would carry two hundred to three hundred pounds of freight, a burro one hundred to two hundred, and the price for packing averaged somewhere about five to ten cents per pound per hundred miles of distance, often very much more. It was astonishing what flexibility this old system of carriage had. A good pack-master would undertake to transport any article that might be demanded at the end of his route. It is well known that much heavy mining machinery was packed into the mountains; but this was not really very wonderful, for such machinery was made purposely in suitable sections for such transport. Somewhat more difficult were other articles, such as cook-stoves and the like, shipped not "knocked down." A piano was one of the odd articles that went into the earliest of the Cœur d'Alene mining-camps more than a score of years ago. It was packed on four mules, the piano resting on

a sling of poles, which virtually bound the mules together as well as gave support to their burden, two mules going in front and two behind. When the animals became too tired to climb farther, the weight was temporarily lightened by resting the piano on forked sticks thrust up beneath the load. The strange package was taken through in safety, though at a cost of about a thousand dollars. All sorts of articles were shipped in the same fashion, and packages of glass-ware, cases of eggs, etc., customarily made the long and rough journeys in safety. The charges were made upon the weight of the package, including the case or cover in which it was shipped, and it was poor policy upon the part of the shipper to pack his goods too flimsily, for the grip of the diamond hitch was never a sparer of things beneath it.

MOST DIFFICULT ARTICLE TO PACK.

AN old-time packer of experience once told the writer that the hardest article to pack in the mountains was quicksilver. This commodity was shipped in iron flasks, and the first thing the packer did was to unscrew the tops of these flasks and fill the remaining interior space completely with water, in order to prevent the heavy blow of the shifting liquid contents, which was distressing to the pack-horse. A flask of quicksilver weighed about ninety pounds, and it was customary to pack two flasks on each side of a horse or mule, each pair of flasks being fastened in a board frame, which gave facility for lashing all fast, and prevented the wear of the condensed weight against the back of the animal. Were these precautions not taken, the back of the pack-horse might be much injured, for the weight of the quicksilver-bottle would wear through the *aparejos* and not stop at the hide of the horse.

STRANGE ARTICLES PACKED IN TRAINS.

WOOD, hay, boxes, trunks, and, indeed, almost anything that could be imagined, were common articles of transport in the mountains, and it was at times a bit odd to see a little burro almost hidden under a couple of Saratoga trunks which were so big that he could neither lie down nor roll over under them. The pack-train might comprise a score or a hundred horses, and the conduct of such a train was no small matter of skill and generalship. The pack-trains of the United States army came to be models of their kind. The largest pack-train ever seen

in the Rocky Mountains was a government train, that which accompanied the party of President Chester A. Arthur at the time he visited the Yellowstone country. There were over four hundred animals in this train, and a cook-stove of considerable size was one of the articles which were taken along from day to day by the sumpter-mules of this modern progress. Hunting-parties of to-day who go into the mountains commonly use pack-horses to carry their outfits. One very good modern packer states that he has packed babies, dogs, young elk, young antelope, and he once packed a broken-legged puppy from the San Juan country to Denver, where he had a doctor attend to the dog.

UNUSUAL WAYS OF PACKING AND TRANSPORTING.

OXEN were often used as pack-animals, the burden frequently being lashed to the horns. An ox could carry a fifty-pound sack of flour on top of its head, though special saddles were sometimes used for ox-packing. On the overland trail to California, cows were sometimes employed as pack-animals, and were often used in harness as draft-animals. Every one knows the story of the carts and hand-barrows of the great Mormon emigration. Under the old Western conditions of transportation, is it any wonder that horse-stealing was regarded as the worst crime of the calendar?

EARLY WHEELED TRANSPORTATION—THE STAGE-COACH.

THE transportation of paddle and portage, of sawbuck saddle and panniers, however, could not forever serve except in the roughest of the mountain-chains. The demand for wheeled vehicles was urgent, and the supply for that demand was forthcoming in so far as

¹ In the "Montana Post" for February 11, 1865, there appeared the following advertisement:

OVERLAND

STAGE LINE.

Ben. Holladay, Proprietor.

Carrying the Great Through Mail between the Atlantic and Pacific States.

This line is now running in connection with the daily coaches between

Atchison, Kansas & Placerville, Cal.

Tri-weekly Coaches between Salt Lake City and Walla Walla, via Boise City, West Bannack, and

Tri-weekly Coaches between

Great Salt Lake City and Virginia City, Montana, via Bannack City.

human ingenuity and resourcefulness could meet it. There arose masters in transportation, common carriers of world-wide fame. The pony-express was a wonderful thing in its way, and some of the old-time stage lines which first began to run out into the West were hardly less wonderful. For instance, there was an overland stage line that ran from Atchison, on the Missouri River, across the plains, and up into Montana by way of Denver and Salt Lake City. It made the trip from Atchison to Helena, nearly two thousand miles, in twenty-two days.¹ Down the old waterways from the placers of Alder Gulch to the same town of Atchison was a distance of about three thousand miles. The stage line began to shorten distances and lay out straight lines, so that now the West was visited by vast numbers of sight-seers, tourists, investigators, and the like, in addition to the regular population of the land, the men who called the West their home.

We should find it difficult now to return to stage-coach travel, yet in its time it was thought luxurious. One of the United States Bank examiners² of that time, whose duties took him into the Western regions, in the course of fourteen years traveled over seventy-four thousand miles by stage-coach alone.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF EARLY FREIGHTER.

IT is the strange part of this vivid history of the West that many men who were prominent and active in its wildest and crudest days are living to-day, fully adapted to the present conditions, and apparently almost forgetful that there ever was a different time. Thus one of the more prominent early wagon-train freighters of Montana is now a prosperous banker of his State,³ who gives a brief description of the old-time industry,

Carrying the U. S. Mail,
Passengers, and Express Matter.

Also tri-weekly coaches between Virginia City and Bannack City.

Coaches for Great Salt Lake City and Bannack City leave Virginia City every

Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday Morning, connecting at Fort Hall; and coaches to Boise and Walla Walla, and at Great Salt Lake City, with the daily lines to the

Atlantic States, Nevada, and California.

Express matter carried in charge of competent and trustworthy messengers.

For further particulars apply at office.

Nat Stein, Agent,
Virginia City, Montana Territory.

² Hon. N. P. Langford of St. Paul, Minnesota.

³ W. G. Conrad, Esq., of Great Falls, Montana.

which is interesting because it comes at first-hand. The freighter-banker goes on to say:

The wagons were large prairie-schooners, usually three or four trailed together, pulled by sixteen to twenty head of the largest oxen you ever saw. It cost one cent per pound per one hundred miles to transport freight. Sometimes, of course, we would get five times this. The danger was from Indians (Sioux and Blackfeet) attacking the trains and the drivers. The herdsmen and wagon-boss went armed. The earliest freighting-point was from Fort Benton, Montana, to the mines in the Rockies.¹ When boats failed to reach Benton, owing to low water, then the teams went below, three to four hundred miles, to haul the freight up. In later times (after the junction of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railways) we transported freight from Corinne, Utah. There was probably one million dollars invested by individuals and companies in Montana. The largest companies were the "Diamond R" Transportation Company (established by Colonel Charles A. Broadwater and three others) and I. G. Baker & Company. The latter company was owned and managed by the writer, and in the summer of 1879 transported over twenty million pounds of freight on wagons for the United States government, Canadian government, and the merchants of Montana.

FURTHER PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF AN EARLY WESTERNER.

THE records of those early days rapidly pass out of sight and too often out of preservation. Mr. Langford has in his possession files of the old "Montana Post," covering the term of its publication,—1864 to 1868,—and a study of the market reports of that journal affords much insight into the life and conditions of that time. Commenting upon these facts, he remarks:

The high prices of merchandise in Montana were the natural outcome of great cost of trans-

¹ A large advance over the capabilities of the old Mackinaw boats may be seen recorded in the log of a Missouri River steamboat:

"FORT BENTON, July 14, 1866.

"First trip of steamer *Deer Lodge*, Captain Lawrence Ohlman, Clerk H. A. Dohrman, Engineer S. G. Hill.

"Left St. Louis March 20, at 6½ o'clock P.M., for Fort Benton, lost 12 days by ice, and arrived at Fort Union May 1, where we laid 4 hours and then started on our way up the river. Reached Fort Benton May 18, at 4½ P.M. Discharged 200 tons of freight, and started on return to St. Louis May 21, and arrived there June 3, having made the trip down in 13 days and 15 hours.

"Trip No. 2. Left St. Louis for Fort Benton Wednesday, June 6, at 6½ P.M., with 210 tons of freight, 60 tons for Randall, Rice, and Sully, 150 tons for Benton. Running time from St. Louis to Fort Sully 16 days; to Fort Rice 21 days; to Fort Union 27 days and 6 hours;

portation, combined with large profits, owing to the great risks incurred in taking goods through a hostile Indian country. As population increased, the necessity of procuring from the States a sure supply of the necessities of life was uppermost in the minds of the people. With the fortune of Midas, they feared soon to share his fate, and have nothing but gold to eat. But there was no lack of adventurous traders in the States, who were ready to incur the risks incident to a long overland journey, whose successful termination was certain greatly to enrich them.²

THE THREE ROUTES OF EARLY MOUNTAIN TRAFFIC.

THE supplies were brought into the mining-camps of Montana by three different routes, viz.: the overland route from Omaha or St. Joseph, Missouri, by way of Denver and Salt Lake, a distance of nineteen hundred miles; from St. Louis by way of the Missouri River to Fort Benton; and by pack-train from the Pacific slope, starting from Portland or Walla Walla, Oregon, crossing the Cœur d'Alenes and the main ranges of the Rockies, and coming over the Bitter Root valley.

The larger part of the merchandise brought to Montana came by the first-named route. The vehicles used in transportation were, for the most part, what were known as "Murphy wagons"—vehicles with large wheels and strong bodies, capable of holding eight thousand pounds of general merchandise, and drawn by five or six yokes of oxen, or by as many spans of mules. During the rainy season, and for many weeks after a storm, it was frequently the case that not more than five miles a day of progress could be made with such a wagon-train over the alkali plains or along the valley of such a stream as Bitter Creek. An average journey was about one hundred miles per week, and thus an entire season, commencing at the time when the grass of the plains was sufficiently grown to furnish food for oxen and mules, and lasting from eighteen to twenty weeks, was consumed in making the journey. These trains or caravans each numbered from ten to forty wagons, all covered with heavy canvas to protect their contents from sun and storm.

to Milk River 29½ days; to the mouth of Judith, r Camp Cook, 35 days 10 hours. Discharged 147 tons of freight and laid there 12 hours, and started again for Benton. Passed Drowned Man's Rapids in 2½ minutes without laying a line or working a full head of steam. Laid up at Eagle Creek 3 hours, and arrived at Fort Benton July 13, at 4 P.M. Time from St. Louis 36 days and 21 hours.

"The round trip from Benton to St. Louis in 53 days and 12 hours, without setting a spar or rubbing the bottom." (The "Montana Post.")

² In the early sixties the price of wheat was so low in Iowa that farmers could not pay their taxes. Many men engaged in freighting flour and bacon from Iowa to Denver, Colorado, via Council Bluffs and the route up the Platte valley, then a part of the buffalo range and a favorite hunting-ground of the Sioux and Pawnees. The father of the writer made such a trading-trip in 1860.

DIFFICULTIES OF WAGON-TRAINS.

ONE who has never seen the plains, rivers, rocks, cañons, and mountains of the portion of the country traversed by these caravans can form but a faint idea from any description given of them of the innumerable and formidable difficulties with which every mile of this weary march was encumbered. History has assigned a foremost place among its glorified deeds to the passage of the Alps by Napoleon, and to the long and discouraging march of the French army under the same great conqueror to Russia. If it be not invidious to compare small things with great, we may assuredly claim for these early pioneers greater conquests over nature than were made by either of the great military expeditions of Napoleon. A successful completion of the journey was simply an escape from death.

The pack-train was always a lively feature in the gigantic mountain scenery of Oregon and Idaho. A train of fifty or one hundred animals, about equally composed of mules and burros, each heavily laden, the experienced animal in the lead, picking the way for those in the rear, amid the rocks, escarpments, and precipices of a lofty mountain-side, was a spectacle of thrilling interest. The arrival of one of those large trains in a mining-camp produced greater excitement among the inhabitants than any other event, and the calculation upon their departure from the Columbia River and their appearance in the interior towns was made and anticipated with nearly as much certainty as if they were governed by a published time-table.

DANGERS OF STAGE TRAVEL.

THE nature of the transportation of passengers over the overland route may be inferred from a trip once made by stage from Atchison, on the Missouri River, to Helena, Montana, which is thus described:

The journey required thirty-one days of continuous staging, and was prolonged by delays occasioned by the incursions of the hostile Sioux, who had killed several stock-tenders at different stations, burned the buildings, and stolen the horses. From their frequent attacks upon the coaches it was necessary for us to be on the constant outlook. On the second day after leaving Atchison, the Eastern-bound coach met us, having on board one wounded passenger, the next day with one dead, and the next with another wounded. At Sand Hill station the body of the station-keeper was lying by the side of the smoking ruins of the log cabin. As there was no stock to be found for a change of horses, we drove on with our worn-out team, at a slow pace, to the next station. The reports of passengers Eastern bound were also very discouraging. Yet this risk of life did not lessen travel. The coaches were generally full. The fare from Atchison to Helena was four hundred and fifty dollars, and our meals

cost each of us upward of one hundred and fifty dollars more.

PRICES AS GOVERNED BY TRANSPORTATION.

THESE preliminary statements as to the difficulties and dangers of the early transportation will make plainer the somewhat extraordinary prices of merchandise which often ruled. Thus, on December 31, 1864, one will see coal-oil quoted in the market reports of Virginia City, Montana, at nine to ten dollars per gallon. On January 28, 1865, we read: "*Candles*: less active in consequence of the decline in coal-oil." Then comes "coal-oil, nine dollars; linseed-oil, ten dollars." At the head we read that these market quotations are wholesale prices for gold, and that ten per cent. should be added for retail prices. At the bottom we have greenback quotations for gold-dust and gold coin, showing that greenbacks were worth not quite forty-five cents on the dollar for gold coin. Even this was more than they were worth in the States, with gold at 225. Coal-oil at nine dollars per gallon in gold, with greenbacks at forty-five cents, would cost twenty dollars per gallon in greenbacks, at wholesale. Add ten per cent., and we have twenty-two dollars as the retail price. Linseed-oil at ten dollars per gallon in gold would be twenty-four dollars and twenty cents per gallon in greenbacks, at retail.

In the issue of the "Post" of April 22, 1865, flour is quoted at eighty-five dollars per sack of one hundred pounds on April 17, and it is stated that on April 19, within a few hundred miles, it has sold for five dollars per pound. This was just after the surrender of Lee's army, when greenbacks were selling for ninety cents for gold-dust, and at eighty-two (eight per cent. less) for coin. This was over six dollars per pound for flour, or twelve hundred for a barrel!

On April 29, 1865, potatoes were worth forty to fifty cents per pound gold. At an average price of forty-five cents per pound, a bushel (seventy pounds) cost thirty-eight dollars in greenbacks. On May 6 we read: "*Potatoes*. Several large loads have arrived, . . . causing a decline of five cents per pound." So potatoes dropped off in price, in one day, four dollars in greenbacks per bushel.

LIVING EXPENSES GOVERNED BY TRANSPORTATION.

"ON May 13," comments Mr. Langford further regarding this interesting commercial situation, "we note that the principal res-

taurant, 'in consequence of the recent fall in flour,' reduced day board to twenty dollars per week for gold. The food of this restaurant was very plain, and dried-apple pies were considered a luxury. At that time I was collector of internal revenue, and received my salary in greenbacks. I paid thirty-six dollars per week for day board at the Gibson House, at Helena. During the period of the greatest scarcity of flour, the more common boarding-houses posted the following signs: 'Board with bread at meals, \$32; board without bread, \$22; board with bread *at dinner*, \$25.' Those who took bread at each meal paid about ten dollars per week more than those who took none."

INFREQUENCY OF MAIIS.

UNDER these conditions of transportation, it is small wonder that the little frontier journal above mentioned ran out of white paper, and was at times obliged to use brown wrapping-paper, or anything else which would carry the ink. Yet, crude as was the vehicle of this voice crying in the wilderness, its columns, viewed to-day, sometimes contain matter of greater import than the éditions de luxe of the modern magazines. We may read further from its editorial and advertising pages:

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA,
October 22, 1864.

We learn from our P. M. that thirty-six sacks of mail matter, forwarded by the Ocean Steamship Company, are lying at Placerville (Calif.), awaiting overland transportation. Undoubtedly we will get our share of it.

Eastern Mail. We were blessed on Tuesday last with the sight of a few Eastern "X's" and a pile of letters from our friends East. For over two months we were without any communion with the outer world, and the arrival of our Eastern mail at last was hailed by all as the greatest blessing.

November 12, 1864.

Mails are coming in very regularly now, and a good deal of it. We were blessed on Tuesday by the sight of some Eastern "X's" bearing date of August 15. By the latter part of January we hope to have received all our back mail, and look forward to that time with pleasure.

A private letter from a gentleman who lived in one of the early mining communities of Montana contains the following:

We were cut off from all mail facilities with the States from July, 1862, until the spring of 1863. The great Civil War raged, bloody battles

were fought, the fate of a mighty nation was impending, our national existence was in danger, and yet we were as ignorant of the progress of this life-struggle for freedom as the negroes of Central Africa. Our hearts yearned to communicate with the loved ones, who, we knew, were full of anxiety concerning our condition; but all the avenues were closed, and we could only await the force of events, which might or might not provide the opportunity for communication.

EARLY WESTERN BREAD RIOT CAUSED BY BAD TRANSPORTATION.

HERE is the story of an incipient bread riot in the ancient West of thirty-five years ago, taken from the columns of the same journal above mentioned:

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, April 22, 1865.

April 16. The flour market opened at an advance of ten dollars per sack, and by eleven o'clock A.M. had reached the nominal price of sixty-five dollars per ninety-eight-pound sack. The day closing, holders asked a further advance of five dollars per sack.

April 17. The demand for flour is increasing. The market opened firm at yesterday's prices. Before ten o'clock it had advanced to seventy-five dollars per sack. Eleven o'clock rolls round and finds dealers in this staple asking eighty dollars per ninety-eight-pound sack. A few transactions were made at these figures. Before twelve o'clock transfers were made at eighty-five dollars per sack, and some few dealers were asking a further advance of five dollars per sack. Consumers, having no other resource, were compelled to concede to the nominal price of holders, and paid ninety dollars per sack in gold.

April 18. Flour is truly on the rampage, no concession from dealers' prices on the part of the very few holders of considerable quantities, with a still further advance of five dollars per sack, which brings the price of an average lot of flour to the unprecedented figures, in this market, of one dollar per pound.

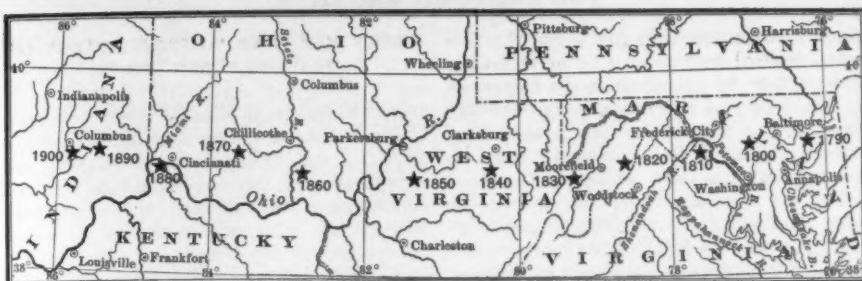
April 19. The flour market weakened under the excitement of "current reports" from some new speculators in the market, transfers of small lots being made at eighty dollars per sack.

Eleven o'clock. Our city is thrown into a state of excitement. Rumors of a bread riot are heard from all quarters.

Twelve o'clock. Our principal streets are well lined and coated with men, avowedly on the raid for flour.

Later. Flour is seized wherever found, in large or small quantities, and taken to a common depot. On the pretext under which several lots of flour were confiscated, we do not think that any one would consider it wrong or objectionable to store flour, under the present circumstances, in fire-proof cellars or warehouses.

We, however, do not indorse the concealing of flour under floors or haystacks when the article



WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF THE CENTER OF POPULATION FROM 1700 TO 1900, INDICATED BY STARS.

is up to the present price. We know of no parties that were holders of flour that could not have realized a handsome profit of seventy-five dollars per sack; but in favor of merchants that have invested in this staple at high figures, we should state that we have known flour to be sold within a circumference of a few hundred miles at the rate of five dollars per pound and no raiders in the market.

VIRGINIA CITY, M. T., May 6, 1865.

The business of the week is a slight improvement over many weeks past, owing to the fine weather sending miners all to work.

Flour. Still continues very scarce, three small lots, one hundred and twenty-one sacks in all, only having arrived from over the range, and were rapidly sold at seventy-five dollars per sack. The want of this staple is very much felt, as all substitutes for this article are about exhausted.

Potatoes. Several large loads have arrived in the market this week, causing a decline of five cents per pound.

That the pack-train and the diamond hitch had much to do with the welfare of the average man may be gathered from the following advertisement:

Best Board in the City
Down Again!!!

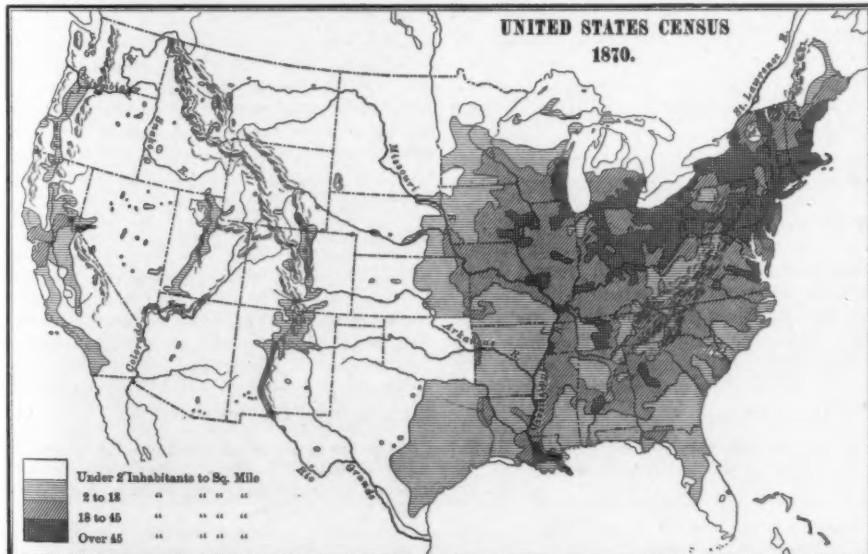
From and after Monday next, May 15 [1865], in consequence of the recent fall in flour, Board will be reduced to

\$20.00 per week at the
Mohegan Restaurant
On Jackson Street.

The only house in town for early Breakfasts and late Suppers.

THESE EARLY WESTERN CONDITIONS
RAPIDLY FORGOTTEN.

THE records of the old days of the West are vanishing with inconceivable rapidity, written as though literally upon the waters. Now



and then some chronicle like these of a forgotten journal may appear, or at times the old ways may be graven upon the history or the geography of the land, in spite of the fact that the freighters have now become bankers. Thus there is a town in Montana known to-day as Beef Straight; for what reasons we may easily guess in view of the above quotations from the mountain markets. Yet so utterly have the memories of the older West passed away in the whirl of the later activity of that region that we shall need to be insistent if we are to gather the full lesson which we are seeking under all these facts and figures.

THE WEST A DIFFERENT AND INDEPENDENT LAND.

SURELY we may see clearly that, even as late as the Civil War, there was a vast land beyond the Missouri whose people and whose customs were different from those of the East; which had earned its own right to be different; which was as strong and self-reliant and resourceful as though it were part of another sphere, and which might claim that it had solved its own problems for itself and asked no aid. Yet it was this very aloofness and independence which had always threatened, in one way or another, the secession of the West in factor in sympathy from the East. Therefore we count that a great day—a day fatal for the West, but glorious for America—when the heads of the streams were reached and the mountains overrun. It was a great day, an important date,—though unrecorded in any history of this land,—when the West had gone as far away as it could, and at last had turned and begun to come back home!

NECESSITY FOR BETTER TRANSPORTATION.

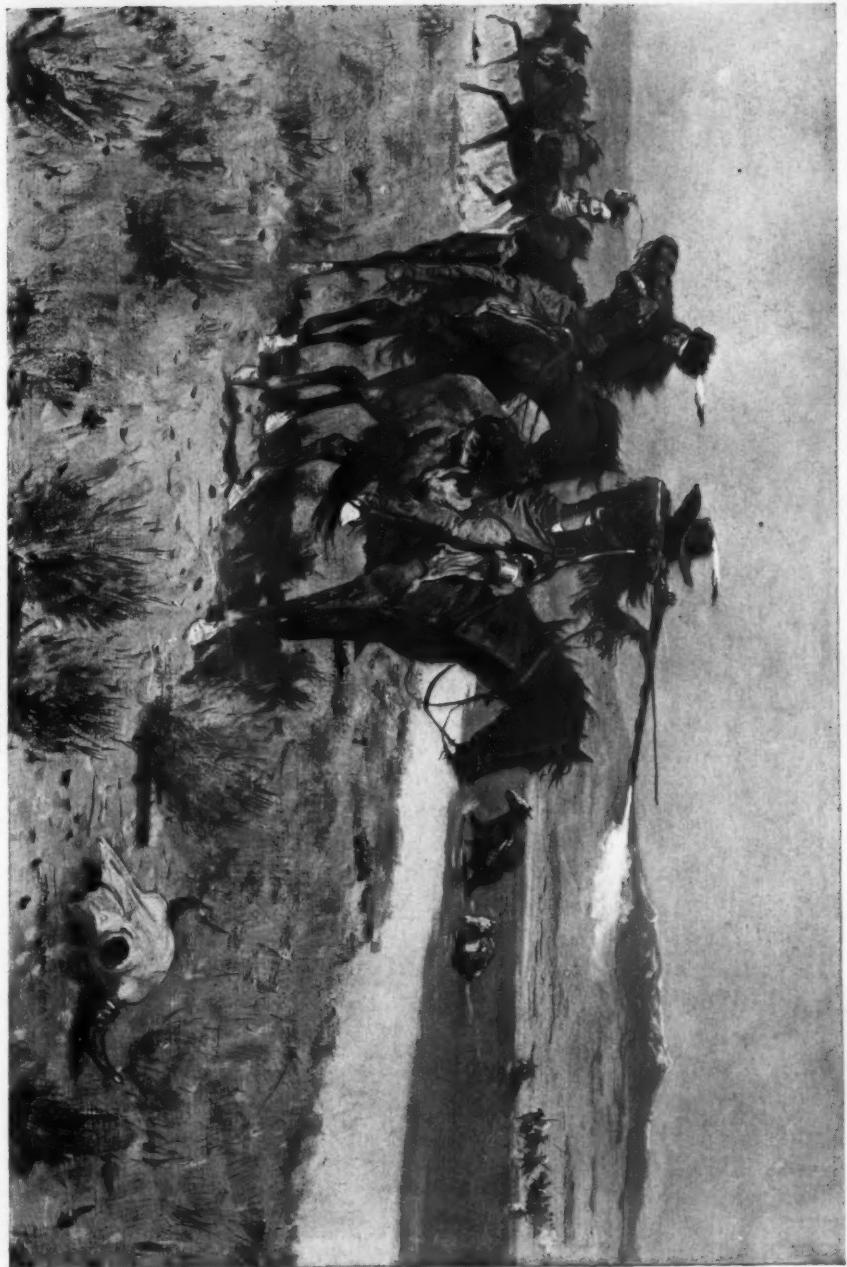
AT the end of the Civil War the West had exhausted all the possibilities of down-stream and up-stream transportation. It had developed its resources to an Aladdin-like degree. But now the time was come for newer, more rapid, and more revolutionary methods. The West was at the beginning of another and not less interesting era, a time of swift and startling change.

CENSUS MAP CITED TO PROVE THEORY OF TRANSPORTATION EPOCHS.

IF our theory regarding Western transportation has been correct, we should now be able to check back upon the census map, and expect to find a certain verification of our conclusions. It is curious to observe that the path of the star, which marks upon the census charts the center of population, in reality has followed much the same line as the early West-bound movement with which we have been principally concerned. The star moves slowly westward, across the Alleghanies, as did the first pioneers. Then it follows down the valley of the Ohio, as did the early down-stream population under our theory of the transportation of that day. In 1860 the center of population is situated upon the Ohio River, perhaps a hundred miles east of the city of Cincinnati. In 1860 the colors thicken deeply along the river valleys; and far up the streams, even toward the heads of the Mississippi and the Missouri, the map tells us that the population is denser than it is in regions remote from any waterways. In 1870 the face of the map remains, for the most part, bare west of the Missouri, except where the Indian reservations lie. On the Pacific coast, in California and Oregon, there is a population in some districts of forty-five to ninety persons to the square mile. Around Helena, Deer Lodge, and other mining-towns of Montana there is a faint dash of color showing a population of two to six souls to the square mile, which is beyond the average of all but a few localities west of the Missouri River. At Salt Lake, at Denver, at Santa Fé, termini of transportation in their day, as we have seen, there are bands of a similar color. The total population of America, which in 1810 was 7,239,881, and in 1820, the beginning of our up-stream days, was 9,633,822, is in 1860 31,443,321 and in 1870 38,558,371.¹ Nearly all of this population shows upon the census map as east of the Missouri River. Out in the unsettled and unknown region west of the Missouri there still lay that land which to the present generation means the West, appealing, fascinating, mysterious, inscrutable; and for that West there was to come another day.

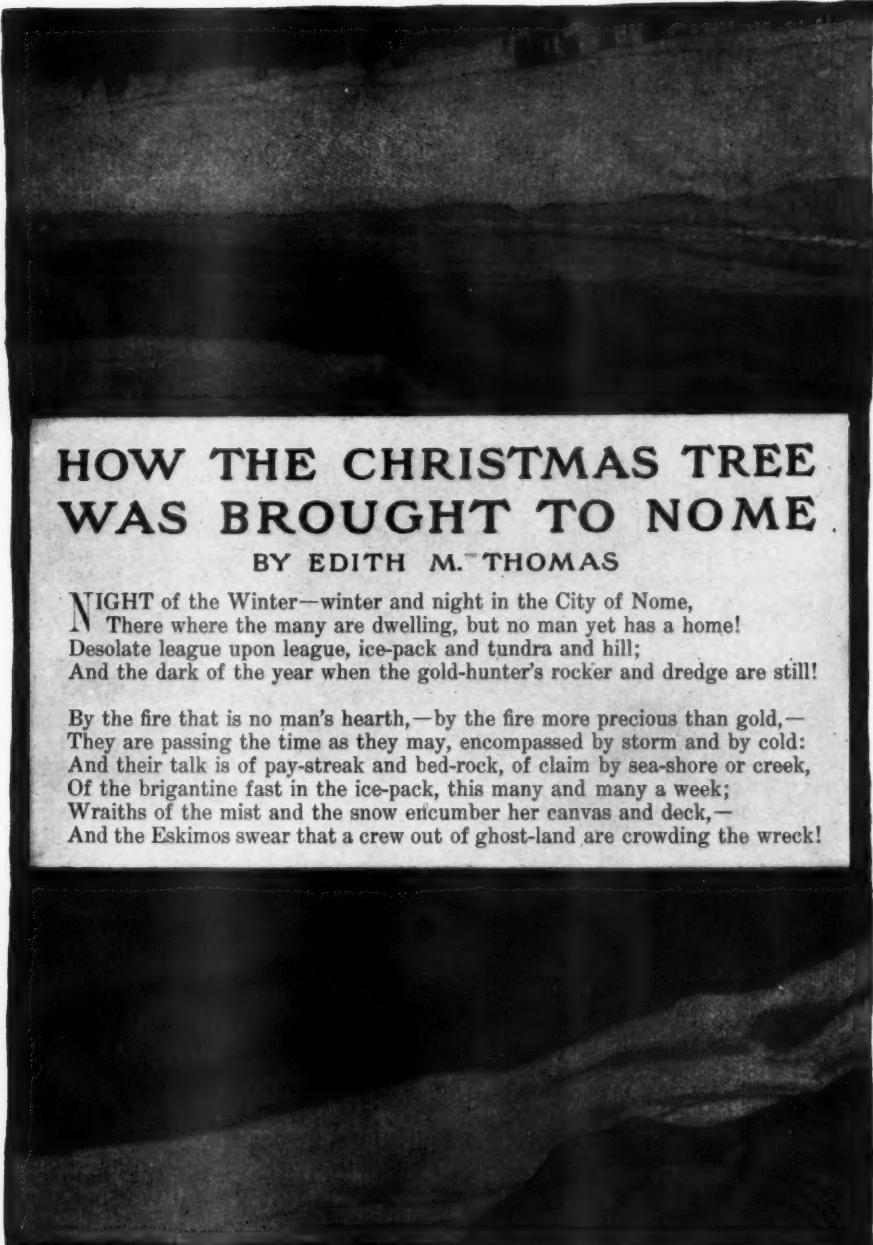
¹ The average density of settlement of the United States was in 1810 17.7 persons to the square mile; in 1820, 18.9 persons; in 1860, 26.3; in 1870, 30.3.

(To be continued.)



THE PACK-HORSE MEN REPELLING AN ATTACK BY INDIANS.

HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. VERBIL.



HOW THE CHRISTMAS TREE WAS BROUGHT TO NOME

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

NIIGHT of the Winter—winter and night in the City of Nome,
There where the many are dwelling, but no man yet has a home!
Desolate league upon league, ice-pack and tundra and hill;
And the dark of the year when the gold-hunter's rocker and dredge are still!

By the fire that is no man's hearth,—by the fire more precious than gold,—
They are passing the time as they may, encompassed by storm and by cold:
And their talk is of pay-streak and bed-rock, of claim by sea-shore or creek,
Of the brigantine fast in the ice-pack, this many and many a week;
Wraiths of the mist and the snow encumber her canvas and deck,—
And the Eskimos swear that a crew out of ghost-land are crowding the wreck!



-Eliška Švancárová-



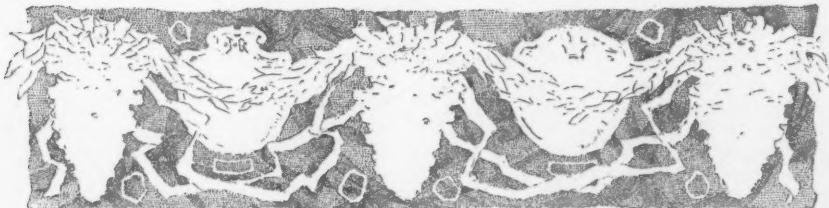
Thus, in the indolent dark of the year, in the City of Nome,
 They were passing the time as they might, but ever their thoughts turned home.
 Said the Man from the East, "In God's country now (where we'd all like to be),
 You may bet your life there's a big boom on for the Christmas Tree;
 And we'd have one here, but there is n't a shrub as high as my hand,
 Nor the smell of spruce, for a hundred miles, in all this land!"

Then the Man from the South arose: "I allow, if the Tree could be found,
 I'd tend to the fruit myself, and stand ye a treat all round!"
 "Done!" said the Man from the West (the youngest of all was he).
 "I'll lose my claim in the ruby sand—or I'll find the Tree!"

The restless Aurora is waving her banners wide through the dome,
 And the Man from the West is off, while yet they are sleeping in Nome!
 Off ere the low-browed dawn, with Eskimo, sledge, and team:
 He is leaving the tundra behind, he is climbing the source of the stream!
 On, beyond Sinrock—on, while the miles and the dim hours glide—
 On, toward the evergreen belt that darkens the mountain-side!
 T is a hundred miles or more; but his team is strong, is swift,
 And brief are his slumbers, at night, in the lee of the feathery drift!

There were watchful eyes, there were anxious hearts, in the City of Nome;
 And they cheered with a will when the Man from the West with his prize came home!
 And they cheered again, for the Christmas Tree that was brought from far,
 Chained to his sledge, like a king of old to the conqueror's car!

Said the Man from the South, "I'll tend to the fruit that grows on the Tree!"
 Said the Man from the East, "Leave the Christmas dinner and trimmings to me!"



THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

FIRST PAPER: THE FIRST VISIT (NOVEMBER, 1852—APRIL, 1853).

We all want to know details regarding the men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. . . . We want to see this man—Thomas Hood—who has amused and charmed us: who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought.

N the spring of 1852 Thackeray decided to visit the United States, with a view to delivering the course of lectures on the "English Humorists" first given in London, and frequently heard in other cities of Great Britain during the previous twelve months. "I must and will go," he wrote to his eldest daughter, "not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your mother and you two girls. And I think, if I have luck, I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to leave behind me by a six months' tour in the States."

Among the many Thackeray manuscripts in the collection of Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia is the following amusing invitation to attend his first lecture on the "English Humorists" in Willis's Rooms, London, May 22, 1851. It is without date, and hitherto unpublished. The characteristic note was sent by Thackeray to an artist friend, described in writing to Mrs. Procter as "my dear old Dicky Doyle," who attended the lecture, as did a host of the author's admirers, including Carlyle, Hallam, Lord Houghton, Mrs. Kemble, Kinglake, Macaulay, and Milman. It is addressed to "Richard Doyle, Esq., 17 Cambridge Terrace," and may very properly find a place in this article, for it is obvious that the lecture to which the delightful epistle relates was, with the other five, prepared with a view to being delivered in this country.

"MY DEAR D. I hope you will come to the tight rope Exhibition tomorrow, and send

¹ The letters and drawings by Thackeray in this article and in the one which is to follow it are printed by special arrangement with the authorized publishers of Thackeray's work, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. of London.—EDITOR.

THACKERAY, in an American lady's album.

you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room.

"When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain, you will say, 'God bless my soul, how beautiful!'

"When I touch my neck-cloth, clap with all your might.

"When I use my pocket handkerchief, burst into tears.

"When I pause, say Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo, through the pause.

"You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella: to be used at proper intervals: and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard.

"And now, everything having been done to ensure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods.

"God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted.

"By yours ever, W. M. T."

Accompanied by his secretary, Eyre Crowe, a young English artist, Thackeray sailed for Boston, October 30, in the steamer *Canada*. Just as she was casting off her lines a package was placed aboard the Cunarder containing letters from his London publishers and the first copies of "Henry Esmond." Among his fellow-passengers were James Russell Lowell, fresh from Italy, and Arthur Hugh Clough, who as a youth had spent several years in this country. The voyage was a rough one, and in one of his letters the Oxford scholar mentions that the great writer was a poor sailor, also that he had been chatting with "Titmarsh" when confined to his berth. On the occasion of the usual en-



FROM AN ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY THACKERAY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE JUDGE CHARLES P. DALY. LENT BY MRS. HENRY R. HOYT.

A COLORED DRAWING BY THACKERAY.

ertainment during the last evening aboard the *Canada*, after leaving Halifax, Thackeray's health was proposed, to which he responded in an amusing and appropriate manner; then Lowell's, who concluded by proposing the health of Clough, the English poet. The steamer arrived at her Boston dock at sunset, and an hour later Thackeray, with Clough and his artist secretary, was enjoying his first American dinner at the Tremont House. Among the earliest to welcome him the next morning was William H. Prescott, with whom he dined on the following day, and to whom he became greatly attached. In one of his first letters from Boston Thackeray writes: "Mr. Prescott the historian is delightful. . . . It's like the society of a rich cathedral-town in England—grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well read." A friend met Thackeray in Beacon street with the three volumes of "Henry Esmond" tucked under his arm. "Here is the very best I can do," he said, "and I am carrying it to Prescott

as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it where I go as my card."

Thackeray arrived in New York from Boston on the 16th of November, reading on the way the "Shabby Genteel Story" of a dozen years before, which he purchased on the train from "a rosy-cheeked little peripatetic book-merchant," who accosted him with "Thackeray's Works!" quite unaware that he was standing before the great author himself. His first visitor at the Clarendon Hotel, on the evening of his arrival, was George Bancroft, who surprised Thackeray with the statement that in May, 1822, he had carried complimentary messages from Goethe at Weimar to Lord Byron, who was then living in Pisa. As a memorial of the young American's visit a copy of "Don Juan," which he received from its author at that time, may be seen in the Lenox Library, with the inscription, "Mr. George Bancroft, from Noel Byron." Two subsequent even-

ings were spent by Thackeray in witnessing Home's spirit-rapping manifestations at Bancroft's house, and in listening to an address delivered by the historian before the New York Historical Society.

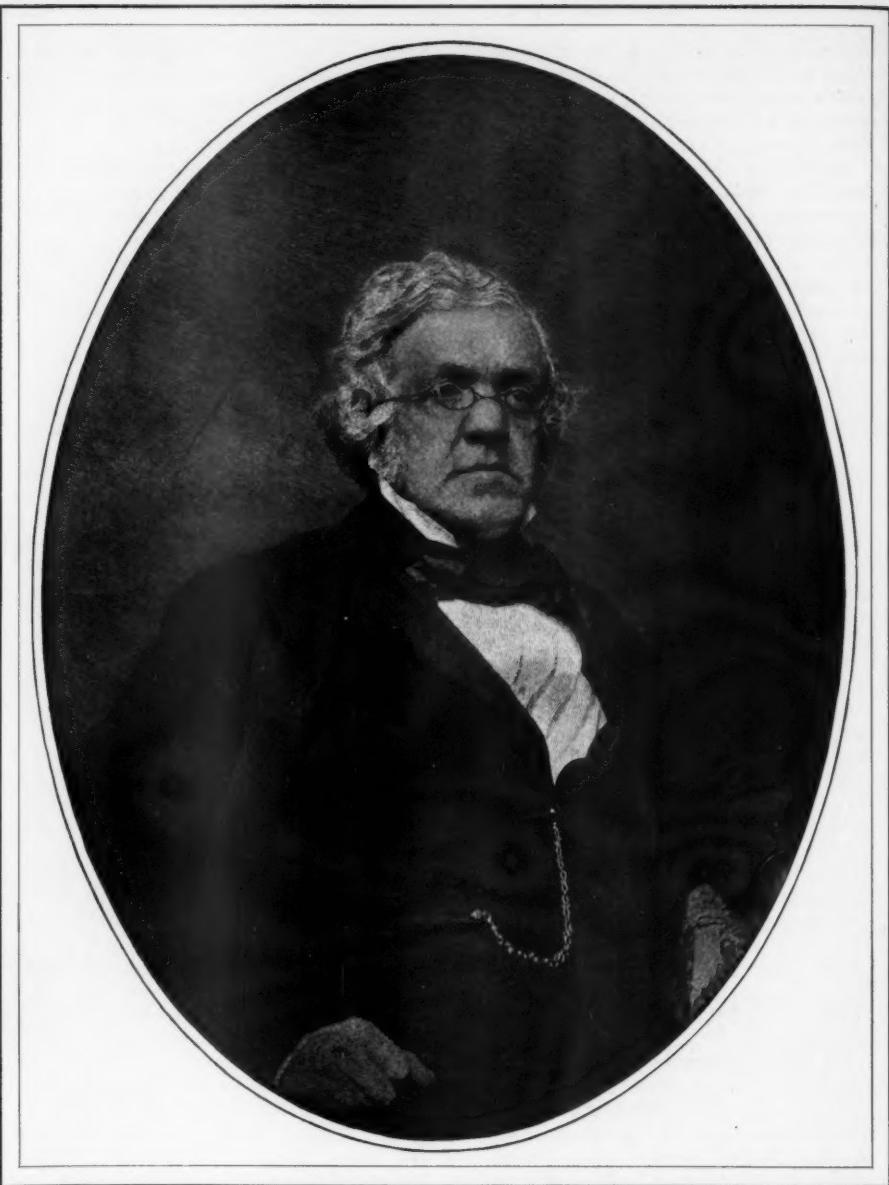
Among the audience of about twelve hundred that filled every seat in Dr. Chapin's Universalist church on the east side of Broadway, a little below Prince street, on Friday evening, November 19, 1852, were an unusual number of literary, artistic, and professional celebrities. Besides an imposing array of society leaders, the writer recalls Bancroft and Bryant, Halleck and Irving, O'Conor and Verplanck, President King and Professor Morse, with the editors Greeley, Morris, Webb, and Willis. Thackeray appeared in the pulpit promptly at eight o'clock, and was cordially welcomed by the sympathetic audience. He seemed "a very castle of a man," as Irving said of Fenimore Cooper. His breadth of shoulders was quite in keeping with his six feet three inches. He was in his forty-second year, but his silvered hair and gold spectacles gave him the appearance of a person past fifty. His subject was Swift. His exceedingly fine presence, combined with his charm of manner and the melody of his rich tenor voice, created a most favorable impression. Never rising into the declamatory, the lecturer read with a quiet, graceful ease and a few notes above the conversational level. He occupied about an hour, but there was no sense of the lapse of time with at least one youthful listener. It was "a happy hour too swiftly sped." Many years later, in comparing the readings of Thackeray and Dickens, George William Curtis remarked: "The style of 'Boz' was that of the perfectly trained actor; of 'Titmarsh,' that of the accomplished gentleman amateur."

On Monday evening, December 6, at the conclusion of his sixth lecture, on Goldsmith and Sterne, Thackeray made a brief address, which was received with great applause, and the Rev. Samuel Osgood, who presided, remarked: "It is not usually deemed proper to tell tales out of school, but a friend of mine informed me this morning that Mr. Thackeray said he only found Englishmen here. I beg leave to say that in Mr. Thackeray we have discovered a genuine Yankee!" The course was repeated during December, as the Church of the Messiah was not sufficiently large to contain much more than half the persons who desired to subscribe for the first course. Thackeray also lec-

tured in Brooklyn, and before his return to Boston, as the fruit of the "English Humorists," he deposited five thousand dollars with his New York bankers.

Soon after Thackeray's arrival in New York about twoscore friends and admirers among the leading literary and social celebrities of the city gave him a delightful dinner at Delmonico's. Washington Irving was invited to preside, but remembering his unfortunate fiasco at the Dickens entertainment,—when, as chairman, he began well enough in welcoming the distinguished guest of the evening, uttered a few sentences, and then broke down completely, dropping back in his chair after announcing the toast,—he declined the invitation of the committee, consisting of Bryant, Davis, Halleck, Jay, King, and Verplanck, unless speeches and reporters were absolutely forbidden. According to the recollection of George William Curtis, the last survivor of the dinner-party, "the conditions were faithfully observed, but it was the most extraordinary instance of American self-command on record. Irving's cheery anecdote and gaiety, the songs and banter of the company, the happy chat and sparkling wit, took the place of eloquence, and I recall no dinner more delightful."

Thomas Hicks, the artist, remembered an evening at his studio when Thackeray read to a small circle, including Kensett, Curtis, and Daly, Hood's familiar lines "One More Unfortunate," and on the same occasion, after speaking of Fielding, repeated Gibbon's grand panegyric on the author of "Tom Jones": "Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria." Before the company dispersed, at a late hour, Thackeray sang several songs. Curtis followed with "The Erl King," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Good Night to Julia." A little incident of his Southern tour, as told that evening by Thackeray, still lives in the memory of one who was present. He said: "I was introduced to a tall Kentuckian who, after a short conversation, remarked: 'I've been in your country, Mr. Thackeray. It was very well in the daytime, but I never went out at night.' 'And pray, why not?' I inquired. 'Well, it was so small I was afraid I would



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN NEW YORK BY ALMAN. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE JUDGE CHARLES P. DALY. LENT BY MRS. HENRY R. HOYT.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETERAITKEN.

M^r. Thackeray.
hope you'll come and dine wth him at Delmonico's
on Sunday at 6.
Judge Daly.

PORTRAIT AND VISITING-CARD OF THACKERAY.

fall off.'" Two other remembered trifling incidents of that evening, as told by Thackeray, may be worth mentioning. At his first American breakfast in Boston he ordered boiled eggs. Among the array of things placed before him he saw a goblet filled with something that he failed to recognize, and he also missed the eggs. In answer to his inquiry for them, the servant said, "That's them in the glass." "Well, but where are the shells?" asked Thackeray. Promptly came the reply from Pat: "You did n't ask for shells, sir." Thackeray's other short story is more familiar. Wishing to see a specimen of the red-shirted Bowery boy and volunteer fireman of that period, of whom he had heard much both before and after his arrival in this country, he wended his way to that broad thoroughfare, and soon saw one of the species seated on a hydrant. Approaching him, he politely said, "Please, sir, I want to go to Brooklyn." "Well," answered the Bowery boy, "why the h---- don't you go?" These anecdotes, and others that appear in these pages, may possibly, in a measure, have lost their Thackerayan flavor, having been jotted down from memory after more than four decades.

Charles Augustus Davis, the accomplished New York merchant, was among Thackeray's intimate friends. In a note now before the writer, addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck, Mr. Davis, in inviting the poet to dinner, says: "Thackeray had an engagement for Monday, but canceled it for the pleasure of meeting you, and requested that he might have a seat next to you or directly opposite."¹ President Felton of Harvard, who met the English author on that evening, said of the brilliant literary society which then made New York so attractive a city: "Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Charles A. Davis, and others scarce less attractive by their genius, wit, and social graces, constituted a circle not to be surpassed anywhere in the world." Alfred Pell was another of Thackeray's New York friends who frequently entertained him on his two visits. At one of Pell's delightful dinners he heard Whipple's story of Emerson and the New-Englanders, with which Thackeray was so much amused that he repeated it in London to Carlyle. "The train, as usual," says

Whipple, "stopped at Concord. Then one of the two silent Yankees in the seat ahead turned to the other and lazily remarked, 'Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town.' 'Ye-as,' was the drawling rejoinder, 'and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he's a man of con-sid-er-a-ble propety.'"

While in New York, to oblige "the good Baxters" and other friends, Thackeray delivered, in the Church of the Messiah, for the benefit of a ladies' society for the employment of the poor, a delightful afternoon discourse on "Charity and Humor," by which he added above a thousand dollars to the society exchequer. The address was subsequently repeated in London on behalf of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold. For the latter fund it was delivered on July 22, 1857, the day after the declaration of the result in the Oxford election where Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament and was defeated by Mr. Cardwell. The "Times," in its report of the address, says: "The opening words of the discourse, uttered with a comic solemnity of which Mr. Thackeray alone is capable, ran thus: 'Walking yesterday in the High street of a certain ancient city,'—so began the lecturer, and was interrupted by a storm of laughter that deferred for some moments the completion of the sentence." This address, written in the Clarendon Hotel, was, in a measure, a supplement to the "English Humorists," for he compared the eighteenth-century literature with the writings of his contemporaries. He availed himself of the opportunity to speak of Dickens in terms of generous praise.

During his month's sojourn in New York Thackeray renewed his pleasant acquaintance with William H. Appleton. They had spent many happy hours together as young men in Paris in the thirties, when the latter was making his first visit as a publisher to the French capital, and the former was following a Trilbyque artistic career in the gay city. They often dined together at Terré's in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where the course included a bowl of bouillabaisse, celebrated by Thackeray in his beautiful and familiar ballad. At the time of his visit, the Appletons were issuing the skilfully edited series of popular reprints of

¹ Charles Dickens was also an admirer of Halleck. To the author of this article he wrote in January, 1868: "I thank you cordially for your considerate kindness in sending me the enclosed note [from Halleck to Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia, describing the Dickens dinner at the City Hotel, New York, in 1842]. I have read it

with the greatest interest, and have always retained a delightful recollection of its amiable and accomplished writer. I too had hoped to see him! My dear Irving being dead, there was scarcely any one in America whom I so looked forward to seeing again as our old friend often thought of."

Thackeray's writings, in twelve red-covered half-dollar volumes, for which he wrote, at their request, an admirable preface, which appeared signed, and with the date, "New York, December, 1852," in "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town: with the Prose and Other Papers." The original sheets of this characteristic composition, in the author's dainty manuscript, may be seen in the Lenox Library.

Charles P. Daly, who sat longer on the New York bench than any other jurist of his generation, was among Thackeray's intimate American friends, and, with Mr. Appleton, among the last survivors, both dying in 1899. The judge had a sweet, low tenor voice, and sang Irish melodies in a manner that greatly pleased Thackeray when they frequently met on convivial occasions at the Century Club and elsewhere. The novelist was much amused with two Daly incidents, and repeated them at a London dinner on at least one occasion, as the writer learned from a person who was present. A couple of Irishmen were waiting for the opening of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Daly later became chief justice. On the occasion in question the judge was not punctual, as not infrequently happened, when at length one of the men exclaimed: "Och, sure, there comes his Honor at last! Be jabers, Judge De-lay, yer rightly named!" The other incident occurred in London when the judge was first there in 1851. He was presented to the Duke of Wellington, who said, "You are too young to have reached a high place on the bench."

"I owe my position," replied Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your Grace owes so little."

"I recall my criticism," said the Iron Duke, grimly. "You are doubtless where you belong."

An original drawing by Thackeray, a fine photograph of him, made in New York, and a droll little note, all reproduced in this article, were among Judge Daly's treasured memorials of the novelist. They are now in the possession of Mrs. Henry R. Hoyt, a member of Judge Daly's family.

Perhaps there was no place in New York so popular with Thackeray as the Century Club, in Clinton Place, where he was first taken by Mr. Appleton. There he sat with an admiring circle, including Curtis and Cozzens and Daly, and smoked and sipped, and sang his "Little Billee" and "Larry O'Toole" and "Dr. Luther," or listened to a senti-

mental song from Curtis, or a lively Irish air from Judge Daly. The artist Cranch also contributed charming songs, and "Tom" Hicks convulsed Thackeray with his droll imitations of Webster's oratory. He would draw forth a huge red bandana handkerchief, and unfolding it with Dutch deliberation, would, after many nose-pullings and trumpet-blasts, proceed with his ponderous sentences.

Dr. Kane, the Arctic hero, told the fresh story of his wanderings, and, as Curtis charmingly relates, "We listened like boys to Sindbad the Sailor, until, rising from the table, and straightening his huge figure, Thackeray towered over the neat, small person of Kane, and said to the host who provided the feast: 'Do you think the doctor would permit me to kneel down and lick his boots?'"

Among the many literary treasures of Richard Henry Stoddard's library is a manuscript copy of the "Sorrows of Werther," written for John R. Thompson, then editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," when Thackeray made his first visit to Richmond almost half a century ago. It is framed with an engraving of Laurence's fine portrait of the novelist, which Mrs. Ritchie calls "a noble drawing of our father's head by Samuel Laurence to look at while he was away" in the United States in 1852-53. Dr. "Rab" Brown, a most competent critic, expressed to the writer the opinion that Lawrence's later picture of 1864, in which the novelist is represented reading with his book held very near his face, is the best of all the numerous portraits of Thackeray. The original is in the National Gallery.

When the popular painter came to this country he brought with him a letter of introduction from Thackeray to John Jay, and before his return to England he successfully delineated Washington Irving and many other prominent Americans.

A most interesting autograph of the author of "A Novel without a Hero" was the following tribute to the Pater Patriae, written in the album of a lady of South Carolina: "Washington was the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men," a quotation from Thackeray's letter to the London "Times," or, at least, words used in that communication.

To Halleck, at one of their many meetings in New York, Thackeray expressed admiration for the writings of Fenimore Cooper, and a wish that he might have an opportunity of meeting him before returning to Eng-

land. Some of my readers may remember men, I have to own that I think the heroes that in Thackeray's pleasant "Roundabout of another writer, viz., Leatherstocking, Paper" entitled "On a Peal of Bells,"¹ after Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin, are quite the

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,

Such a woe could never stir,

Would you know how first he met her?

She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,

And a moral man was Werther,

And for all the wealth of Indies

Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and gazed,

And his passion boiled & bubbled;

Till he blew his silly brains out,

And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body

Borne before her on a stretcher;

Like a well conducted person

Went on cutting bread & butter.

W.M. Thackeray

FROM THE COLLECTION OF RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

A THACKERAY AUTOGRAPH.

praising a number of Sir Walter's immortal equals of Scott's men. Perhaps Leather-characters, he thus writes of several of stocking is better than any in 'Scott's lot.' Cooper's creations: "Much as I like those La Longue Carabine is one of the great unassuming, manly, unpretending gentle-prize men of fiction. He ranks with your

¹ For this and others of his "Roundabout Papers," Thackeray was paid by the "Cornhill Magazine" at the rate of about sixty-three dollars per printed page, probably the highest price up to that time for short articles.

Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff, —heroic figures all,—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

Another of Thackeray's friends was "Sam" Ward of New York and Washington, well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an artistic *bon vivant*, who could not only give a charming dinner, but could also cook it. They together enjoyed many

hemian dinner in Paris, asserting that it was unsurpassed in English literature. "Before Charon paddles me across the Stygian stream," said Thackeray to "Uncle Sam," "I should like to write a story that would live for several centuries." To which Ward promptly and truthfully replied: "Why, Thackeray, you did that when you presented us with 'Henry Esmond.' It will live as long as 'Don Quixote' or 'Tom Jones' or

*Mr. Thackeray regrets that
a previous engagement will prevent
him from having the pleasure of
dining with the Literary Club on
Thursday next. In making this
announcement Mr. Thackeray will
feel much obliged if the Secretary will*

FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTER BY THACKERAY IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. HENRY R. HOYT.

"MR. THACKERAY REGRETS." FIRST PAGE.

noctes ambrosianae in New York. Ward frequently quoted the great author's words: "Sir, respect your dinner; idolize it; enjoy it properly. You will be, by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do." He was particularly fond of repeating the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," and the writer recalls at least one occasion when Ward supplemented the poem by reading to Halleck and several other friends who were dining with him at the Brevoort, in Fifth Avenue, the delightful description by Thackeray of an ideal Bo-

'Ivanhoe.' Can you wish for more?" This little incident is suggestive of a passage in "De Juventute," where Thackeray writes: "If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should like to be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen centuries. The boy critic loves the story; grown up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, and lasts pretty nearly for life."

To a young New York friend Thackeray, who was usually free and lavish in his ex-

penditures and tips, exhibited a whimsical instance of economy by saying, as he returned the visitor's card, which had been sent to his rooms on the third floor of the Clarendon, fronting on Fourth Avenue, "Better put this in your pocket again; it will serve your purpose for another call." By a curious coincidence, almost the identical words were used a decade later by William Cullen Bryant as he lifted a card

place where he had spent many agreeable hours. Evans's successor was one John Green of Galway. And this brings me to a little incident.

Seated in the Green Park, near the residence of the poet Rogers, I once saw a stout gentleman with a jovial, rubicund countenance, and an unusual display of color and gold chain in his attire. The following conversation occurred:



"MR. THACKERAY REGRETS." SECOND PAGE.

from his editorial table in the office of the "Evening Post," and handed it back to the same person who had called, when a youth, on Thackeray at his New York hotel.

While in London, Bayard Taylor was taken, on more than one occasion, by Thackeray to the celebrated Covent Garden chop-house and concert-room of which Evans was long the proprietor. It was a popular resort of many famous litterateurs and men of fashion. Serjeant Ballantyne pays high tribute to the old place in his pleasant book of reminiscences, and Thackeray often mentioned it to intimate American friends as a

SCRIBE. Will you permit me, sir, to ask in which of those houses Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, resided?

STRANGER. Certainly. The one directly opposite. I knew him well, and many of his literary friends. Poor old Sam Rogers! He's been dead nearly twenty years.

SCRIBE. Then perhaps you were acquainted with Dickens and Thackeray?

STRANGER. God bless my soul! I was intimate with both of them for a score of years. Charlie Dickens and "Old Thack," a couple of fine, jolly fellows. But they are gone, too.

SCRIBE. Possibly you knew Thomas Moore which Bill Thackeray gave me. But my and Douglas Jerrold and Samuel Warren singing days are over now. and Thomas Hood?

Recounting the above conversation that



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

THE HARLEQUIN. A DRAWING BY THACKERAY.

STRANGER. Certainly; every mother's son of them, and the little poet was so pleased with my singing of one of his Irish songs that he wrote it out for me. I used to chant that "Little Billee," and I have a copy of it

evening at a dinner-table where the author of "Tom Brown at Oxford" and other London notabilities were present, I remarked that I was entirely at a loss to imagine who the extraordinary person could be

that, according to his own account, had been on such friendly and intimate terms with the authors mentioned. A roar of laughter followed, and the dozen guests shouted as one man, "Paddy Green, Paddy Green!" The red-faced gentleman with the enormous gold chain and rings was John Green, an Irishman, and the successor of Evans as proprietor of the celebrated Covent Garden resort.

Anything new from the pen or pencil of Thackeray is of present interest to the English-speaking world. Among the letters, not before published, which are here given, the earliest is dated "The Clarendon, December 3 [1852]," and is as follows:

"Thank you, my dear Cozzens, for the cheque for one hundred dollars, and Mr. MacAdam for his kindness in speaking about me—and Mrs. Cozzens for her hospitality—and those dear little children for wanting to trot up and see the Gentleman take the Quinine—and this is brought by my messenger who is ordered not to quit your premises until he pays for a box of capital little cigars—for which unless the account be produced instantly I vow I will never smoke any more tobacco of the Sparrowgrass brand. And when you go back to kind jolly little Yonkers, will you—will you (here my feelings overpower me) see if I didn't leave a razor-strop there? I fancy I can't sharpen my razors on any other! and my man will call to-morrow morning in hopes of being put in possession of this treasure. It was the jolliest day I have had for a long, long time—may many more be in store for you and yours always."

The following letter was addressed during the same month to a Brooklyn boy,—Edward Livingstone Welles,—who wrote to Thackeray requesting his autograph:

"N. YORK. Sunday Dec. 19 [1852].

"MY DEAR SIR, I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better; and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper. . . . And as you are the first American boy who has written to me I thank you and shake you by the hand, & hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest

children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth are the best of all: pray God that young & old we may try and hold by them.

"I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning: but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you & others show me. I bid you farewell and am

"Your faithful Servant

"W. M. THACKERAY."

From New York Thackeray returned before Christmas to give his lectures in the Melodeon, the great music-hall of Boston, where, as in New York, he had a crowded house and a hearty welcome. His audience included Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Prescott, Ticknor, the Danas, father and son, and other lights of literature. Of the first lecture, on Swift, his friend Fields says: "I remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of lectures were all sold; and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture-hall, he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders."

During the delivery of the "English Humorists" in Boston a friend asked the "gentle censor of our age," as Lord Houghton called him, to attend one of George Ticknor's Wednesday evenings, and he accepted with the expectation of meeting Theodore Parker. As they walked together to the Tremont House, the Bostonian said, in response to an inquiry, "Oh, no; you would never meet Parker there." "Indeed," retorted Titmarsh, "I thought Ticknor saw the best society!" All who know anything of the Boston Brahmins of half a century ago will appreciate the jest which was then current, and which is still remembered by the few survivors of those days, one of whom has recently retold the story. This same lady rather surprised the "gentle giant," as Longfellow described him, by saying: "Mr. Thackeray, I feel extremely sorry for you, for it seems that you never knew a good woman who was not a fool, nor a bright one that was not a knave."

During his several visits to Boston Thackeray was a familiar and welcome guest in the family of Mr. Ticknor, and exhibited his

responsive feeling in many kindly ways. On one occasion, at the close of the year, he invited himself to dine with the Ticknors, and on New Year's eve came to watch the New Year in by their fireside. On the stroke of twelve o'clock he rose and drank the health of his daughters, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "God bless my girls and all who are kind to them!"

Thackeray was a frequent visitor in the family of Mr. Lothrop of Boston. "On one occasion," writes Mr. Thornton K. Lothrop, at that time in the Harvard Law School, "there was some talk about marriage, and my sister, then a girl of fifteen, announced that she should never be married. Thackeray said, 'Oh, you wait, Miss Mary, until Tompkins comes along, and then you will be married fast enough,' and then taking up a sheet of paper, he made a drawing of a cottage with some trees and a hedge, and in the yard a pretty girl standing, who is evidently stage-struck by what she considers an awful London swell, who is walking down the road in front of the house. Not many years afterward, when my sister was very ill, this drawing disappeared, and we always supposed it was stolen." It may be added that, in accordance with Thackeray's prediction, Tompkins appeared in due course of time.

The memory of one of the many pleasant evenings that Thackeray spent in Boston and Cambridge is preserved by the following invitation from the master of Elmwood:

"CAMBRIDGE 30th December [1852].

"MY DEAR SIR,—Have you any engagement for Wednesday or Thursday evening of next week? If not, will you give me one of them? Timmins, revolving many things, has decided on a supper, because he can have it under his own roof, and because he can have more people at it. He will ask only *clubable* men, and such as can't make speeches. You shall either be carried back to Boston, or spend the night with us. Crowe survived it.

"Very sincerely yours,
"J. R. LOWELL."

Of this symposium Richard Henry Dana¹ said in his diary: "Supped at Lowell's with Thackeray. Present: Longfellow, Felton, Clough, an Englishman, James T. Fields and Edmund Quincy. We sat down a little after ten, had an excellent supper, and left

¹ Author of "Two Years before the Mast," and a son of the American poet of the same name.

a little before two o'clock. Walked home with Longfellow. Thackeray is not a great talker. He was interested in all that was said, and put in a pleasant word occasionally. Felton, Lowell, and I did nearly all the talking." One of the guests, not included in Dana's list, said to the writer: "It was a famous evening, and Thackeray gave us 'Dr. Martin Luther' in fine style."

Thackeray's lectures were next given in the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, in January, and he was delighted with the success which attended them. The course was commended by the Quaker City press, although some surprise was expressed at certain peculiarities of pronunciation unfamiliar to American ears. Among the half-dozen letters of introduction which he brought with him was one from Lord Mahon, the historian, later Earl Stanhope, addressed to William B. Reed of Philadelphia, who became one of the novelist's greatest American admirers. At his home Thackeray was a frequent guest; later they became correspondents, and when he passed away, it was Mr. Reed who in 1864 printed, for private distribution, a touching tribute to Thackeray's memory entitled "Haud Immemor. Thackeray in America." It was published a few years later in "Blackwood's Magazine." Another intimate friend was Morton McMichael, editor of the "North American," to whom the following letter is addressed:

"CLARENDON, NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1853.

"DEAR MCMICHAEL The portmonnaie is mine, sure enough—the New York tailor made me a breeches pocket incapable of retention of portmonnaie—when shall I learn to keep that receptacle buttoned? Thank you for the paper, but I did n't use the concluding words in Philadelphia which appear in the 'North American.' I only used them once in New York, and just alluded to the children at home as being thankful for the good done them. One must n't be always bringing the kids forward. Reed's article is very pleasant reading, and I must make him and Messrs. the Editors my very best bow of acknowledgment. Surely I shall get a chance of seeing you all in Philadelphia ere long. I hope so, and am yours always, dear McMichael.

"W. M. THACKERAY."

During the novelist's second visit to Philadelphia, nearly three years later, his rooms were at the La Pierre House, and his lectures on the Georges were delivered at Con-



FROM THE ORIGINAL SENT TO SIR HENRY COLE IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A THACKERAY VALENTINE.

cert Hall. Both places being convenient to Mr. McMichael's residence, it was understood that after the lectures Thackeray should appear there for supper and his favorite punch.

During February the "English Humorists" were heard in Baltimore, and Thackeray was received by John P. Kennedy,

¹ Later Crampton (1805-88) caused serious trouble between his country and the United States by attempting to enlist recruits for the Crimean War, and Secretary Marcy demanded his recall. This was

Reverdy Johnson, and other prominent citizens with the usual round of receptions and dinners. In the same month the lectures were given in Washington, followed by "an interminable succession of balls, parties, banquets at the British embassy and elsewhere." Sir John F. T. Crampton, Bart.,¹ was then the English minister, the courtly

promptly done, but Lord Palmerston characteristically rewarded the erring minister by conferring a K.C.B. and appointing him to another good position. Thackeray, who entertained a strong personal regard for

Fillmore was chief magistrate, and Thackeray was sumptuously entertained by the New York senators, Hamilton Fish and William H. Seward. These, with General Scott and Presidents Fillmore and Pierce, heard one of his course in Carusi's Hall. Irving compared the latter officials, much to their own amusement, to "the two kings of Brentford smelling at one rose."

From Washington, Thackeray writes to William B. Reed, early in February, 1853: "The Baltimoreans flock to the stale old lectures as numerously as you of Philadelphia. Here the audiences are more polite than numerous, but the people who do come are very well pleased with their entertainment. I have had many dinners. Mr. Everett, Mr. Fish—our minister ever so often—the most hospital of envoys. I have seen no one at all at Baltimore, for it is impossible to *do* the two towns together; and from this I go to Richmond and Charleston, not to New Orleans which is too far: and I hope you will make out your visit to Washington and that we shall make out a meeting more satisfactory than that dinner at New York, which did not come off. The combination failed which I wanted to bring about. Have you heard Miss Furness of Philadelphia sing? She is the best ballad-singer I ever heard. And will you please remember me to Mrs. Reed and your brother, and Wharton¹ and Lewis,² and his pretty young daughter?" Of all those mentioned by Thackeray in this note Mrs. Caspar Wistar, née Furness, is the only survivor. Mrs. Wistar writes: "My acquaintance with him in America dated from a winter in Washington where I saw him very intimately. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to sing to him. To hear him sing 'Little Billee' was a treat indeed. I then 'laid up wood for my winter fire,' which is now in full blast." Many years ago Mrs. Wistar was the possessor of the original manuscript of Thackeray's ballad of Catherine Hayes, a gift from her friend Mr. Follett Synge, which she later presented to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. He sent a copy of the verses to Mrs. Ritchie, and they appeared in print for the first time in Volume XIII of her biographical edition of her father's writings.

Early in March the speaker and his secretary took the Richmond steamer. Crowe says: "I sketched the distant outline of

Crampton, according to George Ticknor, was "outrageous over the matter, and cursed the ministry by all his gods for making him, as he said, their scapegoat."

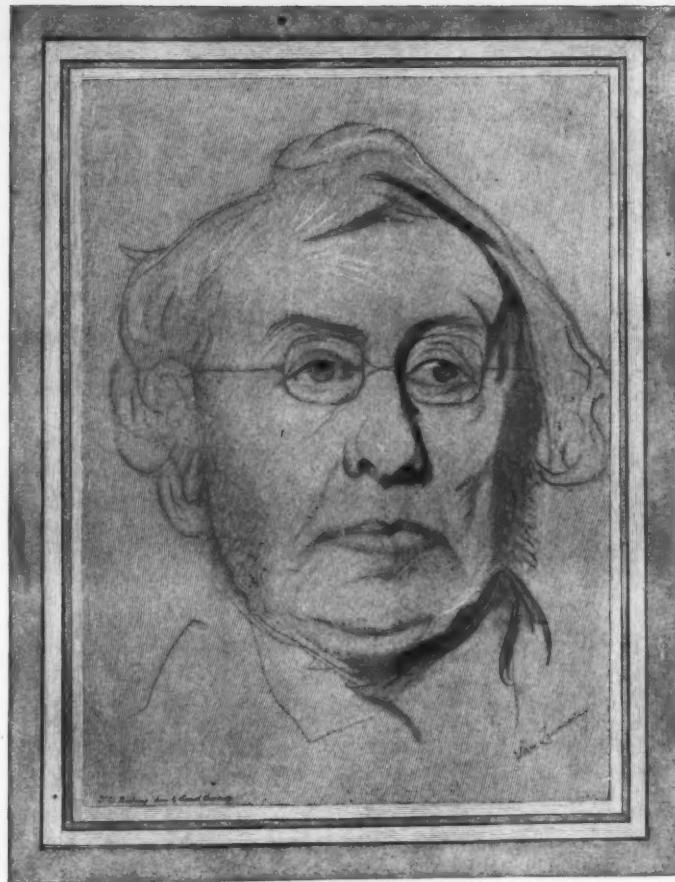
¹ Thomas J. Wharton.
² William D. Lewis, president of the Girard Bank.

Washington's home, Mount Vernon. We tried to spot the new Castlewood which was raised on the beautiful banks of the Potomac." In Richmond Thackeray saw Houdon's statue of Washington, which he greatly admired, and became acquainted with John R. Thompson, the accomplished young editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," the acquaintance ripening into an enduring friendship. Many letters were afterward exchanged between them, and after the novelist's death cordial relations were continued between his daughters and Mr. Thompson, who was editing the Confederate journal issued in London.

On Saturday, March 5, Thackeray and his secretary left Richmond, proceeding via steamer *Governor Dudley* from Wilmington to Charleston, where he gave three lectures in Hibernian Hall on the following Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. They were well attended by the élite, and the lecturer was hospitably entertained. In Charleston Thackeray had a pleasant meeting with Professor Agassiz, who, like himself, was lecturing in that city. Leaving South Carolina and its convivial friendships, the travelers sailed in a small steamer for Savannah, the most distant point of the Southern tour, where they were the guests of Mr. Andrew Low, the British consul. The three lectures in this place were the least successful of all delivered in this country, his audience numbering not above five hundred.

Early in April Thackeray returned to New York, and again occupied his comfortable quarters in the Clarendon Hotel. On the 11th he went by train to Albany, delivering two of his lectures there, and returning by a Hudson River steamer. He had expected to go to Canada, and the papers announced that Montreal would next be visited; but he changed his mind, having grown weary of the "confounded old lectures." In an interesting letter, written at this time from the Clarendon, Thackeray says that Bulwer's "My Novel" and Miss Brontë's "Villette" had rapidly surpassed "Henry Esmond" in popular favor; that though he had not made a fortune in four months, he had "a snug little sum of money." He was not shocked with slavery as he saw it in several of the Southern States, but thought the negroes in the good families "the comfortablest race of menials." With American

Crampton so much resembled his father, Sir Philip, that they were generally called "the twins."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

CRAYON SKETCH BY SAMUEL LAURENCE FOR HIS PORTAIT OF THACKERAY.

scenery he was not favorably impressed, saying: "It is a dreary, unpicturesque country for the most part. I have not seen a dozen picturesque views in all my wanderings, nor even cared to use my pencil except to sketch a negro or two." On the 15th he composed, in the Clarendon, the lines entitled "Lucy's Birthday," for a member of his favorite New York family, frequently alluded to as "the good Baxters." The pretty poem first appeared in the "Keepsake" of 1854; it is included in the latest edition of Thackeray's "Ballads and Songs," and is the only one written in this country, with the single exception of his final leave-taking with American friends in the charming verses, "To all good friends in Boston, Mass."

The fortunate young lady who inspired the

attractive lines, in a recent note to the writer, says: "The form of the little poem was altered before being printed. Mr. Thackeray changed the rhythm, shortening the lines, etc. He preferred it in that way, but I always thought the original poem much prettier, which was perhaps not unnatural. He used to call my mother Lady Castlewood and my sister Miss Beatrix. It is not true, as has been often said, that the character of Ethel Newcome was drawn from my sister, although some of the scenes in 'The Newcomes' were no doubt suggested by seeing my sister holding her court in New York ball-rooms." On this point Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her "Reminiscences," speaking of Mrs. Hampton, the sister-in-law of General Wade Hampton, says: "She told me that she recognized bits of her own conversation in

Whitefriars. London.



N. 1111

Lord's Prayer



FROM THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

A CONTEST IN MICROSCOPIC PENMANSHIP.

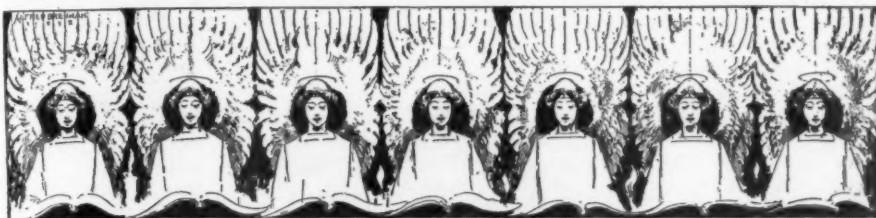
Thackeray wrote the Lord's Prayer in a circle made with a threepenny piece; Mark Lemon wrote two lines from "Punch"; and John Leech drew the figures and horses.

some of the sayings of Ethel Newcome, and I have little doubt that in depicting the beautiful and noble, though wayward girl, Thackeray had in mind something of the aspect and character of the lovely Sally Baxter."

The lecturer's departure was so sudden that he had no time to say farewell to any except the friendly family of Baxters, who resided in Second Avenue, opposite the mansion of Hamilton Fish, and near the Clar-

endon. His secretary says: "I visited Thackeray in his room in the early morning. He had a newspaper in his hand, and he said: 'I see there's a Cunarder going this morning. I'll go down to Wall street, and see whether I can secure berths in her.'" He was successful, and sailed with Mr. Crowe on April 20, in the *Europa*, and so terminated Thackeray's six months' lecture tour in the United States. Early on Sunday morning, May 1, he was again in his beloved England.

(To be concluded.)



ON A JUDEAN HOUSE-TOP.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"THE eyes of the child wax dim, my lord; is there none, is there none to save?"
"The doves are slain and the lamb is burned; such as I had I gave."
 "Lift up thy face and behold, my lord, how chill and white is his brow!"
"I would blinded be that I may not see the death of my first-born now."

"Nay, beat thy breast, cry aloud, my lord! Perchance thy God may hear!
 Hath Judah another grief-torn mother so maddened by pain and fear?
 I would that the maiden might return, who fared from our door this day!
 Most sweet she smiled on my little child, most weary had been her way.

"Methinks she yearned with a mother's heart and plead with a mother's eyes;
 It would ease my woe this night to know that sheltered somewhere she lies.
 Behold yon light over Bethlehem's plain,—but the dark, the dark it is mine!
 Now raise the child to the east, my lord, and pray thy God for a sign!

"If life shall come to the rose of my heart, ere the eyes with death wax dim,
 By yonder star, I shall know there are no gods for our prayers save Him!
 If life shall come to the blossom-like hands that cling, that cling to my breast,
 By the star, will I go to the city below and summon that maid to rest!

"Behold, the babe is swathed in its light! 'T is a sign, 't is a sign of grace!
 His limbs are bathed in the beams of white, and he smiles, he smiles in my face!
 There is wonder abroad in the night, my lord, and strange is the sky afar!
 Now God be praised, be praised for my child! He sleeps in the light of the star!"



THE APPEAL OF THE BOOK-PLATE, ANTIQUARIAN AND ARTISTIC.

BY CHARLES DEXTER ALLEN.

THOUGH the term book-plate is admittedly misleading and clumsy, it is everywhere recognized and understood as descriptive of the decorative label pasted within the cover of a book to denote its ownership.

Naturally the question comes to the book-collector: "How shall I identify these books as mine?" In school-days it is sufficient to write on the fly-leaf:

Steal not this book, for
fear of strife;
For the owner carries a
huge jack-knife!

ornamented with a picture of the knife, and the sinister suggestion of the couplet yet further emphasized with the skull and crossbones. But the bibliophile hesitates even to write his name in a choice book. It has come about, in the process of time, that the finely engraved book-plate, showing the name or chosen device of the owner, is the accepted means of indicating book-possession.

The first book-plates were used in Germany toward the close of the fifteenth century. The fashion spread to France, to England, to America; so that continually, from an early period of the Renaissance, there has existed a large body of book-collectors using book-plates. They are certainly no new thing. Some years ago (probably from thirty to forty) there were bibliophiles, chiefly in England, who, while continuing the traditions by using book-plates of their

own, began to observe and consider the old book-plates in the volumes on their shelves or offered in the shops. All the associations connected with old books make a strong appeal. If the book-lover finds the autograph of some long-dead famous man in the old book he has purchased, he has an added reason for regarding it highly. The satisfaction is as genuine if he finds a similarly interesting book-plate. The exchange of ideas among the few interested spread a knowledge of the subject through a larger and increasingly larger circle. The history of the book-plate began to be investigated: inquiries were made as to when they were first used, what engravers made them, what persons of reputation or fame in letters, art, science, statecraft, or society

placed them in their books.

Did Rabelais have a book-plate? Did Velasquez? Kepler? Pitt? Beau Nash? It was most interesting to discover what the men of fame in an earlier age used in their books—whether simple typographical labels, with the name only, a heraldic design showing the family coat of arms, a portrait, or a literary or pictorial emblem. Further, what mottos they chose, if any—whether didactic or humorous, selfish or generous, invented, or quoted from the classics or from a favorite author. A further interest developed



BY W. F. HOPSON.

from the fact that famous engravers had made and signed book-plates. With the increase of interest and the spread of information, there came to be a considerable number of bookmen who were quietly, without making any fuss about it, gathering book-plates because of what they found interesting in them.

The lines of appeal were several and somewhat varied. Some would gather plates of famous men—the old writers, musicians, painters, divines, poets. Such would treasure the plates of Cardinal Wolsey, Horace Walpole, Dibdin, David Garrick, Laurence Sterne, Lord Byron, Lady Blessington, Trollope, Dickens, Carlyle, Disraeli, Tennyson, Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Count d'Orsay, Lavoisier, Charlotte Corday, a Bonaparte, George Washington, Samuel Chase, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Byrd of Westover, Randolph of Roanoke, William Hickling Prescott, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Others would cherish the works of the engravers, without caring for whom the plate was made, and would search for those signed by Albrecht Dürer, Virgil Solis, Lucas Cranach, Jost Amman, François Boucher, Choffard, Collin, Eisen, Leclerc, William Marshall, George Vertue, Hogarth, Faithorne, Bartolozzi, Bewick, Nathaniel Hurd, Peter Maverick, Alexander Anderson, Paul Revere.

Others, again, sought book-plates as an aid to their study of family history, of genealogy and heraldry. This interest in the archaeology of the subject spread from England to America and the Continent. What may be termed the present renaissance of the book-plate dates from about 1890, when the number of persons interested was

so large and so widely separated that some form of organization suggested itself. In that year the Ex Libris Society was founded in London. To-day there are societies in France and Germany, but the attempt to sustain one in the United States has failed.

The Hon. J. B. Leicester Warren (the late Lord de Tabley), an English poet and scholar, wrote the first book on book-plates. This was published in 1880, and has had many successors, dealing with the plates of England, America, France, Germany, and Sweden, but it remains absolutely the best book on the subject. The first known collector of book-plates was a lady, Miss Jenkins of Bath, England.

It was eighty years ago that she began her collection, which some time afterward passed into the possession of Dr. Joseph Jackson Howard, who has gathered in the last sixty years over one hundred thousand plates. The book-plate collection of the British Museum is reputed to number two hundred thousand.

One of the most interesting branches of the study of old book-plates opens before us in the work of the early American engravers, several of whom were

self-taught in the art of engraving on copper. Foremost among these was Nathaniel Hurd, born in Boston in 1730. From thirty to fifty plates by Hurd are known, most of them being for New-Englanders. Hurd was a very fair engraver, but did not display great ability as a designer. A more notable man in the history of the country, Paul Revere, also engraved book-plates. He, too, was a Boston lad, born five years later than Hurd. Brought up to the trade of the goldsmith, he had no instructor in engraving on copper. Not over half a dozen plates by his hand are known. Joseph



BY J. W. SPENCELEY.

JOHN COX



HIS BOOK

BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

Callender, another Bostonian by birth, made something over a score of book-plates, distinguished from the work of Hurd and Revere by having other than armorial features. In Connecticut worked Amos Doolittle, whose plates have a decidedly literary flavor. Many of his plates were for libraries and college societies. Alexander Anderson, the first American wood-engraver (sometimes called the "American Bewick"), was born in New York. At the age of twelve he tried, with the blade of a pocket-knife, to engrave on copper pennies rolled thin. In this way he made his first plate,—a head of Paul Jones,—the first impression being made with red paint, in a rude press of Anderson's own contrivance. In 1793 his first wood-block was cut. Only a few book-plates by Anderson are known. The Apprentices' Library of New York and the library of Columbia College have plates by him. These were engraved on copper, and are signed. He apparently made very few book-plates on wood. John Pintard, the founder of the New York Historical Society, had such a plate, and it bears Anderson's name.

The most prolific producer of book-plates in our early days was Peter Rushton Maverick, who came to New York from England about the year 1774, when nearly twenty years old. In the New York Historical Society one may see an exceedingly interesting collection of some sixty-odd proofs of book-plates that Maverick engraved in the year 1789. Some of these are signed and some are not. There are also a few examples of the work of other engravers of book-plates, pointing to a system of exchange between the engravers. The number of book-plates engraved by Maverick approaches close to one hundred. The large allegorical plates for the New York Society Library are rare and valuable, and it may be said that all plates by early American engravers have

considerable value. Maverick made book-plates for many of the best families in New York, among them being the Clinton, Cutting, De Peyster, Fraunces, Judah, Keesee, King, Kip, Livingston, McLean, Moore, Smith, and Van Rensselaer families. The younger Maverick engraved plates for the Duer, Goelet, Lewis, Provoost, and Ten Broeck families.

Another young Englishman who came to New York was William Rollinson. He was

brought up to the trade of ornamenting buttons, and he fashioned the gilt buttons that were on the coat worn by President Washington at his inauguration. Rollinson engraved on copper and painted portraits. He was also the inventor of a machine for wavy ruling that was of importance to the makers of bank-notes. Rollinson made book-plates for a number of New York families, the names of Harison, Hicks, Ludlow, McCoun, Wilkes, and Williams being among them. Up to some five or six years ago the gravestones of Rollinson and his wife were standing in the old

churchyard in the heart of "Greenwich Village," but they have now been removed by considerate descendants to a family inclosure at Englewood.

Book-plates for the Bancker, Kissam, Roome, and Tomlinson families were made by Henry Dawkins, of whom not very much is known. He went to Philadelphia from New York, and made several plates while there. His plates are usually very ornate, perhaps always armorial, and in the flamboyant rococo style called Chippendale. He was fond of making places, in the decorative features of his designs, for dandy shepherds in big-brimmed hats, with flowing curls and knee-breeches; entrancing maidens with low-cut bodices, Gainsborough hats, and shepherd-crooks; Cupids piping; flowers, brooks, and birds. Dawkins, it must be admitted, was something of a copyist, and



BY C. W. SHERBORN.

many of his plates are reminiscent of English originals. In truth, in the latter part of his life he got into trouble as a counterfeiter of money, and from his prison-house addressed a curious letter to the Committee of Safety asking to be put to death.

In Philadelphia were Boyd, Kearney, Smithers, Thackara, and Vallance. In Maryland was T.

Sparrow, who cut a few book-plates and other interesting designs on wood. For the most part, Southern book-plates were of English make. Orders were sent over from the colonies, or the plate was ordered during the residence of the son in England while completing his education at the university or in one of the inns of court. The Francis Page, William Penn, and Edward Shippen plates were the work of English engravers, and in all probability the plate of Washington was made by Bickham, a London engraver.

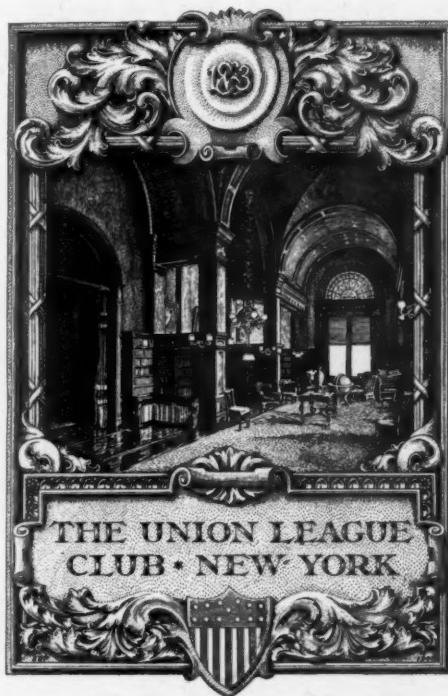
But the antiquarian appeal of the book-plate is not the only one to be considered. It must be confessed that he who looks with discerning eye finds in most collections of book-plates scores of uninteresting, inartistic, utterly worthless things. If one wishes to collect book-plates, let him, by all means, not aim at numbers. Let them be gathered as an intelligent man buys books—with a reason for each one. Have a few old examples by famous engravers, and some that were once, or, better yet, are still, in the books of persons of note. As opportunity offers, gather the plates of contemporary

great men and women; but, in the main, make the collection one of artistic worth.

The protest against the wholly antiquarian appeal of the book-plate has recently found expression in England in the starting of a new society, called the Book-plate Society, which asks of its members that they be interested in the art of the book-plate as distinguished from its archaeology; that they encourage the engravers and designers of today in their effort to produce plates worthy of a place in a good book; and that among users of plates and all interested in them they foster a desire for designs of real merit.

The late Mr. Gleeson White, discussing this phase of the book-plate subject, wrote:

Book-plates appeal, broadly speaking, to two, and only two, classes of people. First, to the collector pure and simple, who does not permit his greed for quantity to be hampered by any re-



BY E. D. FRENCH.

gard for quality, that is to say, for artistic quality. He has his own standards of value, among which it is to be feared the beauty of the design plays a very minor part, even if it be not totally ignored. The book-plate lovers who form the other class regard it exactly as they regard any other printed device. If its design is pleasing, they are pleased with it; should it chance to be by a well-known artist, they value it as a specimen of his work. If it shows ingenuity, good technique, and well-managed decoration, they are glad to possess an impression, and even to mount it formally in a collection; but if it be a mere commercial product, or a feeble scrawl by an amateur devoid of taste and skill, the fact that it is a book-plate does not prevent its consignment to the rubbish-heap. A

certain class of folk would have you believe that an "etching" or a "lithograph" becomes interesting because of the process used, as another class look upon anything serving the purpose of a book-plate as a covetable specimen. Wiser folk know that many "etchings" are as valueless as the average engraving in a patent-medicine pamphlet; and these care no more for a bad book-plate than they do for the "chromo prints" inclosed in packets of cheap cigarettes. There are those who collect all these things, but the "chiffonnier," useful as he may be in the scheme of practical existence, has (or should have) no place in the field of art. Rubbish, be it in the form of book-plates or cigar-ends, is merely rubbish, and charms you no more after it has been sorted, classified, collected, and indexed, than when it reposed in a waste-paper basket or lay unheeded in the gutter.

This suggests the question, "What should the book-plate be?" Very often one meets a person who is puzzled, who desires a book-plate, but does not know how to go about it, or what to choose for a design. One ventures on somewhat dangerous ground in offering assistance in such a case; but this much may surely be said: the book-plate should have on it the name or the monogram of the owner. It is often well to put an address on. Further than this one hardly dares advise. It is appropriate, but not essential, that the design for a book-plate should have a bookish flavor. Everything after the indispensable, the owner's name, depends upon that owner's individual taste. One thing the book-plate should surely *not* be—an epitome of its owner's life. One sometimes sees a plate that

has so much of the life-history of the owner within its small compass that at a glance it is evident to all that he glories in golf, has a regard for roses, rides a wheel, esteems "Omar Khayyam" very highly, reads Scott and Lowell, can quote from Shakspere, has been to Switzerland, collects butterflies, and lives in New Jersey. Such an indication of one's pursuits and interests does not readily lend itself to artistic expression, and, moreover, has no more reason to be shown in books than upon table-silver or visiting-cards. It is perhaps easier to decide what should not enter into the composition of the book-plate than what should.

The question of the use of the family coat of arms vexes the American very seriously. Originally all book-plates were heraldic. That was in an age when people generally could not read, and when the blazon of each family, as



BY E. D. FRENCH.

shown on wearing-apparel or small belongings, was as well known and quickly distinguished as an autograph or photograph to-day. In the main, it is safe to advise Americans not to use coat-armor on their book-plates. The uncertainty of the actual right to arms, and the extreme difficulty of getting a drawing that one knows is undeniably correct in every detail, are strong reasons against its use. Heraldry is too exact a science to admit of liberties, and it is no small achievement to draw the coat of arms with absolute correctness, and yet with artistic feeling. Mr. George W. Eve of London stands facile

princeps in making heraldry appear decorative.

Though it is not very generally practised, it is legal to copyright the book-plate design. At least two plates are so protected in this country. This would seem to leave a door

an idea artistically expressed, and carrying the owner's name with an appropriate motto or selected quotation.

Most book-plates of to-day are reproduced from the drawing by some of the numerous photographic processes. A large number of



BY E. D. FRENCH.

open for those who wish to secure for themselves a personal, distinguishing mark, a *quasi-heraldry*,—for the drawing may be in heraldic form as well as in any other. More and more, probably, the book-plate will show less and less of intricate meaning and complicated design, and, under the guidance of a widely spread improved taste, is likely to become a really decorative label, embodying

well-known illustrators of books have designed plates, such as, in England, R. Anning Bell, Walter Crane, Charles Robinson, Laurence Housman, Phil May, William Nicholson, Henry Ospovat, Byam Shaw, and Aubrey Beardsley. Gordon Craig and Joseph W. Simpson are recent additions to the list. Among the German designers, Joseph Sattler, Otto Greiner, Paul Voigt, Max



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE. (BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH.) HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY A. TINKEY.

MR. E. D. FRENCH AT WORK.



BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

Klinger, Georg Barlosius, Bernard Wenig, and Fritz Erler are best known.

Among the prominent American artists who have designed book-plates are Edwin A. Abbey, Will H. Low, Maxfield Parrish, whose work is unapproached in certain charming qualities, A. Kay Womrath, Louis Rhead, E. B. Bird, T. B. Hapgood, Jr., Edward Penfield, Will Denslow, and William Edgar Fisher.

The field of book-plate art seems well suited to the inventive genius of women artists. Agnes Berry, protégée and friend of Horace Walpole, designed for Mrs. Anna Damer, another member of the Strawberry Hill household, one of the most charming plates used by a lady. Although book-plates have been generally used by ladies, very few have been designed by them. The plates of Lady Bessborough (by Bartolozzi), the simple plate used by Lady Blessington, Mme. de Staël's plate, the plate of Mme. Victoire, the plates of Lady Pomfret (lady of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline) and of Princess Sophia (daughter of George III) are extremely interesting to the collector, but none of them were designed by ladies. Miss Kate Greenaway has drawn several

clever plates, and Mrs. Agnes Castle, joint author with her husband, Mr. Egerton Castle, of "The Pride of Jennico" and other romantic stories, signs two or three. Other women designers in England are Miss Edith Greene, Mrs. Gaskin, Mrs. Percy Adams, Mrs. Synnerton Hughes, Mary Byfield (who engraved the plate used in her late Majesty's library at Windsor), Mrs. Dearmer (who designed a plate for Richard Le Gallienne), Violet M. Holden, Alice B. Woodward, Marion Reed, Margaret Orde, and Celia Levetus. One or two in France and several in Germany keep up the reputation of the sex in those countries. The plate of the late Prince Bismarck was designed by Fräulein Lina Burger. In this country the book-plate designs of S. Marguerite Scribner, Grace Fuller, Florence Estelle Little, Mary Prinderville, Mrs. Florence P. E. Nosworthy, Mabel C. Gage, Mary Frances Hackley, Bessie C. Pease, Mrs. Stiles Judson, Mrs. Arthur R. Marsh, and Mrs. S. B. Mitchell Clute have a recognized place.

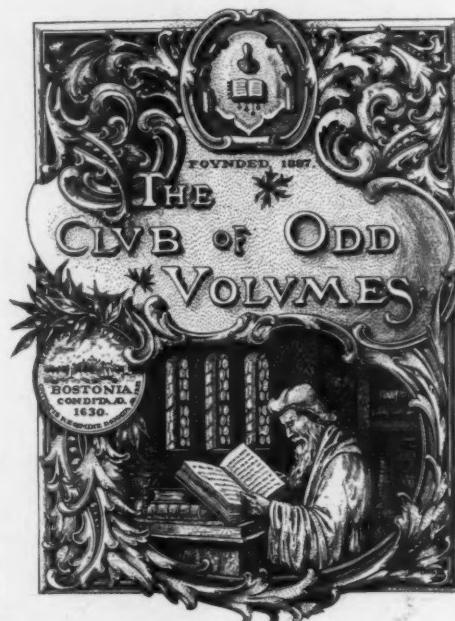
The engraved or etched book-plate best befits one's finest and most cherished volumes. Few plates are now cut on wood, but among book-plate people Mr. W. F. Hopson of New Haven is known as the leader in



BY SIDNEY L. SMITH.

that art. Among the engravers on copper Mr. Edwin Davis French of New York, who has an international reputation, is foremost. His plates number nearly two hundred, and include many charming designs for prominent people, clubs, and organizations. Mr. French's plates are highly prized, and few are fortunate enough to possess any considerable number. The Adirondack home of

feeling. In the same city Mr. J. W. Spenceley has his studio, in which many dainty designs have been drawn and etched. For the volumes elegantly bound by Mercier or Cuzin, by the Doves' Bindery, the Club Bindery, or Miss Prideaux, the most suitable book-plate is one printed from the copper on Japanese vellum, in an ink that harmonizes with the leather of the book. This



BY E. D. FRENCH.

Mr. French provides security from interruption, and natural surroundings of great beauty, interest, and grandeur. The studio windows look out on mountain, forest, and lake, and in the distance the sometime home of Robert Louis Stevenson is visible; within are books, prints, sketches, paintings, and an open fire. Here, for the larger part of the year, Mr. French is busily engaged on work that ultimately adorns many books and delights many lovers of books. Mr. Sidney L. Smith of Boston is not surpassed in the art of etching. He has great talent as a designer, and his plates are full of artistic

should be bound in just before the half-title. Small designs delicately stamped in gold on bits of thin leather of a color that harmonizes with the various shades of calf and levant are used somewhat.

An examination of a well-chosen collection or exhibition of book-plates may prove an unexpected pleasure to those unacquainted with the subject, and to those who are hesitating about adopting a plate for their own use may be helpful, either in suggesting an idea to be embodied or by calling attention to the work of an artist which seems particularly pleasing.



DRAWN BY GEORGE B. WALDO. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"'ABNER, DID YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THE EGGS OF THE GREAT AUK?'"

BLACKGUM AG'IN' THUNDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ABNER BATTERFIELD, forty-five years of age and tired, having finished hoeing his last row of corn, sat down on a bench at his front door, took off his wide and dilapidated straw hat, and wiped his brow. Presently his wife came out. She was rather more than forty-five years old and of phenomenal physical and mental endurance. She had lived seventeen years with Abner, and her natural vigor was not impaired.

"Supper's ready," said she.

Her husband heaved a long sigh and stretched out his weary legs in unison.

"Supper," he repeated; "it's allus eat or work or sleep!"

"Perhaps you'd like to leave out the eatin'," said Mrs. Batterfield; "that would save lots."

Her husband ignored this remark. He was a small farmer, but his farm was too big for him. He had no family but himself and wife, but the support of that family taxed his energies. There was a certain monotony connected with coming out short at the end of the year which was wearisome to his soul.

"Mrs. B.," said he, "I've made up my mind to start over ag'in."

"Goin' back to the corn-field?" she asked. "You'd better have your supper first."

"No," said he; "it's different. I've been thinkin' about it all day, an' I'm goin' to begin life over ag'in."

"At your age it would be more fit for you to consider the proper endin' of it," said she.

"I knew you'd say that, Mrs. B.; I knew you'd say that! You never do agree with me in any of my plans an' undertakin's."

"Which accounts fer our still havin' a roof over our heads," said she.

"But I kin tell you, this time I'm goin' ahead. I don't care what people say—I don't care what they do or what they don't do—I'm goin' ahead. It'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder this time, an' I'm blackgum. You've heard about the thunder an' lightnin' tacklin' a blackgum-tree?"

"Ever since I was born," said she.

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"Well, there's a awful scatterin' of dust an' chips when that sort of a fight is on, but nobody ever yet heard of thunder gettin' the better of a blackgum-tree. An' I'm goin' to be blackgum!"

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply to this remark, but in her heart she said, "An' I'm goin' to be thunder."

The next morning Abner Batterfield put on his best clothes and walked to the little town about two miles distant. He did not enter the business part of the place, but turned into a shady side street where stood a small, one-story building almost by itself. This was the village library, and the librarian was sitting in the doorway, reading a book. He was an elderly man of comfortable contour, and wore no glasses, even for the finest print.

"Mornin', Abner," said the librarian. "Have you brought back that book?"

Abner seated himself on the door-step. "No, I have n't, Mr. Brownsill," said he; "I forgot it. But I remember some things that's in it, an' I've come to talk about 'em."

"Very good," said the librarian, closing the volume of Salmon's "Geographical Grammar" with his finger at page 33, treating of paradoxes, and remarked: "Well, Abner, what is it?"

Then Abner Batterfield told his tale. He was going to make a fresh start; he was going to spend the rest of his life in some manner worthy of him. He had not read much of the book he had taken out of the library, for, in his present way of spending his time, there did not seem to be any very good chance for reading; but it was about success in life, and he had read enough of it to make him feel that it was time for him to make a fresh start, and he was going to do it.

"An' I may have a tough time," said Abner; "but it'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder, an' I'm blackgum!"

The librarian smiled. "What are you going to do?" said he.

"That's a thing," said Abner, "I'm not

so certain about. I 've been thinkin' of enterin' the ministry; but the bother about that is, I can't make up my mind which particular denomination to enter, there's such a difference in 'em."

"That's true," said Mr. Brownsill; "that's very true! But have n't you a leaning for some one of them in particular?"

"In thinkin' it over," said Abner, "I 've been drawn to the Quakers. So far as I kin find out, there's nothin' a Quaker preacher has to do if he don't want to."

"But then, on the other hand," said the librarian, "there's no pay."

"Which won't work at all," said Abner, "so that's got to be dropped. As to the Methodists, there's too much work. A man might as well stick to hoin' corn."

"What do you think of the Catholics?" asked the librarian, meditatively. "I should think a monk in a cell might suit you. I don't believe you'd be expected to do much work in a cell."

Abner cogitated: "But there ain't no pay to that, no more 'n if I was a Quaker; an' there's Mrs. B. to be considered. I tell you, Mr. Brownsill, it's awful hard makin' a ch'ice."

The librarian opened his book and took a good look at the number of the page on which paradoxes were treated of, so that he might remember it, then he rose and put the old volume upon the table, and turning to Abner, looked at him steadfastly.

"Abner Batterfield," said he, "I understand the state of your mind, and it is plain enough that it's pretty hard for you to make a choice of a new path in life. But perhaps I can help you. How would you like to be a librarian?"

"Me!" exclaimed Abner, amazed.

"I don't mean," said Mr. Brownsill, "that you should take up this business for life without knowing whether you like it or not; but I can offer you what might be called a sample situation. I want to go away for a couple of weeks to visit my relations, and if you will come and attend to the library while I am gone, it might be a good thing for both of us. Then, if you don't like the business of a librarian, you might sample some other calling or profession."

Abner rose from the door-step, and entering the room, stood before Mr. Brownsill. "That's the most sensible thing," said he, "that I ever heard said in all my life. Sample your business first and go into it afterward; that's sound reason. Mr. Brownsill, I will do it."

"Good!" said the librarian. "And the duties are not difficult."

"An' the pay?" asked Abner.

"Just what I get," said Mr. Brownsill.

The bargain was made, and Abner immediately began taking lessons in the duties of a librarian.

When he went home he told his tale to Mrs. Batterfield. "I have hoed my last row of corn," said he; "an' when it's fit to cut an' shock we'll hire a man. There's librarians, Mrs. B., so Mr. Brownsill told me, that gets thousands a year. Think of that, Mrs. B.—thousands a year!"

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply to this remark, but in her heart she said, "An' I am thunder."

Early the next morning, long before the ordinary time for opening the library, Abner was at his post. He took the key from the concealed nail where Mr. Brownsill was wont to hang it. He opened the door and windows, as the librarian had told him he must do; he swept the floor; he dusted the books; and then he took the water-pail and proceeded to the pump hard by. He filled it, then he sat down and wiped his brow. He had done so much sitting down and brow-wiping in his life that it had become a habit with him even when he was neither hot nor tired.

This little library was certainly a very pleasant place in which to earn one's living—ten thousand times more to his taste than the richest corn-field. Around the walls were book-shelves, some of them nearly filled with books, most of which, judging from their bindings, were of a sober, if not a somber, turn of mind.

"Some of these days," said Abner, "I am goin' to read those books. I never did have time to read books."

From the ceiling there hung, too high to be conveniently dusted, a few stuffed birds and one small alligator. "Some of these days," said Abner to himself, "I am goin' to get on a step-ladder an' look at them birds an' things. I never did properly know what they was."

Now footsteps were heard on the sidewalk, and Abner jumped up quickly and redusted a book upon the table. There entered two little girls, the elder one with her hair plaited down her back. They looked in surprise at Abner, who smiled.

"I guess you want to see Mr. Brownsill," he said. "Well, I'm in his place now, an' all you got to do is to tell me what book you want."

"Please, sir," said the one with plaits,

"mother wants to know if you can change a quarter of a dollar."

This proposed transaction seemed to Abner to be a little outside of a librarian's business, but he put his hand in his pocket and said he would see. When he had extracted all the change that pocket contained, he found that he was the owner of three nickels and five copper cents. He tried some other pockets, but there was no money in any of them. He was disappointed; he did not want to begin his intercourse with the townspeople by failing to do the first favor asked of him. He looked around the room; he rubbed his nose. In a moment an idea struck him.

"How much do you want to get out of this quarter?" said he.

"Ten cents, sir," said the girl with the plaits. "The woman's waitin' fer it now."

"I'll tell you," said Abner, "what I kin do. All I have got is twenty cents. Two of these nickels will do fer the woman, an' then fer the other five cents you kin take out a book fer a week. A duodecimo volume fer a week is five cents. Is there any duodecimo volume you would like?"

The girl with the plaits said she did not know, and that all she wanted was change for a quarter.

"Which this will be," said Abner.

Asking the little girls to follow him, he approached the book-shelvies. "Now here's something," said he, presently, taking down a book. "It's Buck's 'Theological Dictionary,' an' it's got a lot of different things in it. Some of them your mother might like to read to you. I once read one piece in that book myself. It is about the Inquisition, an' when I began it I could n't stop until I got to the end of it. I guess your mother might like to read that, even if she don't read it to you."

The little girl said she did not know whether her mother would like it or not, but what she had been sent for was change for a quarter.

"This will be the same thing," said Abner; "twenty cents in money, and five cents fer a duodecimo fer one week. So take the money an' the book, my dear, an' tell your mother that if she keeps it out longer than one week there'll be a fine."

The child and the duodecimo departed, and Abner sat down again and wiped his brow. "There's one customer," said he; "an' that's the way to do business. They come to get you to do something fer them, an' before they know it, they're doin' busi-

ness with you, payin' cash in advance. But there's one thing I forgot. I oughter asked them young ones what their mother's name was. But I'll remember 'em, specially the one with the plaited hair, so it's all the same."

The little girls went home. "It's a new man at the library," said the one with the plaits; "an' he had n't got no more'n twenty cents in money, but he sent you a book fer the other five cents."

The mother, with her baby in her lap, gave the ten cents to the woman who was waiting, and then took the book, which opened quite naturally at the article on the Inquisition, and began to read. And although the baby grew restless and cried, she did not stop reading until she had finished that article. "The book's fully worth five cents," she said to herself, as she put it on the shelf for future perusal.

It was not long before the thought struck Abner that he was losing opportunities which spread themselves around him, so he jumped up and took down a book. The volume proved to be one of "Elegant Extracts"; but after reading certain reflections "Upon Seeing Mr. Pope's House at Binfield," he thought he would like something more in the nature of a story, and took up a thinner volume entitled "Dick's Future State." He turned over the leaves, hoping to meet with some of the adventures of Dick, but his attention was arrested by a passage which asserted that arithmetic would be one of the occupations to be followed in heaven. He was about to put away the book in disgust,—for to him there was no need of a man's being good in this world if he were to be condemned to arithmetic in the next,—when the light from the open door was darkened by a large body that approached in carpet slippers, making no noise. This proved to be a round and doleful negro woman, the greater part of her face wrapped up in a red-and-green handkerchief. Her attire was somewhat nondescript, and entirely unsuggestive of literary inclinations. She groaned as she entered the room.

"Whar Mr. Bro'nsill?" she asked, with one hand to her face.

Abner was amazed. Was it possible that this woman could read, and that she cared for books? He explained the situation, and assured her that he could attend to her just as well as the regular librarian.

"I'se mighty glad to hear dat," said the woman—"I'se mighty glad to hear dat, fer I has n't slep' one wink de whole night fer

dis tooth. Mr. Bro'snill he allus pulls my teeth, an' dey nebbur has been one what ached as bad as dis."

With this she began to unwrap her swollen face.

"You need n't do that," cried Abner; "I can't pull teeth. You must go to the dentist."

"That 'll be fifty cents," said the woman; "an' Mr. Bro'snill he don't charge nothin'. I know whar he keeps his pinchers; dey 's in dat drawer in de table, an' you kin pull hit out jes as well as anudder pusson. I 'd pull hit out ef I wuz anudder pusson."

Abner shook his head. "I never pulled a tooth," he said; "I don't know nothin' about it."

"Don'dey tell somethin' about pullin' teeth in dese here books?" said the woman.

Abner shook his head. "There may be," he said, "but I don't know where to find it."

"An' you 's de librarian," said she, in a tone of supreme contempt, "an' don' know how to fin' what 's in de books!" And with this she rewrapped her face and wabbled away.

"I hope the next one will want a book," said Abner to himself, "an' won't want nothin' else. If I 'm to be librarian, I want to fork out books."

The morning passed, and no one else appeared. The forenoon was not the time when people generally came for books in that town.

After he had eaten the dinner he had brought, Abner sat down to meditate a little. He was not sure that the life of a librarian would suit him. It was almost as lonesome as hoeing corn.

Sometime after these reflections,—it might have been a minute, it might have been an hour,—he was awakened by a man's voice, and suddenly started upright in his chair.

"Hello!" said the voice; "you keepin' library fer old Brownsill?"

"That 's what I 'm doin'," said Abner; "he 's away fer his holiday."

The newcomer, Joe Pearson, who had been assistant to the town clerk, but was now out of a position, was a stout man with little eyes, wearing a shiny black coat and no collar.

"I am glad to hear it," he said. "Mr. Brownsill 's a little too sharp fer my fancy. I 'd rather do business with you. Have you got any books on eggs?"

"I don't know," said Abner; "but I kin look. What kind of eggs?"

"I don't suppose there 's a different book fer every kind of egg," said Joe; "I guess they 're lumped."

"All right," said Abner; "step up to the shelves an' we 'll take a look. Now here 's one that I 've just been glancin' over myself. It seems to have a lot of different things in it. It 's called 'Elegant Extracts.'"

"'Elegant Extracts' won't do," said Joe; "they ain't eggs."

"E—E—E—" said Abner, anxious to make a good show in the eyes of his acquaintance, who had the reputation of being a man of considerable learning—"Experimental Christianity"—but that won't do."

After fifteen or twenty minutes occupied in scrutiny of backs of books, Joe Pearson gave up the search. "I don't believe there 's a book on eggs in the whole darned place," said he. "That 's just like Brownsill; he has n't got no fancy fer nothin' practical."

"What do you want to know about eggs?" said Abner.

Mr. Pearson did not immediately answer, but after a few moments of silent consideration he walked to the door and closed it. Then he sat down and invited Abner to sit near him. "Look here, Abner Batterfield," said he; "I 've got a idee that 's goin' to make my fortune. I want somebody to help me, an' I don't see why you could n't do it as well as anybody else. Fer one thing, you 've got a farm."

Abner started back. "Confound the farm!" he said. "I 've given up farmin', an' I don't want nothin' more to do with it."

"Yes, you will want," said Pearson, "when I 've told you what I 'm goin' to do; but it won't be common farmin'—it 'll be mighty different. There 's money in this kind of farmin', an' no work to mention, nuther."

Abner now became interested.

"It concerns eggs," said Pearson. "Abner, did you ever hear about the eggs of the great auk?"

"Great hawk!" said Abner.

"Not hawk! auk—a-u-k."

"Never seen the bird," said Abner.

"I reckon not," said the other; "they say they extincted sometime before the war, but I don't believe that. I 've been readin' a piece about 'em, Abner; an' I tell you it just roused me up, an' that 's the reason I 've come here, s'posin' I might find a book that might give me some new p'ints. But I reckon I know enough to work on."

"Is there anything uncommon about 'em?" asked Abner.

"Uncommon!" exclaimed the other. "Do

you know what a great auk's egg is wuth? It's wuth one thousand eight hundred dollars!"

"A car-load?" asked Abner.

"Stuff!" ejaculated Mr. Pearson; "it's that much fer *one*—an' that one blowed, nothin' but a shell, not a thing inside—eighteen hundred dollars!"

"By George!" exclaimed Abner; "eighteen hundred dollars!"

"An' that's the lowest figure. Great auk eggs is wuth twenty-one thousand an' six hundred dollars a dozen!"

Abner rose from his chair. "Joe Pearson," he said, "what are you talkin' about?"

"I'm talkin' about makin' the biggest kind of money; an' if you choose to go in with me, you kin make big money too. I'm all correct, an' I kin show you the figures."

Abner now sat down and leaned over toward Pearson. "Whar's it likely to find nests?" said he.

"Nests!" exclaimed Pearson, in disdain. "If I could find two eggs,—fresh ones,—I'd call my fortune made."

"I should say so," said Abner, "sellin' 'em fer thirty-six hundred dollars. But what is there so all-fired good about 'em to make 'em sell like that?"

"Sceereness," said Joe; "apart from sceereness, they ain't no better 'n any other egg. But there's mighty few of 'em in market now, an' all of them's blowed."

"An' no good?" said Abner.

"They say not," said the other. "For simple sceereness they're better blowed than not."

"But what's your idee about 'em?" said Abner.

"That's what I'm goin' to tell you," replied Pearson. "There's a general notion that there ain't no more great auks, specially hen great auks, an' that's why their eggs are so sceerce. But I don't see the p'int of that; it don't stand to reason. Fer now an' then somebody finds a great auk egg, an' if you find 'em they've got to be laid, an' if they're laid there's got to be hen great auks somewhar. Now the p'int is to find out whar them hen great auks lay. It may be a awful job to do it, but if I kin do it, an' get just two eggs, my fortune's made, an' yours too."

"Would you divide the thirty-six hundred dollars even?" Abner was now interested.

"Divide!" sneered Pearson; "do you suppose I'd sell 'em? No, sir; *I'd set 'em*. Then, sir, I'd go into the great auk business. I'd sell auk eggs an' make my fortune—an' yours too."

"An' young ones, if we get a lot?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Pearson; "nobody'd own no auks but me. You can't catch 'em alive, an' I would n't sell no eggs at all till they'd first been blowed. I'd keep the business all in my own hands. Abner, I've been thinkin' a great deal about this thing. You've heard about the lively sixpence an' the slow dollar? Well, sir, I'm goin' to sell them auk eggs fer sixteen hundred dollars apiece, an' two fer three thousand."

Abner sat and looked at his companion. "That would be better than 'most any other kind of business," said he. "Whar do you go to get them eggs?"

"Way up north," said Pearson; "an' the furder north you go, the more likely you are to find 'em."

"I don't know about goin' north," said Abner, reflectively; "there's Mrs. B. to consider."

"But I don't want you to go," said Pearson; "I'm goin' north myself, an' when I've found a couple o' auk eggs I'll pack 'em up nice an' warm in cotton an' send 'em down to you an' have 'em hatched. That's whar your farm'll come in. You've got to have a farm an' turkeys or big hens if you want to raise auks. Then I'll go on lookin', an' most likely I'll get a couple more."

"That'll be a good thing," said Abner; "the more the merrier. I'll go in with you, Joe Pearson; that's the sort of business that'll just suit me. But I'll tell you one thing, Joe—I would n't put the price of them eggs down at first; I'd wait until a couple of dozen had been laid an' blowed, an' then, perhaps, I'd put the price down."

"No, sir," said Joe; "I'll put the price down at the very beginning. Sixteen hundred dollars apiece, or three thousand fer two, is enough fer any eggs, an' we oughter be satisfied with it."

"An' when are you goin' to start north?" asked Abner.

"That's the p'int," said Pearson—"that's the p'int. You see, Abner, I ain't got no family, an' I can start north whenever I please, as far as that's concerned. But there's obstacles. For one thing, I ain't got the right kind of clothes; and then there's other things. It's awful hard lines, startin' out on a business like this; an' the more money there is in it, the harder the lines."

"But you kin do it, Joe," said Abner; "I feel in my bones you kin do it. It'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder, but you'll be blackgum an' you'll come out all right."

"I can't be blackgum nor nothin' else,"

said Pearson, "if I don't get no help; specially if I don't get no help from the party what's goin' to get a lot of the money."

Abner reflected. "There's some sense in that," he said.

Joe Pearson was a man of resourceful discretion. He rose. "Now, Abner," said he, "I've got to go; I've got a lot of things on my hands. But I want you to remember that what I've said to you, I said to *you*, an' I would n't have no other man know nothin' about it. If anybody else should hear of this thing an' go north an' get ahead of me, it would be— Well, I don't know what to say it would be, I've such feelin's about it. I've offered to take you in because you've got a farm, an' because I think you're a good man an' would know how to take care of auks when they was hatched. But there's a lot fer me to do; there's maps to look over, an' time-tables; an' I must be off. But I'll stop in to-morrer, Abner, an' we'll talk this over ag'in."

When Pearson had gone, Abner sat and stared steadily at a knot-hole in the floor. "Mrs. B.," he said to himself, "has allus been a great one on eggs; she's the greatest one on eggs I ever knowed. If she'd go in now, the thing 'ud be just as good as done. When she knows what's ahead of us she oughter go in. That's all I've got to say about it."

The significance of these reflections depended upon the fact that Mrs. Batterfield had a small income. It was upon this fact also that there depended the other fact that there were three meals a day in the Batterfield home. It was this fact, also, which was the cause of Mr. Joe Pearson's proposition. He was very well acquainted with Abner, although he knew Mrs. Batterfield but slightly. But he was aware of her income.

After reflecting for about twenty minutes upon the exciting proposition which had been made to him, Abner grew very impatient. "No use of my stayin' here," he said; "there's nobody goin' to get out books in this hot weather, so I'll just shut up shop an' go home. I never did want to see Mrs. B. as much as I want to see her now."

"Libraries seem to shut up early," said Mrs. Batterfield as her husband walked into the front yard.

"Yes, they do," said Abner, "in summer-time."

All the way from town he had been rehearsing to himself the story he was going to tell, but he had not finished it yet, and he wanted to get it all straight before he began,

so he walked over to the barn and sat down on an inverted horse-bucket. When he got it all straight he concluded not to tell it until after supper, and when that meal was finished and everything had been cleared away, and Mrs. Batterfield had gone to sit on the front porch, as was her evening custom, he sat down by her and told his story.

He made the tale as attractive as he possibly could make it; he even omitted the fact that Joe Pearson intended to sell his first eggs for sixteen hundred dollars instead of eighteen hundred, and he diminished by very many hundred miles the length of his friend's probable journey to the north.

Mrs. Batterfield listened with great attention. She was engaged with some sewing, upon which her eyes were fixed, but her ears drank in every word that Abner said. When he had finished, she laid down her work, for it was beginning to get a little dark for even her sharp eyes, and remarked: "An' he wants some warm clothes? Furs, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Abner; "I expect they'd be furs."

"An' travelin' expenses?" she asked.

"Yes, I suppose he'd want help in that way. Of course since he's makin' me such a big offer, he'll expect me to put in somethin'."

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply, but folded up her sewing and went indoors. He waited until she had time to retire, then he closed the house and went up himself.

"She'll want to sleep on that," said he; "it'll be a good thing fer her to sleep on it. She may n't like it at first, but I'll go at her ag'in to-morrer, an' I'm goin' to stick to it. I reckon it'll be the worst rassle we ever had, but it's blackgum ag'in' thunder, an' I'm blackgum."

When Abner reached his chamber he found his wife sitting quietly by the table, on which burned a lamp.

"Hello!" said he; "I thought you'd be abed an' asleep."

"I did n't want to do my talkin' out front," said she; "fer there might be people passin' along the road. I think you said this was to be a case of blackgum ag'in' thunder?"

"Yes," said Abner, in a somewhat uncertain tone.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Batterfield, "I'm thunder."

It was very late when that couple went to bed, but it was very early the next morning when Abner rose. He split a great deal of fire-wood before breakfast, and very soon

after that meal he put his hoe on his shoulder and went to his corn-field. He remembered that there were three rows of corn which he had hoed only upon one side.

The library was not opened that day, and it remained closed until Mr. Brownsill returned. The failure in the supply of books did not occasion very much comment in the town, for everybody agreed that the librarian was a good man and ought to have a holiday.

When his vacation had expired, Mr. Brownsill came home, and on the second morning after his arrival Abner Batterfield appeared before him. "I had to come in town," said Abner, "an' so I thought I'd step in here an' see about my pay."

The librarian looked at him. "How long were you here?" he asked. "I've been told that the library was shut up for two weeks."

"I was here fer three quarters of a day," said Abner. "That's about as near as I kin calculate."

The librarian took up a pencil and made a calculation.

"By the way," said he, "you must have done some business. I miss our copy of

Buck's 'Theological Dictionary,' but I find no entry about it."

"That was took out as change," said Abner; "five cents fer a duodecimo fer a week, an' the rest in cash. If the woman has n't brought it back, she owes a week's fine."

"Who was the woman?" asked the librarian.

"I don't know," said Abner; "but she has a daughter with plaited hair an' a small sister. While I'm in town I'll try to look'em up."

"In the meantime," said Mr. Brownsill, "I'll have to charge you for that book; and deducting your pay for three quarters of a day, you now owe me seventy-five cents. I don't suppose there's any use talking about the fines I have got down against you?"

"I don't believe there is," said Abner.

The librarian could not help smiling, so dejected was the tone in which these last words were spoken.

"By the way," said he, "how about your great fight you were talking about—blackgum ag'in thunder—how did that turn out?"

Abner in his turn smiled.

"Blackgum was split as fine as matches," said he.



THE ARGONAUTS.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

TO Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
The Magi move, and we with them,
Along the selfsame road;
Still following the Star of Peace,
To find at last the Golden Fleece—
The spotless Lamb of God.



BARBAROSSA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

THE KNIGHT TAKES THE KING.



"Did your Majesty call?" exclaimed a manly voice at the king's elbow, as the count, sword in hand and shield on arm, entered the room.

"Hohenzollern!" cried the king, starting back in surprise, at the same time laying a hand upon his sword. "Sheathe your sword, and down, sirrah, upon your knees, and beg the mercy of the king!"

"To-night, sire, Zollern's hill o'er tops Staufen's mountain. I kneel not."

"Thy knightly duty, presumptuous noble!"

"Forgive me in that I seem to fail in knightly duty to my liege; but it appears, your Majesty, that, from this, the ties are broken between us."

"And what may that be, sir?" asked the king, disdaining to examine the parchment which Conrad held out to him.

"Hast not seen it? 'T is the ban of thy empire, your Majesty," replied the count, "and I treat it thus," tearing it across the middle and throwing it at the king's feet.

Frederick's sword was out in a moment. Snatching up his shield, "You shall rue this insult, Sir Count!" he cried. "We did design to pardon you if by chance you were brought to us alive; but now our mercy is strained to the breaking-point. Nay, 't is broken. We dismiss clemency—"

"And forget service?"

"By the mass! dare you remind us—"

"'T was I who did so a moment since," interjected the countess; "and I beg your Majesty to sheathe your sword. Your Majesty knows not the danger you are in."

"What, ho, without, there! To me, Eckhardt—the emperor is attacked!" cried the

king again, in his fury stamping his foot upon the floor.

"Your Majesty may save your breath," remarked the count, smiling insouciantly. "Baron Eckhardt is prisoner in the refectory."

"Who holds him?"

"Two of my men. He lingered long over the wine-cup, sire."

"This is too much; I will deal with thee alone," cried the king, boldly stepping forward; not without reason did he wear the regal lions upon his breast. "Stand aside, woman, lest I harm thee!" he shouted, as Matilda intervened, barring his way.

"Your Majesty," exclaimed Conrad, firmly, quick as the king's movement, "lay but a hand upon the person of the countess, and by all my knightly honors I swear that I will cut you down beneath the crown you wear! Within, here!" he cried.

In an instant the room was filled with men, who burst through the hangings in every direction.

"Treason—treason! We are betrayed!" cried the king.

"No, your Majesty; no traitor I! Since that paper yonder I am no longer servant of thine. Thou hast absolved me of my duty —there can be no treachery where there is no allegiance."

"What would you do?"

"We play a game, my lord,—call it chess an you will,—in which the knight takes the king. So much for our present purpose. Of the future, we shall discourse upon it when the present heat of blood has cooled."

"And you, knaves!" cried the emperor, "know ye what ye do? This man is under our royal ban. He is an outlaw. Every man's hand is against him."

"Not mine, my lord," interrupted old Degerberg, promptly.

"Nor mine," cried old Hans.

"Nor mine," echoed the different men.

"We are his men, sire," added Degerberg. "We were his men before we were thine, and we will be his men to the end. If he wills to devote us to death or hell, he hath only to point us the way."

Frederick glanced round the room. He was not minded to submit tamely. The fighting blood ran free in his veins. Overturning a heavy table in front of him, with quick decision he leaped to one side and stood with his back against the wall, his shield up, his sword out.

"Who will be the first to strike the Barbarossa?" he shouted proudly and defiantly, as he faced the men with splendid defiance.

If bold courage were a requisite, well had his compeers judged him worthy of the imperial purple.

"I, a woman!" instantly cried the countess, who stood nearest him, flinging herself upon the arm that held the sword. He had disregarded her proximity, as a woman, in the prospect of the fight, and was taken at a disadvantage. She clung to him with lioness-like strength; but as he strove to throw her off, Conrad and Degerberg were on him in a second. The latter pinioned him with his mighty arms, while Hohenzollern wrested the sword from his hand. Matilda drew back as the rest of the soldiers, with lifted axes and swords, crowded about them.

"Doth your Majesty yield?" cried the count.

"My faith," said the king, smiling carelessly, as wise as he was valiant, "t were folly to do otherwise in the face of this. T was a woman who betrayed Samson, and I count it no disgrace in this instance to cry for quarter. Many of ye had bit the dust, were the circumstances other than they are, ere that sword had been wrested from my hand. Now that you have me, what seek you? What ransom?"

"Of that, anon, sir," answered Conrad. "Meanwhile, as I fear your Majesty's absence from the camp will be noticed, and troops in greater number than these brave soldiers of mine be despatched hither, we will seek a safer haven than this castle. Will your Majesty go bound, or may I have your parole not to escape?"

"Thou hast my word, Sir Count; and when I give my word I do not break it, as thou knowest—even when it is written beneath a ban," he added meaningly.

"Aye, that I do know, your Majesty, and for that reason do I take the king. Thou

shalt go with us and be treated with all respect. Let a man but lay a hand upon thee, and I myself will strike him down. Degerberg, see that the horses are prepared. Bring forth the king's charger as well, and see that a palfrey in the stable be made ready for the countess. We ride to the Black Forest to-night. Hasten! Go thou with the captain, my liege; we follow presently."

Upon the word the little party, led by old Degerberg, the king in the center, weaponless and closely guarded, marched through the hall and into the courtyard, where the horses were speedily brought forth. Conrad and Matilda were left alone once more.

"We have cast the die this time, surely," said the count.

"Yes," assented Matilda. "Our heads are forfeit now."

"My situation is not altered greatly thereby, for my head was forfeit before; but thine, lady? I was wrong to have involved thee in this trouble!" he murmured reproachfully.

"I did involve myself, sir," answered Matilda, promptly. "Bethink you, 't was I who caught the sword of the king."

She crept closer to him as she spoke.

"Yes, and without you we had fared ill, taking him. He was a soldier of proved courage before he was a king, and he would not have submitted tamely. Blood had been spilt had it not been for your prompt action; yet I could scarcely call thee a peacemaker, fair Matilda."

"Call me what thou wilt," she returned, passionately taking him in her arms, "so that I am thine. I am glad I raised a hand against the king. We are both together now—in life or death, together."

"It bids fair for death, sweet love," he answered, gazing at her fondly. "But how'er it be, 't is together. But go you to your chamber now and make you ready for the journey. We ride hard and we ride far. By morning we must be well within the forest. Perchance we may not see this place again. Canst stand the journey of the night? Aye, it may be for many nights."

"I am a soldier's daughter," she answered bravely. "I laugh at hardships—with you."

"We must hasten, too; the army of the king lies but two leagues from here. They may be even now upon the march hither. Great men are missed. Should he not return or send word by morning, he would be sought for, and all would be discovered. And another danger lurks: the Lion of Saxony is encamped on the confines of the

forest, a few miles in the other direction, with a considerable force."

"You would not deliver the king to him, Conrad?"

"Never! He is my king; I may take him myself, but no other shall lay hand upon him when I am by."

"What mean you, then?"

"This: The presence of Duke Henry of Saxony constitutes a second peril. He hath not acknowledged the emperor; in fact, he is the head of the nobles who refused to ratify and confirm the election, who would fain subvert the empire. Did he hear of our adventure he would pounce upon the king

instantly. Welf hath no love for Waiblingen, and the silver circlet, the iron crown, and the imperial purple would thus become the appanage of the Saxon. That were a misfortune for our land, indeed. I prefer the royal Barbarossa."

"E'en under his ban?"

"Aye, though I be under his ban, lady," replied this young Warwick. "He cannot by any parchment proclamation deprive me of my German birthright or my love of country. But delay no longer. Make haste for the journey. I shall meet thee in the courtyard."

PART III. NIGHT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

A TRAITOR MARS THE PLAN.

TORCHES borne by a few frightened lackeys, who had been called from their hiding-places by Degerberg's men, threw an uncertain light over the wet walls and stones of the bailey. The horses had been saddled, and, held by their masters, were eagerly clinking and pawing on the pavement. The rain had ceased, and the moonlight was shining fitfully through the rifted clouds driven fiercely across the sky by the rising wind. Old Degerberg, ax in hand, stood by the king. The emperor, looking every inch a monarch, realizing the futility of resistance, had remained quietly watching the busy preparations of the men.

As Hohenzollern appeared, a soldier led forward the king's charger and the war-horse of the count. From the saddle-bow on each animal hung the heavy cross-barred, square-topped helmet of the day, designed to be worn over the hooded hauberk. As both the king and the count had drawn the metal cap and hood of their hauberks over their heads, neither gentleman thought it necessary to assume his helmet. Bidding the majordomo, who had not left with the rest of the servants, to look after the castle, and directing him to keep Baron Eckhardt in close ward as long as he could, the count turned to greet the countess, who made her appearance in the doorway.

She was wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak of blue cloth, fur-trimmed, with the hood, which she had not drawn over her head, falling back upon her shoulders. She wore a low, flat cap of blue laced with silver, with the red wolf fastening a heron plume floating from it; her hands were covered by gloves of delicately tanned leather.

Having first removed the king's battle-ax from the saddle-bow, and having assisted him to mount by holding the stirrup, Hohenzollern turned to the countess. Though she was a woman of splendid proportions, he lifted her from the ground with ease and placed her upon the saddle of the palfrey which had been prepared for her, taking opportunity at the same time to press a kiss upon the soft leather boot which covered the shapely foot she thrust into the stirrup. Then he turned to his own horse, and albeit he was clad in full armor, leaped from the ground into the saddle without difficulty. A few hasty arrangements were made, the ranks ordered, directions were given, and then the cavalcade started forth through the gateway in the castle wall.

Conrad and Matilda led the way. After them came six men-at-arms, then the king, attended by old Degerberg, who seemed like his watchful shadow. On each side of these two were three more men-at-arms, while the remainder of the band, including several spare animals laden with supplies, brought up the rear. As they filed out of the gate, Degerberg took in the little army in swift survey. One was missing. Which one? He looked again, rapidly scanning each figure illumined by the light cast from two huge blazing cressets suspended over the gateway of the castle. Then he called out loudly to the count riding a few paces ahead:

"Your Lordship, we are not all here!"

The count reined in his steed instantly.

"Who is missing?" he cried.

"The Italian, sir."

"I suspected him, you remember," said Matilda, promptly, woman-like.

"Know ye aught of him, any of ye,

men?" Hohenzollern asked, facing his little army.

"Your Lordship, he did say," answered one of the men, hesitatingly, "while we were waiting in the hall, that we could drive a good bargain with Duke Henry of Saxony for the emperor."

"The foul dog!" exclaimed the count, hotly.

"T would be a noble ending to an act of treachery, Sir Count," said the king, softly, "and would remove thee from our ban, which never hung heavier over thy head than at this moment."

"Will your Majesty give me leave?" answered Hohenzollern, disdaining a reply to the innuendo. "What answer made you?" he asked, turning toward the man.

"That we were your Lordship's men and the emperor was your prisoner."

"Good! And what became of him after that?"

"I can tell, may it please your Lordship," answered the majordomo, who had stood in the gateway to watch the party go forth. "He came down perhaps half an hour before the rest of ye, and took horse and rode away, saying, when I questioned him, that you had despatched him upon an important errand."

"Ha!" remarked the count, sternly. "Which way did he turn when he crossed the drawbridge?"

"To the west, sir."

"And what sought he in that direction?"

"Henry the Lion's power lies yonder," answered old Degerberg, pointing west. "So I learned this morning."

"Is 't so. Rode he rapidly, Sir Steward? Did he appear pressed for time?"

"He went at the full speed of his horse, my lord."

"This looks ill, countess, for our plans; but the greater need to press on, then," cried the count. "Forward, the array."

An instant after, the trampling hoofs of the foremost horseman struck the drawbridge over the moat. During this colloquy the Hohenzollern and the Countess Matilda had turned back to the gate from the head of the line, and now rode last. The road separated as it left the drawbridge. One road led east, another west, a third plunged straight to the south through the blackness of the gloomy forest which stretched leagues away in every direction.

"Turn we to the east or to the west, my lord?" called out old Hans, the leading soldier.

There seemed to be a momentary hesita-

tion before the reply came. The heart of the king stood still for a second. Henry the Lion, he knew, would give anything to get possession of his person, and then good-bye to empire and all his dreams.

"To the south," said the count, briefly; and in that decision he laid up in the king's mind treasure for himself against future need. But the emperor said nothing; nay, as Hohenzollern rode along the line to regain his place, he even stopped him.

"You lose a chance, my lord count," he said. "Know you not that the Lion of Saxony would pay well for my head? Why not carry thy treachery to its natural end, sir, and have done?"

"My liege, I am no traitor. I do not take thee prisoner to do thee harm. Perish that thought! I fight only for two things men have ever cherished—life and love. Grant but these, and I am your Majesty's loyal servant as before."

"And you have jeopardized your knightly honor by striking against your king."

"One word, sire, and you are free."

"While the king 's a prisoner, he speaks no word."

"And doth the king speak of honor?" interrupted the countess, bitterly and with meaning. "Doth the king forget the charge my father the count laid upon his honor when he gave me into his wardship?"

"A heavy charge indeed, lady, and a dangerous one for any man, be he king or commoner. I fail to see in what way I am faulted. I did indeed say—but I conceive that I have atoned in knightly fashion in offering you my hand."

"You put the man I love under your ban, and for no reason but that I loved him, and he me," replied the countess, quickly. "Was that knightly done, my sire?"

"And your Majesty assails my honor," broke in Hohenzollern, fiercely. "I am a masterless man by the writing and seal on yonder torn parchment in the hall, and I owe allegiance nowhere—unless it be here," turning to the countess. "If your Majesty but—"

"Peace, Sir Count!" said the emperor, overwhelmed by these verbal attacks. "Do you intend to punish as well as prison me, by forcing me to listen to your arguments? Ride to the head of your column and leave me alone with the silent, faithful Degerberg."

He smiled bitterly at his own sarcastic words.

"Your Majesty speaks like an emperor and not a prisoner."

"Sir, I am an emperor! While the king lives he wears the crown. Rash men may hold the hand that sways the scepter, but—it is the king's hand still."

They were deep in the forest by this time, and as they moved along the dark road, illumined here and there by little patches of moonlight shining down through the black arches of the giant trees, at the suggestion of Degerberg the count sent old Hans and another man far ahead along the road, and extended two more on each side, lest he should be taken by surprise. The little party drew close together, and each man bared his weapon. To the right of them lay the army of the Duke of Saxony, Henry the Lion; to the left and farther away, that of the emperor: their only course was to plunge boldly between the two camps, and endeavor to get so far into the forest by the morning that the possibility of catching them, when their adventure was discovered, would be faint indeed.

They could, of course, wander off the road into the trackless depths of the forest at any time, but as they were yet so near to its border, they would thereupon inevitably be found and captured without difficulty by any pursuers. They could make faster progress by keeping to the main road, and when they gained sufficient distance they could then seek concealment in the very heart of the ancient wood. They trotted forward rapidly, therefore, and each moment, as they supposed, drew farther from the place of peril.

For the most part they rode in silence. The men said nothing; the emperor was equally reticent, and, save for a whispered word or two between the count and Matilda from time to time, the only sound that broke the silence was the patter of the horses' feet upon the ground and the perpetual clinking of the armor. They had been riding for a mile or so when the rapid gallop of another horse, coming down the road toward them at such a speed that he made a greater noise than their own group, apprised them of the advent of a man. Hohenzollern rode to the front, sword in hand, bidding the others to halt in the shadow and remain on guard. The man approaching proved to be one of his own band.

"My lord," he said softly, "we have taken a foot-soldier who burst upon us through the trees yonder. He says he bears tidings for your Lordship."

"Where is he?"

"The sergeant Hans brings him along. I galloped back to warn your Lordship."

"T is well. Let us turn to meet him."

A few rods farther they came upon old Hans on horseback, with another soldier walking nonchalantly by his side. They were in a little open glade, and the moonlight made the place like day.

THE AMBITION OF THE DUKE.

IN a pleasant meadow hard by the Black Forest, and only a few miles from Voburg, the soldiers of the Duke of Saxony lay encamped about the gorgeous pavilion of their master. They had reached their resting-places after a long, hard, all-day march, and they were correspondingly weary.

Although it was yet somewhat early in the evening, the nobles and knights had retired to their tents to get as much sleep as possible before they were called to arms, for it was rumored that the duke had set the march for an unusually early hour in the morning. Their esquires and pages had performed those body services which the custom of the time made necessary, and were themselves reposing in such positions as their stations required, where experience had taught them that they could best keep guard over their masters and be at hand in any sudden emergency.

The hardy men-at-arms, and especially the foot-soldiery and the followers of the camp, equally worn out, disposed themselves to rest where they could, unsheltered by any tent from the chill of the night air; those who possessed them covered themselves with their horse-blankets, using their saddles for pillows, while others found a partial protection under their superimposed shields; but most of the common men, without protection or other covering than the clothing they wore, lay crowded around the smoldering fires of the camp.

Off to one side, the high-mettled chargers of the knights were tethered, next to them the stout horses of the men-at-arms, and farther away the pack-animals of the army were picketed. The whole encampment was surrounded by watchful guards, pacing to and fro, with weapons ready at hand. They were in the enemy's country, and it behooved them to keep faithful and vigilant ward.

In the tent of the duke, easily distinguished by its size and the drooping banner above it, which, if the light had permitted, could have been seen to bear an emblazonry of the roses of Saxony, a light was still burning. Before the entrance a stout man-

at-arms in full war-gear stood leaning upon a huge unsheathed sword the blade of which sparkled in the light cast by the flames of the fire in front of the tent.

Within the canvas walls the most powerful prince in Germany paced uneasily up and down its narrow confines. The rather feeble and flickering light from a metal lamp,—spoil of some far-Eastern foray, or purchased from some Hebrew trader,—which hung from the ridge-pole of the tent, fell upon a young man about twenty-three years of age. He was very blond of hair and blue of eye, ruddy-cheeked, proud, royal in his bearing, a man of splendid physique, whose perfect proportions were revealed by the undress he wore, for he had laid aside his heavy armor in preparation for the night. His robe of gray was breasted with the same roses which were embroidered on his flag and which were painted on the polished surface of the shield leaning against his armor piled upon a chair off to one side. Upon a table lay his war-helmet and sword. A rude cot covered with skins and blankets completed the furniture of his pavilion.

The prince was alone in the tent. He had dismissed his gentlemen from the curtained apartments communicating with his own, for he did not desire either the eye or the ear of friend or servitor upon him in these meditations in which he would endeavor to determine upon a course of action suited to that crisis in his fortunes which rose before him. As he walked to and fro he thought deeply, and sometimes he spoke softly to himself, suiting action to word—a dangerous habit which years and experience would teach him to avoid. Disjointed thought and broken speech, commingled, are here set down, connected in the telling.

"Curses on him," he murmured, "that he should have all and I nothing! German King that is, and, unless it be speedily prevented, Emperor and Roman Cæsar that shall be. And why? Is he better born than I? Hath he a stronger arm than this?" he continued, lifting his clenched hand and shaking it in the air. "Is he younger, handsomer, braver, better bred? Hath he more wit, higher courage, stouter heart? Is Swabia entitled by any right divine to take precedence of Saxony? Can his head plan more wisely than mine? Are his hands stronger to guide the empire than these?"

He stopped and struck his hand upon the table impatiently and angrily. After a little silence he continued:

"Shall I submit to the cowardice of a

fool, to the trickery of a knave which gave him the deciding vote over me when the free and sovereign electors were met in Diet at Frankfort to find a lodgment for the crown of empire? Doth the word of one man,—wretched weakling, traitor, crafty, scheming churchman,—repairing to that election pledged a thousand times to me, make this very man a god, put him on a pinnacle to dazzle the world, whilst I remain his 'dear cousin of Saxony,' his 'most loyal vassal,' his 'young and trusted'—pah!

"Yet—yet—the law we have struggled to make, and hold for our own, the privilege, nay, the right, as free princes of the empire, of electing here in our beloved Germany who shall rule over us. My father fought for it, died for it; and shall I, his son, be the first to break it? The law! Ah, but the empire! 'T is a dazzling stake. Shall I lose the crown, and not even gain mine ancient duchy of Bavaria? Shall he win all and I nothing?

"It hath been borne to me these past months that there is whisper of divorce in the air of the court at Waiblingen. Whither tendeth that? I trow toward the fair Matilda, without doubt. Shall he enjoy the wife, too, that I fain would have? When I bade her to my duchy to wear the coronet by my side, she looked me full in the eyes from under her level brows and, with a blunt word of thanks, said, 'No!' By the mass! I turned as red as mine own roses to be so flouted—and by a woman!"

He laughed bitterly at the thought, and then his quick mind took up the train again:

"'T is true this Swabian duke fared scarce better than I, but then, he offered her the dubious position of a mistress. She spurned it royally. Aye, but what will her answer be if he is free and approaches her with an imperial crown in his hand instead of the paltry bauble of a duchess? They say she loves that soldier of fortune Hohenzollern, and, by the mass! I think 't is true. I did mark the heave of her bosom, the color that came and went in her cheek, the light in her eyes, when she looked on him, seeing naught of my observance; another rival—but he's easily disposed of. There be a dozen men-at-arms who can cut him down. But will she keep to him in the face of the crown? Nay; the king only is to be feared.

"A proved soldier, too, and I, they say, a boy! Well, 't is but another cause whereby I hate him. First in war—and love! Beshrew me! Love is for the peasant; ambition is the god that sits beneath my helm. Yet the Lady Matilda is passing fair. She is alone

in the world, her dower great. There is no such maiden in all Germany. I would she were mine. A wife were something sweet, they say. Shall he have her as well? There's the count—aye; but can she resist the imperial diadem? How if I should proffer it?

"Lion of Saxony, thou art a fool, a craven, if thou dost permit him to go unchallenged. But what to do? Aye, that's the question. Curses on my dull brain! I can think of naught but to move against him with my power and put the issue to the hazard of the field; and any fool might contrive a better plan, meseems. But what else to do I know not. So I'll strike. 'T is not the first time the sword has won the world.

"Beyond Voburg the emperor's party lies, in numbers equal to my own. We march at daybreak; and if, as I do believe, he doth the same, we'll meet at the castle, and there will be merry jousting and bloody play 'neath the fair Matilda's windows. Stop; I would better send a party to secure the tower. 'T is but lightly held. Her men are with the Swabian. Holding it, I have a refuge; 't is a point gained if—I fear no man, but—perchance I should fail! Fail! Then vanish riches, vanish dreams of empire, vanish power, vanish love! Yet, before that hap, I swear my roses will be reddened with another hue, and the lion-leopards shall not come off scatheless!

"I would that there were some other way, though, that I could catch this emperor on the wing! Holding him, the rest were easy. If I wring not an abdication from him, force him to do my will, when I have him in my hand—why, there are daggers in Saxony, and all of them are mine."

He paused long at this moment, and thought deeply, a flush of shame rising in his cheek in spite of himself at his un-knightly proposition.

"Shame on thee, Henry, shame!" he murmured. "Strike thy foe openly in the field an thou wilt. Nay, I'll do no murder. Yet I would that I might seize him. He should not 'scape me. And that traitorous bishop whose vote lost me the election! He shall have business elsewhere when we meet again—in hell, for aught I care. I'll see to it. Oh, ambition, thou art my god! And one man stands in my way. The Red-beard I find where'er I turn. 'T is dangerous to bar the path of the Saxon Lion. Well, now to seize the tower! Without, there, the guard!" he called sharply.

The hangings parted instantly—so

quickly, in fact, that a man less preoccupied than young Henry would have suspected too near an ear, too close a watch, over his person.

"Ha, Sergeant Dietrick, is it thou?" exclaimed the duke, as the soldier stopped before him and saluted. "Send us hither the captain of our guards."

The soldier saluted again, and turned on his heel and stepped out of the tent. Before he had gone two steps the under officer in charge of the sentries approached him. He was followed by two archers, who held between them another man indistinguishable in the darkness.

"Whom have ye here?" cried the sergeant, promptly barring the way with his sword. "Stand fast where ye be."

"The officer of the guard," responded the other, "bringing a man who would fain see the duke—a prisoner. He approached the lines a moment since, halted when challenged, and declared that he came upon an errand vital to the happiness of our lord."

"The duke sees no wandering stranger now; no vagabond soldiers get access to him at this hour of the night. Keep him in ward until the morning."

"Nay, brave sir," interrupted the prisoner, eagerly, the harsh German softened by accents which told of nurture under the sunny skies of Italy. "Say you not so, I beg of you! My business is most pressing; 't will not wait till morning. Bar me at your peril, gentlemen; I must see his Highness. 'T is life and death—and more."

"I care not," answered Dietrick. "I have strict orders to permit no one to enter, on pain of death, and even now you let me from my pressing errand. Take him away. The duke may see him in the morning an it be his pleasure."

The officer nodded to his man and turned away. The Italian, however, lifted up his voice until it rang through the camp.

"I must see the duke," he called out. "I come from Voburg."

"What is the meaning of this unseemly brawling at dead of night in our camp?" cried Henry, coming out of his tent, attracted by that last word.

"Your Royal Highness," cried the Italian, "an audience, I beseech! I have news of importance! I crave speech with thee!"

"This is no time for an audience. You heard our orders. We will hear thee in the morning. Take him away."

"But Voburg, my lord—I come from Voburg!"

There might be something in this, flashed into the mind of the young noble. He would hear this man further. It were best to neglect no point in the game.

"Ha, say you so?" he asked at last.

"Aye, my good lord; and what I have to tell thee cannot wait."

The duke hesitated and looked keenly at the man.

"What cognizance is this on thy breast?"

"T is the stag of Hohenzollern, sir."

"The servant of Barbarossa?"

"And the lover of the Lady Matilda, sir."

"Came you from him, sirrah? Hath he the rare effrontery to send an embassy to us?"

"In despite of him, sir, I come. I beseech you to hear me! There is more in this than you dream. An empire—" he whispered, stepping nearer the duke.

"Disarm him, sergeant," said the duke, after reflecting a moment, as his curiosity got the better of him, "and send him within the tent. You, Dietrick, say naught to the captain of our guards for the present. Stay here and keep close watch. Who's this approaching?" he added, as another soldier came up and saluted.

"I relieve the guard, your Highness. T is the hour," answered the approaching soldier.

"T is well. Do you stand ten paces in front of the tent, and permit no one to approach it nearer, under pain of death. You, Dietrick, will serve us yet a little longer before you go to rest. Take post in the rear of the tent the same distance away. We would have speech with this man alone. Alone, I say. Therefore, mark ye that none o'erhears us. Follow me, sirrah," he said to the Italian, whose weapons meanwhile had been taken from him by the guards. "The rest of you back to your posts, and keep good watch."

TEMPTER AND TEMPTED.

As the two men-at-arms assumed their designated positions Henry and the prisoner entered the tent.

"Thou art an Italian, I take it from thy accent," said the duke, sitting on a stool by the table upon which his sword lay, while the other, in obedience to a gesture, remained standing respectfully before him.

"Yes, your Highness."

"And thy name?"

"Ser Giovanni di Fierenze, messire."

"And you serve the Hohenzollern by that cognizance on your breast?"

"Not now, your Highness."

"Who, then?"

"I am masterless to-night; to-morrow I trust to wear the roses of Saxony—and follow an emperor."

The duke started violently.

"Saxony hath no need to enlist under his banner every seeking wanderer that comes across his path, sirrah," he said disdainfully.

"Still I venture to hope that an exception may be made for me, my lord."

"And that other word—here is no place to follow an emperor. I care not who knoweth it, but service with me will not bring thee into the train of Frederick of Hohenstaufen."

"Had I sought that, my lord, I should have turned to the east when I 'scaped over the drawbridge at Voburg."

"What mean you?"

"I—my lord, 't is a strange tale, and I—"

"Be brief, man! We have but little time to waste."

"My lord, at Voburg dwells the Countess Matilda alone."

"Thy news is old."

"Aye, my lord, but not this. To-night came there Count Hohenzollern and his band, I in his following."

"Well, what of it?"

"His Majesty the emperor hath put him under the ban of the empire, sir."

"And one good deed for the Barbarossa, too."

"And the young count, being desperate in fortune and crossed in love, hath conceived a cunning plan. The emperor comes to Voburg to-night."

"Comes he with force to seize the castle?"

"Nay, sir; alone, to play at making love, and perchance to seize the fair Matilda as well."

"A fool, a double fool, to hazard so much—all, and for a woman! What woman that the sun shines on—or the rain rains on, for that matter—is worthy of the risk?"

"True, my lord. None, as I think it, but—"

"I divine thy thought, knave," interrupted the duke; "thou wouldest have me march thither."

"If you did that, Sir Duke, you would find the cage empty and the birds flown."

"How is that, Sir Plotter?"

"Count Hohenzollern takes the emperor by force—"

"T is treason!"

"Dost thou find that a harsh word, my lord?"

"Proceed with thy story and question me no further," replied the duke, flushing with anger at this shrewd interruption.

"With the Countess Matilda by his side they ride far to-night, seeking an asylum in—"

The Italian stopped suddenly.

"And thou wouldest have me march against the emperor's force, which, leaderless, I may the more easily master; and then?"

"Saving your grace," answered the Italian, smiling disdainfully in the dim light, "canst think of no better plan than that? The emperor—"

"Ha!" cried the duke, as the idea came to him, "we will intercept them! Whither go they? What force hath the count with him? Quick, thy answer!"

"First, lord, my reward."

"True. Why hast thou done this?"

"I would fain follow a man who is neither a fool nor an outlaw, messire. Though a soldier of Italy, I am a philosopher, too. The fortune of the Hohenzollern is unmade forever, being under the ban of the empire, and having struck against his king; and I think, if what men say of thee be true, that the crown to-night slips from Barbarossa's head. It hurts my pride to serve one of inferior worth, sir. On the horizon of Germany I see but one man who hath the wit and power to be its master. And the Countess Matilda is too fair and noble to wed with any but the best. I would fain wear the roses of the Saxon, my lord," replied the Italian, bowing gracefully before the young prince while thus adroitly playing upon his weaknesses.

"Is that all?"

"Nay, messire."

"What more?"

"The poor followers of Count Hohenzollern are but ill provided, although he hath a lavish hand. I would fain have the wardship of some snug little castle which I may hold for your Highness."

"Hast done?"

"And the belt of a knight, so it please your princely grace."

"Ha! Art nobly born?"

"I think so, sir, if I may believe the tales of my lady mother, although my father's name be held from me," replied the man, unabashed at the confession, and indeed laughing mockingly in a way which irritated the duke extremely.

"By the mass, thou traitorous dog!" cried

Henry, turning to the man in sudden fury, the culmination of much repression, "there is base blood in thee somewhere, else thou wouldest neither abandon thy master in his adversity nor betray thy lawful monarch in his peril. Seekest thou reward, thou impudent dog? I spare thy life—"

"And does the Lion of Saxony so lightly renounce his ambition? Hath he, too, not sworn allegiance, nay, was he not one of the very body to elect the Duke of Swabia to the throne, and all under the law? I swear our cases differ little, sir, and your Lordship hath mistaken the note of baseness," replied Giovanni, boldly; and then, changing his tactics, he continued: "There is not a soldier in the land doth not say thou shouldst have been the emperor. Raise the standard when thou hast possession of Frederick, and—"

"T is treason, slave!"

"What 's treason, sir? A word, a trifle—unless it spell a failure."

"I—I will seize him for the good of the state—if I do it," said the duke, weakly.

"Precisely, messire; and I give you opportunity—for the good of the state."

"A truce to this wordy babbling! Where have they ta'en him? Where is he now to be found?"

"Your Lordship will know—when I have your Lordship's promise of my reward."

"Darest thou beard me, base-born?" cried the duke, seizing his sword from the table and rising suddenly.

"My secret perisheth with me," answered Ser Giovanni, quailing inwardly from the menacing point at his throat, but preserving, nevertheless, a bold front. "And if thy blade take my life, sir, then my tidings be gone, and I believe there is no cunning in Saxony that can entice the story once it 'scapes that way."

The duke hesitated, but he was plainly helpless. Gnashing his teeth in rage at his futile position, he threw down the sword.

"Have thy way!" he cried furiously. "The manor of Wiltenstein shall be thine; six thousand pieces of gold shall be paid thee by my treasurer; and I will cause thee to be made a knight when we have captured Barbarossa. Now where is he? See that you serve me well, or you shall find that I can punish as heavily as I can reward generously."

"I realize your generosity, indeed, from your kindly deed and gracious speech, sir; and your Highness pledges these gifts upon your princely word."

"Upon my word, by my ducal coronet.
Art satisfied?"

"I am, and—I salute thee, king and emperor—aye, Cæsar that is to be!" cried the

of his fellow-traitor greatly soothed his soul, in which the really good instincts of the man had been fighting against the proposed treachery. However, having settled the



"THE RAPID GALLOP OF ANOTHER HORSE . . . APPRISED THEM OF THE ADVENT OF A MAN." (SEE PAGE 260.)

Italian, falling on his knee and kissing the Saxon's hand.

Henry frowned darkly and almost immediately withdrew his hand; it was evident that his association with this subtle scoundrel was not pleasant, though the gross flattery

question of his action, he endeavored to dismiss his scruples from his mind as he asked:

"Now, thy tidings. Whither do they ride?"

"Into the Black Forest, my lord."

"In what direction?"



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS," CRIED THE ITALIAN, "AN AUDIENCE, I BESEECH!" (SEE PAGE 262.)

"To the southward, by the old road."

"What force?"

"The Count Hohenzollern, Degerberg, his esquire and captain, some twenty stout men-at-arms, the king, and the Countess Matilda."

"Where may they best be intercepted?"

"Sir, if you move at once, at the Witches' Dale; but there's no time to be lost."

"Without, there!" called Henry, promptly realizing the need of haste. "Send Count Eginhard to me! Bid our esquires and gentlemen attend us immediately! Call thither the captain of our guards! Gentlemen," he said, as the various officials, scarcely stopping to dress in the urgency of their summons, burst into the tent, "arm yourselves for battle. Count Eginhard, I turn the

camp over to you. At four o'clock in the morning put the men in array and start the vaward for Voburg. We'll meet thee there. Let all be armed and ready for battle. Captain von Gluymer, summon one hundred and fifty of the very boldest riders and hardest fighters among your company to attend our person immediately! See they be full armed, too. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to his squires, "arm me with haste. We ride into the Black Forest to-night for an empire and perchance for a wife. Thou comest, too, Ser Giovanni; therefore arm thyself. Soldiers, see that he escape not, on thy life!"

In obedience to the duke's commands, the officers hastened to fulfil the various direc-

tions that had been laid upon them. In the confusion attendant upon the sudden call to arms, no one noticed Dietrick crawling away in the darkness. While he had been supposed to be on guard at the rear of the tent, he had passed his watch, lying on the earth with his face close to the canvas, listening with all his ears.

He was able to secure a horse, taking care that it was a good one, and slipping by the sentries unnoticed, galloped down the road that led through the forest at the top of his speed. He had a good long start over the duke's party, having no preparations to make, and he raced madly along in the darkness like one possessed, sparing neither self nor steed.

(To be continued.)



THE VOICE OF ENGLAND.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

NOW that the jealous mists have cleared away,
Out of the sweetness of her mighty heart
She finds a thousand modes in which to say:
"Think me not cold! Long leagues are we apart,
But, by the common blood within our veins,
I hold as mine your pleasure or your pains.

"Behold, I sorrow for your leader dead
Even as though he were in truth mine own.
My streets are dark with mourning. I have wed
Trust to affection for thee. We have grown
To perfect amity. No hate can breed
Where mutual loves a mutual faith concede.

"I read within thy young and splendid eyes
All the immortal heights which thou shalt reach.
And art thou not of me? A drear surprise
It were to Nature if thy very speech
Thrilled me not deeply, or if all that Fate
Brings unto thee did not to me relate."

So, in this evil hour, be hers the song
Of tender friendship which shall rouse our soul
From bitter brooding over woe and wrong,
Rouse us to face the day and make us whole.
For, howe'er great our loss in him now gone,
Deathless the bright Republic still lives on!



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, MADE FOR "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" AT CANTON IN DECEMBER, 1866.

W. H. Whitney

IMPRESSIONS OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS OPINIONS ON RECIPROCITY.

BY JOHN A. KASSON.

THE future historian will celebrate the statesmanship of President McKinley. Our immediate, all-engrossing memory is of the man and the friend we have lost. We are still mourners.

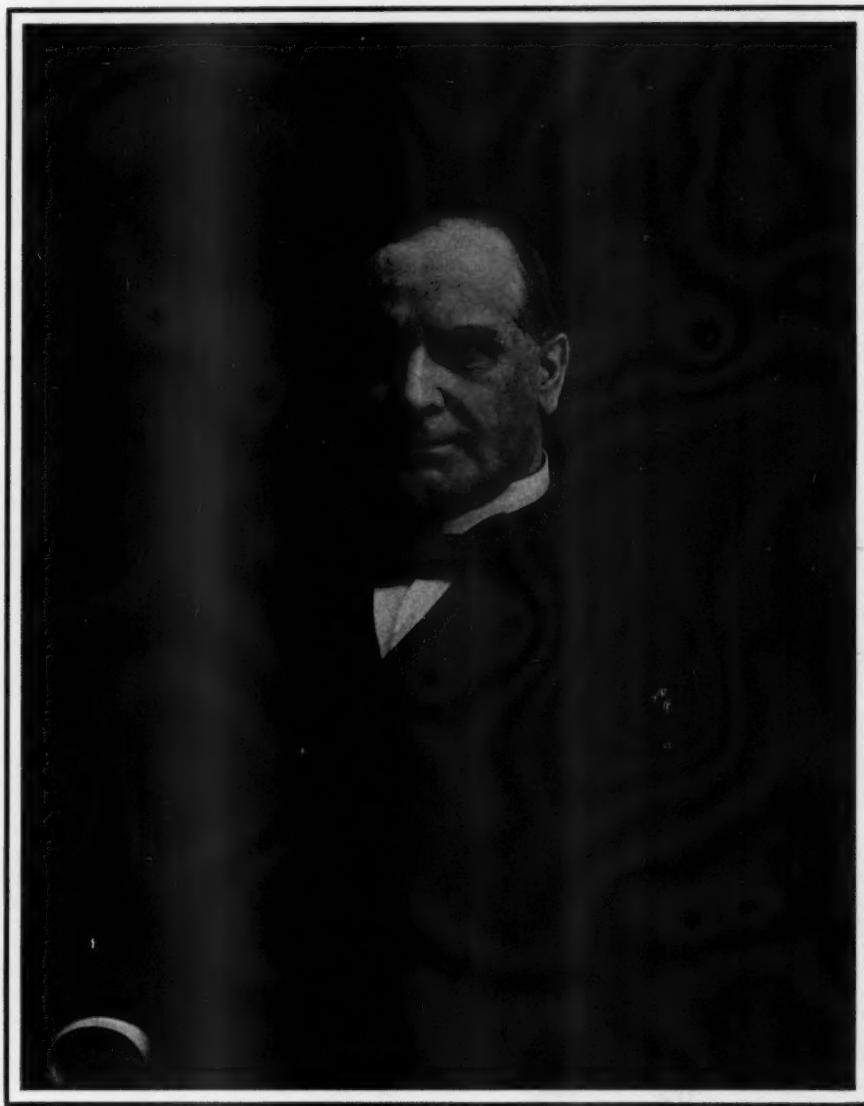
The popular appreciation of President McKinley's character was at first of slow growth. He was born among the farmers of Ohio in 1843, and was trained in a public school, a country academy, and a Western college. At the still boyish age of eighteen he displayed one of the great qualities which characterized all his later life. He proved his love of country by enlistment as a private in the first year of the great war, and stood firmly by the colors until the war closed with the triumph of the Union. He then returned to a peaceful and studious life with the brevet rank of major, conferred on him for gallantry by President Lincoln. His chosen profession was the law, and his first public position was that of prosecuting attorney for the county in which he lived. This was followed, in 1876, by an election to Congress.

Here for the first time he was subjected to the scrutiny of the national eye. Without passion, without prejudice, without eagerness,—qualities which usually characterize the youthful politician,—he bore himself steadily and with a uniform courtesy alike toward friends and political opponents until he was advanced to the leadership of the House, as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. As one of his colleagues in the House of Representatives I well remember his courteous manner, his flow of candid speech, his patience under interruption by more excitable members. He always answered by truthful statement or conscientious argument, not by sharp and impatient repartee, as was our more common custom in that numerous assembly. Candor and kindness appeared to be instincts of his nature. His breast gave no shelter to malice or anger. In return, neither wrath nor an-

tipathy ever found expression against that patient and courteous gentleman; for gentle man he was in manner and in every impulse of mind and heart. When the tariff bill which bore his name was carried against strong opposition, and brought to him an enlarged personal fame throughout the country, there was no demand on his part for the plaudits of the people, no boasting of his achievement. It was for him simply an incident in the daily performance of duty. When an adverse political majority in the legislature of his State so changed the boundaries of his congressional district as to leave his political friends in a minority, he patiently and persistently fought the electoral fight, and nearly won it; but still no anger, no wrathful denunciation of the enemy came from his lips. It was simply another incident in the day's work. The State speedily changed its political policy, and twice elected him its governor, but no expressions of personal triumph fell from his lips. This, too, was in the day's work. It was his duty to administer well the government of the State, and he did his duty. He was sent to a national convention to aid in the nomination for the Presidency of a particular candidate. In the development of the struggle it was found that this candidate to whom he was pledged (Senator Sherman) could not succeed, and he was urged himself to accept the nomination. He stubbornly refused, and asserted his unconditional loyalty to the candidate for whose support the constituency had sent him. A financial misfortune befell him, and he became liable for a friend's debts. There was no evasion or attempted resistance. All his modest resources were voluntarily surrendered to the creditors of another. He was once more in the ranks of the poor, from whom he was never far removed; but he still lifted himself up before the world, an honest, upright citizen with an untarnished name, and with a moral character approaching the ideal of human aspiration.

By this time the country had taken into its consciousness a distinct impression of the high moral qualities of William McKinley, under the all-penetrating glance of the eyes of the people.

Now, too, under the illuminating search-



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, MADE BY G. C. COX FOR "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" AT CANTON IN DECEMBER, 1895.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

and an incipient impression of his intellectual strength. In 1896 the conditions were favorable for his nomination by the Republican party to the Presidency, and he received it. Thenceforward he moved continually

light carried in the hands alike of friends and foes, the people began to talk of an exceptionally admirable trait of his domestic character, one which appealed to the tenderest sentiments of every man, matron, and

maid at every hearthstone of the nation. It was known that he had married in her youth a beautiful girl, who had worthily sustained and encouraged him in his earlier life and labors for advancement in the world, and that, after two children had been born and lost, she had become an invalid and had withdrawn from society. His intimate congressional colleagues knew that he never was a guest at dinners or other social entertainments, and that he was at home at all hours save those devoted to legislative duties. So unostentatious, however, was his devotion to the invalid that his best friends did not know the constancy of that devotion. But an electoral canvass in the United States leaves no corner of a candidate's life unilluminated. The purity and tenderness of that manly nature, his renunciation of all pleasures which she could not share, his unceasing and gentle ministrations for her welfare and pleasure, his devoted companionship in her affliction, and her reciprocal admiration for and devotion to him—all this, somehow, became known at the firesides of the people, and tinged all their thoughts of the candidate with the warmth of affectionate sentiment.

The American family is the primary unit of the State. The virtue of the family is security for the virtue of the State. This virtue, so beautifully illustrated in the household of the candidate, went very far in winning the confidence of the honest people. Nor was the nation called upon to modify its admiration during all the years and all the temptations of the White House. It does not yet know the full extent and delicacy and self-sacrifice of that unobtrusive devotion. There is material in it for a whole volume of poems. Did the request for his attention come to him in the midst of the composition of the most important documents, or even when presiding in a Cabinet meeting, he would rise and go to the invalid with unvarying patience and infinite gentleness. It was an example which even sin respects and the criminal can admire. It is not surprising that from the conspicuous elevation of the Executive Mansion knowledge of this exceptional domestic relationship should have passed unobserved beyond our geographical boundaries and reached even the people and courts of Europe. It has undoubtedly given a touch of unprecedented warmth to their expressions of sympathy in our bereavement. As we recall many incidents of this phase of the President's life, and the inevitable limitations it

imposed on him, all of which he accepted without a murmur, again well up irrepressibly the fountains of our tears.

There was another distinguishing feature of that Presidential campaign which indicates his high sense of duty, and which should be remembered to the honor of our late President. His opponent had a special gift of popular oratory. He traversed the country for the solicitation of support, and made a record in this respect without a precedent. The issues were among the most vital and important ever submitted to the country. His political friends were alarmed at the apparent enthusiasm aroused, and many desired that Mr. McKinley, himself an engaging and impressive speaker, should also "take the stump." This he would not do. None of our earlier and great Presidents had set such an example. The responsibilities of the great office were too high to be the object of a personal solicitation by the candidate.

Nearly all the modern aspirants who had made even a partial experiment in that way had failed of approval by the people. Whatever politicians may think, the great American electorate has so just an opinion of the exalted duties and responsibilities of the Chief Executive office that it cannot tolerate the idea of the selfish seeking of it. The candidate they admire is the one so fit for the office that the people demand him, not he the office. McKinley stood firmly with the plain people in this opinion. On such questions as the people presented to him he would be heard; but it must be from his own door-steps.

And the unique spectacle was presented in this campaign for the first time of great delegations calling on the candidate, and hearing his opinions on public policy upon the grounds of his own home. The traveling candidate and solicitor of votes failed largely of the popular approval of his course, while the more modest home-staying candidate received the honor of that great office.

In 1900 the same candidates were again presented, and they respectively pursued the same contrasted lines of action, except that President McKinley now submitted himself to the judgment of the people on the record of his public administration, without speeches at home or abroad. Again the popular verdict was for him, and even more triumphantly than before. The responsible majority of the American people thinks, while the excitable minority shouts.

I wish to add emphasis to his conduct in these two campaigns, because it should be

reckoned among the great services rendered by him to his country that he has set so high an example for the people in respect to their candidates for the Presidency. For, surely, when the personal character and fitness of a candidate for the chief office under the Constitution are so little known to the people that they must depend for proof on his personal advocacy of himself, then, indeed, will our government lose its nobility in our own eyes, and also forfeit that respect and confidence of foreign governments which have been so conspicuously won by the golden administration of the dear President we have lost.

Softly brilliant among the qualities which illustrated the personal character of the President—it is the luster of the perfect pearl rather than that of the diamond—was notably his unselfishness. It was apparent, of course, in his intimate family relationship. But it extended far beyond this. He could not be persuaded to recommend to Congress any appropriation which might be interpreted as inspired by self-interest. Congress and the country know how the Executive Mansion, originally intended only as the Presidential family residence, has gradually been absorbed for official and public uses, until there is not a single guest-room left when the mansion is occupied by a family of ordinary numbers. The privacy of a home within it has become impossible. When a foreign sovereign or his princely representative has visited the capital of our republic the national hospitality could find no expression except in the corridors of a public hotel.

On one occasion, when personal friends of a President were invited to stay at the White House during the scenes of an inauguration, some of them were obliged to take the hospitality of a night's repose on the floor of the mansion. Nevertheless, our late President, though strongly urged, could not be persuaded to ask Congress to undertake the work of its enlargement at a time when it might be construed to involve the question of his own comfort and convenience. When he entered the White House he was a poor man, without the smallest reserve of fortune for his family or old age. The country would not have censured reasonable economies in the hospitality of the mansion with a view to save from the salary of the office a modest competence for the demands of after years; for our people do not like to see their ex-Presidents descend into the scramble of business life, with its chances of tarnish upon their fame.

But the President whose virtues we commemorate, entertained no such selfish thoughts. Never in my half-century's acquaintance with the White House have I known such generous and unselfish hospitality as that which distinguished the official term of the man for whom we are mourning.

In close companionship with that virtue of unselfishness was another, the very twin brother of it. If you ask the hundreds of notable men who were frequent and solicitous visitors at the official mansion what quality of his character was the most remarkable in a man of his many cares and anxieties, the large majority will answer, patience, an indomitable, unvarying patience.

In all the various demands for the exercise of his many constitutional powers, in the presence of conflicting interests and urgent representations, he preserved his serenity of manner and gave a patient audience. Outside his own official household only members of the Cabinet had the right of immediate admission to the audience-chamber. Waiting representatives, senators, and others in official and private life must await their turn. The waiting numbers were often so large that impatience and nervous irritation seized them in the long delay, and when they were summoned they entered in a mood far from amiable. But when the President turned to them with his kindly face and tranquil manner, as if he had no burdens on his mind, and no other duty than to listen to his visitor, there was such a quieting charm in his courteous bearing that all this irritability disappeared as by magic. On one occasion, when a certain line of executive action was supposed to affect injuriously the interests of some constituents of a certain senator, the latter entered the room of audience with denunciatory remonstrances on his lips, and swelling with inward excitement. The President listened to his extravagant words, and advancing a step, put a hand on his shoulder, and said, in a tone that a gentle nurse might use to a fretful invalid, "Oh, no, no; not so bad as that, senator; not so bad as that!" And soon reason resumed its throne.

Far beyond any precedent, this last administration has furnished a volume of proof that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." None but a viperous nature could come into angry collision with this man. His unselfishness, his patience, his courtesy forbade it. There are those who say that senators are persistently absorbing the functions which

the Constitution assigns to the President, particularly in appointments to office. Not long ago an important appointment was made by the President from a State whose two influential senators had not concurred, and they called to demand its recision. We do not know what was then said, but we do know that they came away changed by the moral magic of the President to his cordial supporters. Such is the power of a nature richly endowed with the spirit of concord.

This uniform charm of demeanor was not confined to the personal intercourse of the audience-chamber. It characterized his public reception of crowds, whether composed of "society" or of the plain people. Every person, old or young, coming into his presence, the high and the low alike, received the impression of his sincerity and his truthfulness.

As would be anticipated by observant analysts of historic characters, in affairs of government his mind was not quick and confident in its conclusions. Deliberation must precede all important action on new lines of policy. There are two classes of statesmen, those of reflection and those of action. The latter are usually impatient of opposition, have strong wills and an impatient nervous organization. They demand obedience rather than considerate coöperation from their counselors. By nature they belong to monarchies. The former class naturally belongs to a republic, where personal will must be subordinate to the popular will. President McKinley was a Republican of the republic. When policies had been fully discussed and popularly developed he took his position, and after taking it maintained it firmly. He appreciated the significance of his representative character, and the necessity of a close alliance with the best public sentiment of his country. As he respected this sentiment, and the country became aware of it, the people in return began all the more to respect his opinion, and made this a large factor in coming to their own final judgment. His influence over the people's mind grew steadily from the day of his first inauguration to the day he received his crown of martyrdom. He died in full possession of the unlimited confidence of the people.

Often have they who were intimate with him observed a rumor circulated through the press organizations in respect to some important appointment, or some proposed policy, which they alone knew to be a tentative question addressed by him to public opinion. When important new questions

arose he desired to take the people into his confidence and have the benefit of their suggestions. It was a voluntary referendum, at a time when the popular mind was in a condition of tranquillity, and usually when Congress was not in session.

While he would sacrifice none of the rights of the minority, he felt that government in the republic must be maintained by the aid of parties, and that the Executive must keep in touch with the party with which he was allied. As he expected their support in Congress, so he must support them in return. When he declared in his message "our plain duty" to Porto Rico, the country was with him, but his party in Congress was divided under the influence of local and special interests. His policy could have been carried by Democratic votes added to the minority of Republicans, and he was censured for weakness in agreeing to a compromise.

Without weighing the conditions, I said to him, "Mr. President, I regret that you did not insist upon the adoption of your Porto Rican declaration." He turned his eyes upon me with a serious expression, and said: "I could not allow the Republican party in the House to be defeated by the votes of the Democratic minority." My eyes were opened. Instead of an act of weakness, his compromise was an act of foreseeing statesmanship which preserved his party in Congress from humiliation, and kept it strong for the future support of his government. And the cost of it was only a brief delay in the performance of "our plain duty."

That on great occasions President McKinley could be firmly resolute, against even an excited Congress and an excited people, was finely illustrated in his refusal to establish a reckless precedent in international relations by recognizing a wandering band of patriotic rebels in Cuba as the lawful government of the island. Every hour since the Spanish War all our people of all parties have rejoiced over the determined will which the President exhibited in that question of international duty and honor. It also won for him the high esteem of foreign governments, who then began to observe with new respect the chief of our republic.

Nor will the country soon forget its obligations to him for the unobtrusive, generous way in which he quietly pursued his purpose of a real reconciliation of sentiment with the people of the Southern States. There was no proclamation of his intention,

no bargaining for equivalents, no boasting of success. It was the expression of his sympathetic nature far more than any art of statesmanship which won hearts all the way from Maryland to Texas.

In all questions not involving points of national right and honor, all questions involving inquiries into fact and law, he was inclined to follow the advice of his responsible councilors who were charged with the respective departments of administration rather than to make his own personal decisions. In all that directly affected the interests of his great constituency he was peculiarly cautious and conservative. Perhaps his action in respect to the policy of treaties of reciprocity best illustrates his conservative methods of procedure, what I may call his Fabian statesmanship.

When he appointed his special plenipotentiary in charge of this work, in the autumn of 1897, he did it, apparently, only in the performance of a duty required by the Dingley Tariff Act, which had just been adopted. The attention of foreign governments was attracted to it very slowly. They were more occupied with their resentments over the great increase of the American tariff duties effected by the act than with the plan of relief also provided by the law. Many months were occupied with the preliminary studies and correspondence.

Later the Spanish War and its sequences intervened, and engaged all the attention of the President. His message of December, 1897, announced his appointment of a plenipotentiary to execute the reciprocity provisions of the law. He added only these sentences: "The negotiations are now proceeding with several governments, both European and American. It is believed that by a careful exercise of the powers conferred by that act some grievances of our own and of other countries may be either removed or largely alleviated, and that the volume of our commercial exchanges may be enlarged, with advantage to both contracting parties. Most desirable from any standpoint of national interest and patriotism is the effort to extend our foreign commerce."

In his message of 1898 he announced the reciprocal arrangement made with France under the third section of the Act, and added: "It has relieved a portion of our export trade from serious embarrassment. Further negotiations are now pending under Section 4 of the same act, with a view to the increase of trade between the two coun-

tries to their mutual advantage. Negotiations with other governments, in part interrupted by the war with Spain, are in progress under both sections of the Tariff Act. I hope to be able to announce some of the results of these negotiations during the present session of Congress."

In his message of 1899 he informed Congress of the signature of commercial conventions with France, Argentina, British Guiana, Barbados, Bermuda, Jamaica, Nicaragua, and Turks and Caicos islands; and in view of the expiration of the two years provided by the act for the performance of the work under the fourth section, he showed his increasing confidence in the utility of reciprocity treaties by announcing the future policy of the government in the following words: "Acting under the constitutional power of the Executive in respect to treaties, I have deemed it my duty, while observing the limitations of concession provided by the fourth section, to bring to a conclusion all pending negotiations, and submit them to the Senate for its advice and consent."

His conviction of the advantages to our commerce of the reciprocity inaugurated by Congress had so far advanced that he was now prepared, accepting the limited rate of reduction specified by Congress, to make the tentative policy of that body the continuing policy of the Executive administration in respect to commercial treaties.

In his message of 1900 he advanced his views with more positiveness, and we find in the following quotation even a tone of reprobation toward the Senate for its inaction: "The failure of action by the Senate at its last session upon the commercial conventions then submitted for its consideration and approval has caused much disappointment to the agricultural and industrial interests of the country, which hoped to profit by their provisions." After advising Congress of the additional conventions which had been signed, he added: "The policy of reciprocity so manifestly rests upon the principles of international equity, and has been so repeatedly approved by the people of the United States, that there ought to be no hesitation in either branch of the Congress in giving to it full effect."

He had been elected by increased majorities for a second term in the fall of 1900. Upon his inauguration on the 4th of March, 1901, in his formal address upon taking anew the oath of office, he once more declared his conviction in these words: "Our diversified

productions are increasing in such unprecedented volume as to admonish us of the necessity of still further enlarging our foreign markets by broader commercial relations. For this purpose reciprocal trade arrangements with other nations should in a liberal spirit be carefully cultivated and promoted."

Just before the Presidential journey to the Pacific coast which followed after the inauguration he told me of his purpose to call public attention to reciprocity in his speeches; and he did so.

After all this consultation of the people of the United States his last intimation to me was of an intention to make a stronger demand than ever before in his annual message of next December.

But he did not wait for that official occasion. The international assemblage of industrial and commercial interests at Buffalo in September gave him an earlier opportunity for the most emphatic expressions on the subject ever yet uttered by him. After a striking description of the magnitude of our production, and of our capacity to increase it, he said:

The problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more.

A mutual exchange is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past.

Commercial wars are unprofitable.

Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

And this, alas! was the final message of a great and patriotic President to the people whom he loved and who loved him. He saw clearly that the prosperity of our country, standing alone, could not endure. If other countries are impoverished they cannot buy. If increasingly prosperous they increase their purchases. It is the self-interest of every country of vast and varied production that the buying countries should grow in wealth. A nation in poverty is no purchaser, or buys little. A seller must treat his buyer fairly, or he goes elsewhere. It is of Holy Writ that the "liberal soul shall be made fat." It is equally true of the life of nations and of individuals. Witness the present condition of Spain and of Portugal, after many years of an exclusive tariff, in comparison with France and Belgium.

This lesson of international fair-dealing, combined with national industry and energy, is the dead President's last legacy to the United States. Patiently, thoughtfully, he approached his conclusions. After that, no more hesitation, no more doubt. He assumes his proper leadership. Until then he is patient, considerate, receptive. After it he becomes clear, positive, and urgent. Never since its colonial settlement has the country presented a more admirable type of American and Christian citizenship—

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

So it has come to pass that we profoundly respect the opinions of him whom we profoundly love. Both his heart and his intellect have conquered us. We trusted him in life; we trust him in his grave. Nay, not in the grave art thou, O beloved President, but warmly nested in the heart of the great republic!





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.

Theodore Roosevelt

THE PERSONALITY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

BY AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.



AVING been requested to give impressions of President Roosevelt, based on a long and intimate acquaintance, I will not dwell on a personality so attractive that it compels those who know him best to love him most, but upon certain characteristics and training calculated to fit him for the successful performance of the high trust imposed upon him.

Born of Northern father and Southern mother; commingling in his veins the blood of the English, Dutch, Scotch, and Huguenot; reared in New York, and educated in New England; living a part of his life in the far West, and a part in Washington, where all sections meet on a common plane, Theodore Roosevelt is the most catholic, cosmopolitan, and non-sectional American in public life since Henry Clay.

The youngest of our Presidents, he yet has had the advantage of more varied and peculiarly valuable preparatory training than any man who has occupied the position.

Graduating with distinction from Harvard, where the training and association are as broad and non-sectional as in any college in the land, he began early in life to study the history of his country as a preparation for his subsequent historical writings. His earlier works, "The Navy in the War of 1812," and his lives of Benton and Gouverneur Morris, demonstrated that he had mastered his country's history on the broad national lines so characteristic of his later writings.

When at a receptive age, he had useful training in practical legislation in the legislature of his native State.

His ranch life in the far West gave him an insight into Western life and thought, and his greatest historical work, "The Winning of the West," was evidence to the South and the West that no historian of those sections could have written with a more thorough appreciation of all that was best in the lives and history of the men who carried our civi-

lization over the mountains and across the plains to the Pacific than had this New Yorker educated in New England.

In his conspicuously valuable services of over six years as a civil-service commissioner, he availed himself of the exceptional opportunities to learn the practical workings of the executive departments at Washington, and by personal investigations throughout the country he gained a knowledge of the working of our postal and revenue service.

As president of the Police Board of New York he acquired a practical knowledge of the municipal government of our largest city.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, at a time when it was necessary to prepare the navy for threatened war, he mastered the problems of that great department, investigating personally the work and methods at the navy-yards, the armament and equipment of our war-ships in comparison with those of foreign navies, and the measures necessary to make the navy an efficient fighting-machine. When urged that he was going too fast with his preparations, he retorted: "There is no excuse for the existence of a navy if it is not made an efficient fighting-machine ready for an emergency."

The efficiency of the navy had been endangered by the hitherto irreconcilable differences between the line and the staff, and by the slow promotions, preventing officers from reaching positions of responsibility until they were advanced in years. A board of naval experts was appointed, with the Assistant Secretary as chairman, for the purpose of devising means of righting the evils. I was informed by a distinguished naval officer who served on that board that it was due to the admirable tact, patience, and diplomacy of the chairman that an agreement was reached, and that a bill was drawn which the chairman personally explained before the naval committees of the House and the Senate, and for which he secured favorable reports and enactment into law. It is too soon to write of the masterly work he performed in the prepa-

ration of the navy for the approaching war, or of his potential influence in the direction of the quick and decisive blows which brought the war to a speedy termination and perhaps averted threatened foreign interference.

In addition to a wide, personal acquaintance with army officers, he has acquired a knowledge of our army by active participation with it in actual war.

While serving in Washington, he was in close touch with much of the work of the scientific bureaus, and some of the men in charge of this work are among his valued personal friends. I have heard him, at some of the meetings of the scientific societies, discuss most intelligently the problems connected with the scientific investigations carried on under government supervision.

Thus we see that our youngest President has had a practical training in the civil service, in the army, and in the navy. As a working member of the board of governors of Harvard University he is in close touch with the educational methods and thought of the country. Added to this he has, as governor of the largest and richest State, had experience as an executive. This executive experience as governor of a State with a larger population than had the United States during the administrations of Washington and some of his successors was a most fitting completion of his course in practical administrative work.

Coupled with this training, he is by nature well fitted for the tasks before him. First, he has a tremendous capacity for work, and a joy in his work. Whatever he has to do is the thing he most likes to do, and it is done with enthusiasm. Recently, writing of Governor Taft's assumption of the difficult work in the Philippines, he said: "But he gladly undertook it, and he is to be considered thrice fortunate; for in this world the one thing supremely worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, to do well and worthily a piece of work the doing of which is of vital consequence to the welfare of mankind."

He disposes well and quickly of any work he may have to do, because his quick perception enables him to see almost at a glance the essential and important points, and to eliminate less important details. Then he never allows his time to be occupied or wasted when work is to be done. A judge of men, he soon gages the capacity and limitations of his subordinates, and is thus enabled to utilize their services to the greatest advantage.

Just before the outbreak of the Spanish War, when the Navy Department was purchasing yachts and ships as auxiliaries to the navy, a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt's called at the department to try to influence him to reopen a case where a certain ship had been rejected. Without hesitation Mr. Roosevelt said: "It is useless to waste your time or my time in discussing this matter, which has been intrusted to a board of naval officers, and I will positively make no recommendation contrary to the recommendation of that board. Now come and lunch with me, and we will discuss something else."

While an intensely earnest and serious man, his keen sense of humor and all-pervading cheerfulness make it a positive pleasure to work with him.

A somewhat exuberant enthusiasm, which may sometime in the past have caused the most conservative and timid element some apprehension, arises from quickness of intellect and perfect health, with excessive vital force. Men frequently get a reputation for caution and conservatism, when, in fact, their seeming deliberation may arise from low vitality, or slowness of perception. President Roosevelt, while positive and aggressive in advocating and carrying forward what he believes to be right, has little mere pride of opinion, and is as amenable to reason and argument as any man of positive convictions I have ever known.

I have never known a man who always has his faculties under such complete mastery. This enables him to read rapidly and absorb and retain from the printed page or manuscript the essential points. I have heard him dictate to his stenographer reviews of such books as Pearson's "National Life and Character" and Kidd's "Social Evolution," his comments demonstrating a complete grasp of the subjects treated. He dictates with rapidity, and when interested in his subject, walks the floor and hurls sentences at his stenographer like bolts from a catapult, each sentence so accurate in thought and construction as seldom to require correction.

He is a kind-hearted man, yet a rigid disciplinarian, and will demand a faithful and efficient discharge of public duties by public officials. I happened to be present when graduates of Harvard and other universities, and Western mining engineers, to the number of thirty or forty, collected in the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to be enlisted in the "Rough Riders" regiment. Mr. Roosevelt stood in front of his desk, while

these earnest, manly young fellows stood ranged around three sides of his office. Addressing them in his peculiarly quick, earnest manner, to the effect that they must not underestimate the dangers or difficulties they would encounter, he told them that it would probably be the roughest experience that they ever had, and he wished them to understand that after once being sworn in they must take whatever came without grumbling. "Positively, gentlemen," said he, "I will have no squealing," and he urged them, if any of them thought they could not endure the greatest hardships, to withdraw before it was too late. Then, turning to a pile of volumes of mounted infantry tactics, he said: "I will remain behind a few days and hurry forward the equipments. You, gentlemen, hurry to San Antonio, and if you do your part toward getting the men in order and licking them into shape, I promise to get you into the fight. There are not enough tactics to go round, but I will distribute these, and you must read and study them on the cars." Calling out their names, he hurled the books at the men so fast that several would be in the air at once, the men catching them on the fly. I could see in their faces that every one of them was ready to follow him to the death.

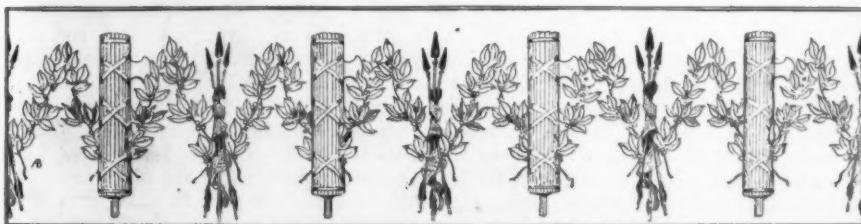
He has always favored those policies at home and abroad which he believes will best advance the well-being of America and the best interests of civilization and humanity throughout the world. He is an expansionist because, as he said in a speech, "expansion does not necessarily bring war; it ultimately brings peace"; or, as Fiske puts it, "Obviously the permanent peace of the world can be secured only through the gradual con-

centration of the preponderant military strength into the hands of the most pacific communities." Having an unbounded confidence in his country, he has for it "no craven fear of being great."

The lamented President, so foully murdered and so universally mourned, was probably the last of our Presidents who had participated in the Civil War. Standing at the threshold of a new century, President Roosevelt seems to mark the dawn of a new era in our public life. His military record belongs to the whole country, even more so than the military records of our Presidents who had served in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War; for those wars had both sectional and political opposition. The country during the Spanish War was united as never before in its history, and it is among the greatest of President McKinley's achievements that during that war he contributed so materially to the obliteration of sectional and political differences.

Most of our Presidents have been well fitted for the work they had to do, but no President has had the forcefulness and ability, combined with the education and varied training and experience, of the young man who is now the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

Out of the clouds of misconception and the false impressions thrown about this picturesque figure by the cartoonists and the paragraphers, more interested in sensationalism than in reality, there suddenly emerges this intensely earnest, forceful, brave, patriotic, humanity-loving, broad-minded, non-sectional American, this practical idealist, to become the youngest ruler of the greatest country in the world.





"SAY, HENRIETTA," SHE CALLED TO A LITTLE GIRL IN PIGTAIL BRAIDS."

THE TESTIMONIAL.

A RURAL COMEDY.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

TRIPHAMMER was the least important village in the town of Kingston, and Mrs. Notes was the least important woman in Triphammer. The villagers knew her as a little, beady-black-eyed, white-haired, silent body, who was continually sitting at her front window sewing upon piece-work, or doing odd jobs of mending for her neighbors. She had one familiar in Mrs. Liscum, who lived next door, and she was nominally a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but, coming as a stranger to the village, without friends or relatives, for ten years she had been the nobody of Triphammer. The young man at Hubbel's store knew her, perhaps, as well as any one, and the two held periodical conversations upon her favorite subject—patent medicines. These were her hobby, and she knew them as a mother knows her children. To-day she had

invested in a new remedy. As she walked down the village street she saw chairs being moved into the vestry of the church from Mrs. Huxter's large white house near by.

"I wish 't I felt well enough to go to the sociable to-night," she said to herself. "Perhaps this 'Thaumaturgic Compound' might perk me up some, after all. Not that it matters much whether I go or I stay," she thought bitterly. "I ain't got nothin' but that black shalli to wear, an' I 'll only sit on a side seat with Mrs. Liscum, an' watch the young folks make sheep's eyes at each other. I ain't a-goin' to take that green bombazine out o' the chest just to be snubbed in!"

The little red cottage in which she lived was high above the street, and the climb up the front steps tired her back so that she had to sit down and rest when she reached

her sitting-room. She unwrapped the blue paper and smoothed it out flat, then placed it carefully between the leaves of her huge Bible. The green cord she wound round an empty spool in her work-basket. Then she read the directions upon the label of the bottle of Thaumaturgic Compound, and turned to the circular that had come wrapped about the medicine. Here were printed many testimonials from suffering women, in far-away towns, couched in the hackneyed verbiage of the trade, sprinkled with small portraits of the writers.

"I declare, if here ain't somebody who was cured of lame back, after all!" she said. She scrutinized minutely the picture accompanying it. "Strange folks will have their pictures taken in a cap," she mused, "when switches are so cheap, an' nobody can ever tell the difference in a photographe. She looks like a good, truthful body, though, an' I believe the Compound's goin' to benefit me, after all. I guess I'll go to work an' take a teaspoonful right away an' see what it tastes like."

"Hmm!" she murmured, sipping it slowly. "They's alum in it, I'm positive o' that. Most likely camphire, too—they generally is. But it's got a new taste to me, somehow. I can't quite make it out. It does seem a little like 'Quack's Cureall,' but there's a smack to it that I ain't never noticed in any of 'em. It's just about the color of 'Sawyer's Specific.' Seems like all o' these sciatikey medicines have got to be a sort of a saffron color. It must have lot o' something thick in it, for it riles up good when you shake it." She took another taste, and rolled her tongue gingerly. "They's a drop o' pennyroyal in it, or I'll be jiggered! I should n't be surprised if they was the least mite o' bloodroot, too. Brrrh! it's strong as the bull o' Bashan, though. It's good an' puckery. I guess it'll work down into my back an' likely help me."

As she sat all that afternoon at her front window, it seemed to her that she already felt better for the generous dose she had taken of the new medicine, and the temptation to attend the church sociable in the evening grew steadily stronger. No one had thought to ask Mrs. Noles's advice, or had come to her for a contribution for the supper. Of all the congregation she was the last to be considered. So, when she appeared that evening in her black shalli gown sprinkled with purple sprigs, and slid into a seat beside Mrs. Liscum, she received no more than a scant nod or two from the members of the

church, as she sat with her hands folded, discussing with her cronies the merits of the Thaumaturgic Compound.

"I see a new brand o' medicine advertised in a Boston paper the other day," she began, "an' I did n't give Mr. Hubbel's young man no rest till he sent for some. I been about through the whole list of 'em now, an' I know pretty well what they can do, an' what they can't. Most of 'em's just made up of calomile or paregoric, with some sort o' yarbs to give 'em a new flavorin'. But they don't none of 'em seem to touch the small o' my back, somehow. I thought that 'Ramsay's Reagent' eased up my dizzy spells some, but they come right back again as soon as I stopped takin' of it. Land! I got a row o' bottles on the shelf in the wood-house that would hold all the raspberry-shrub you could put up in a week. This new one, now, I believe is goin' to prove a godsend. That little snack I took before I left home seemed to kinder set me up real good, an' I believe I'll go an' have a try at that donkey-game they're playin' over there in the lib'ry."

"Pshaw! you're gettin' too old for such tomfoolery," said Mrs. Liscum, "though I can't say but what you *do* seem to be a little spryer than you generally look to be, this evenin'. You got more color, an' your eyes are brighter. Perhaps it might do you good to move round some."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. Noles made several attempts to take part in the games that were being played. She was, however, disappointed in every case. Just as her turn came to pin the tail to the donkey painted upon a white cloth, a new game was suggested and begun; when they played "spin the cover," her number was not called once; and when the procession was formed for "going to Jerusalem," it was found that there were not chairs enough for all, and she was dropped out without consideration to make room for more active members.

"She came back to Mrs. Liscum much depressed at her failures.

"Seems like they wa'n't no room for me nowheres, nowadays," she said. "I'm a square peg in a round hole wherever I go. I could 'a' done as well as Mis' Huxter, I'll be bound, if I *do* say it as should n't. She pinned that tail right on to the donkey's nose! But the young folks mostly run everything, nowadays. I s'pose I had n't ought to complain. I had my fling, even if it did turn out a good deal of a mess."

"Where's that son-in-law of yours now?"

inquired Mrs. Liscum. "I ain't heard you speak of him for a good spell."

"I don't know, an' I don't care," was the reply. "I ain't seen him since he killed my Fanny. That's just what he did, for she wa'n't never the same after he took to drink. I s'pose I did give him some hard words, but I thought if ever he inveigled any other poor girl into marryin' him, I did n't want to hear it, and to know of her sufferin' like my Fanny did. I moved away from Higginsport that same week. That was ten years ago, an' I s'pose he's drunk hisself to death before this."

"It's a shame," said Mrs. Liscum, sympathetically, "an' Mr. Noles was such a likely man, too, wa'n't he?"

"Yes, Mr. Noles was a different breed o' dog entirely. He was a fair-completed man, an' that makes a world o' difference. My Fannyshe favored her pa, an' she was soft-spoken an' easy imposed on. I stood up for her through thick an' thin till Will threatened to turn me out o' the house, but when she breathed her last I did n't need no invitation to leave."

"Did he ever marry again, Mrs. Noles?"

"I did hear tell o' some girl that was makin' a fool of herself over him, but I never knew how it come out. They's plenty girls who try to marry men to reform 'em, but I ain't never heard tell o' many who succeeded."

"Say, Henrietta," she called to a little girl in pigtail braids, who was passing with a tray, "don't you want to fetch me some ice-cream? An' see if you can't find some o' them pink-frosted cakes Mis' Huxter sent in."

"I had my ice-cream while you was playin' goin' to Jerusalem," said Mrs. Liscum. "Mis' Huxter's cakes was real tasty,

an' I'd like to get the recipe, but she's so proud of 'em she won't tell nobody how she makes 'em."

"She's as bad as them patent-medicine folks," said Mrs. Noles. "They do say they have to send the recipe for the mixtures to Washington before they can get a patent out, but I s'pose they hold back a part of it, or else put in some yarb afterwards to doctor it up with, so folks can't steal the secret of it."

Henrietta soon returned and said: "Ma says the ice-cream is all give out, Mis' Noles. They ain't a teaspoonful left. An' all Mis' Huxter's cakes was et up long ago."

"Ain't that just my luck!" remarked Mrs. Noles. "I always come out o' the little end o' the horn whenever I try to be sociable. I guess if I ain't good enough for this church I'll go an' join the Catholics."

Mrs. Liscum was appalled at the threatened heresy. "Oh, pshaw! It's just an accident," she said soothingly. "If I'd a known the cream was so scurce I'd a' saved you some o'

mine. You mus' n't feel hurt, Mis' Noles."

"I don't mind 'em"; and the little old lady's small black eyes snapped. "My turn will come sometime, an' they can hold their heads as high as Bunker Hill Monument, for all I care. But I'm tired o' bein' the littlest toad in the puddle, an' the last one to be helped, an' I ain't goin' to put myself in the way to be snubbed at, any more."

She arose indignantly, and, bidding Mrs. Liscum good night, left the vestry, walking forlornly home alone in the starlight. She took another dose of the Thaumaturgic Compound, which revived her spirits somewhat, and then, with a sigh of regret and a sniff of scorn, laid herself down to sleep away the remembrance of her failures.

The next week seemed to bring a new



"TWO DAYS LATER FOUND HER SITTING IN A... PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO."

lease of life to Mrs. Noles. In four days the first bottle of the Compound had been emptied, and she visited Mr. Hubbel's store for another. The pain in her back had disappeared, and none of her dizzy spells had troubled her for some time, so she told the young man who waited upon her, and she was loud in her praises of the remedy.

Mrs. Noles went home, and, opening her parcel, comforted herself by reading the testimonials. To her surprise, there was this time an entirely different set of letters and pictures. The old lady in the lace cap had disappeared, and she gazed with great interest at the new company of believers in the Thaumaturgic Compound. She read every letter over carefully, and compared the symptoms and ailments with her own.

Lonely and friendless, she began to take a more than curious interest in these ladies, who, like her, had found out for themselves the efficacy of the Thaumaturgic Compound. She read their letters over and over. She soon knew the writers by name and address, and by every particular of their maladies. She could pick out their faces at sight. There was one in particular she grew fonder of than the rest. This was a Mrs. Beamish of Willow Center, Ohio, and her case so nearly resembled Mrs. Noles's that the little old lady felt sure that the two had much in common besides. There were some twenty women represented by testimonial upon the circular, and to Mrs. Noles they became like members of a sisterhood, unknown to one another, perhaps, but all familiar to her. The thought came to her, after a time, that she, too, might join them and become one of the same cult. The aspiration dizzied her with its audacity, but by degrees she accustomed herself to the idea.

"I don't see," she said to herself, finally, "why I ain't as good an example as they are. I been helped a lot, an' I think it's only fair I should testify the same as them women have. It might give some poor soul a lot of encouragement to try the Compound if they knew I was helped as much as Mrs. Beamish was. I don't know but I was worse, on the whole, even than Mrs. Beamish."

She took down the folding silica slate that hung on a nail in the kitchen, and began to compose a tribute. Turning to the printed letters, and copying an introductory phrase from one and a concluding sentence from another, paraphrasing the narratives to fit her own circumstances, she at last achieved a communication that was at once elegant and sincere. It was formally worded in the

manner of the orthodox diction of the testimonial-writer,—a masterly composite,—and her remarkable restoration to health did not lose in the writing.

She set herself, with a pleased pride, to copy the effusion in violet ink upon a half-sheet of commercial note-paper. It was not enough, however, to send this communication alone. She, too, must have a picture to send to the proprietors of the Thaumaturgic Compound, though she had not sat for her photograph in twenty years, and the project loomed an ordeal. She emptied the silver in the cracked cup upon the dining-table. Her experiments in nostrums had kept her pin-money down to the smallest possible surplus, but by close economy she calculated that she might spare three dollars for the purpose.

Two days later found her sitting in a wonderfully upholstered chair at a photographic studio in Plymouth, intent, bolt upright, without any visible expression, her eyes staring into vacancy, her lips pursed, and her hands folded in her lap. She wore her false front, her coral ear-rings, and her green bombazine, impossibly erect, uncompromisingly rigid. When the proofs arrived she selected one that might well have portrayed an ideal martyr at the stake, and in due time half a dozen stiff, convex, burnished prints came to her through the post-office. She was absorbed in a contemplation of these wonderful works of art, endeavoring to select the blackest and shiniest one for her important use, when Mrs. Liscum, entering unannounced by way of the kitchen, in the quest of the loan of a tea-cupful of saleratus, discovered her.

"For the land sake!" she exclaimed. "If you ain't gone to work an' had your picture took! Why did n't you tell me? You ain't got a chick nor a child to call your own: I don't see what you want so many pictures of yourself for. What you goin' to do with 'em, now you got 'em?"

"You'll know soon enough," said Mrs. Noles, with a good portion of her pleasure spoiled. It struck her with a pang that not even Mrs. Liscum expressed a wish to possess one of her pictures. She swept them into the table-drawer, and went for the saleratus without explaining further.

"How's Mis' Huxter feelin' nowadays?" she inquired.

"Oh, I'm afraid she's enjoyin' pretty poor health. She seems to be worse off than she was last week. I see the doctor's gig standin' by her door when I come by."

"If she'd come down off her high horse

an' be willin' to try some o' the Compound, she'd come out all right without throwin' away a dollar 'n' a half a visit on Dr. Holmes," said Mrs. Noles, severely. "But some folks would ruther starve in the parlor than feast in the barn."

"I told her you said so, an' she said—well, never mind what."

"What did she say?" inquired the champion of the Compound.

"I ain't a-goin' to tell you," was the answer, "but it wa'n't none too complimentary to you, Mis' Noles, though far be it from me to fetch an' carry gossip from one to t' other. But I guess you got just about the same sort o' liver an' lights as most women, if you do take in sewin', an' I told her so in jest so many words. If she wants to pay for a doctor, I guess she can afford it. After all, he's got to live, like the rest of us, I expect."

Mrs. Noles shook a thin finger at her friend. "Dr. Holmes would n't be able to make a livin' long if the Thaumaturgic Compound got to be well known, an' you can tell him from me that I say so. I wonder he don't buy some of it up an' give it to his patients. It would build up his practice wonderful, for he's a prime favorite as fur as manners in the sick-room goes, they tell me."

After Mrs. Liscum's departure the old lady wrapped up one of the photographs with her letter, and disposed of the remaining five prints about the house where she could see one wherever she happened to be at work. The sixth bottle of the Compound had now been emptied, and, in spite of her improvement, she began enthusiastically upon the seventh. The testimonials still remained the same, however, when two more bottles had been bought, and she became a bit discouraged at not finding her own letter printed with the others.

II.

SHE was, one morning, about to set out for a visit to Mr. Hubbel's store for her ninth bottle of the Compound, when a rap at the front door startled her. Mrs. Liscum usually came in the back way without ceremony, and, save for an occasional peddler, she was seldom visited. She gave a hasty look in the mirror, drew off her apron, and went to the door. What was her astonishment, upon opening it, to find no less a personage than Mrs. Huxter, the leading member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the first lady of Triphammer, upon her front

porch! Mrs. Noles was, for a moment, too dazed even to ask her in.

"Good mornin', Mis' Noles. I was passin' by, an' I thought I'd just run in for a minute an' say howdy do. I did n't see you at prayer-meetin' last Friday night, an' I did n't know but you was ailin'. How do you feel to-day?"

"Well, I'm just about as usual, Mis' Huxter, thank you." Then her senses returned, and she threw open the little dark front parlor, and, going in, raised the shade. "Come right along in," she said.

"Never mind openin' the curtains," Mrs. Huxter insisted affably. "You no need to fade out that red carpet just for me, Mis' Noles. I'll come right into your settin'-room an' sit down for a minute."

Mrs. Noles, however, insisted that that room was n't fit to receive company in, and the two entered the tiny "parlor" solemnly, and sat down upon haircloth chairs.

"I'm sorry to hear you're poorly, Mis' Huxter," said Mrs. Noles. "Ain't your back no better yet?"

"No, I can't say as it is," replied Mrs. Huxter. "An' that's one reason I thought I'd drop in on you. I hear you find the Thaumaturgic Compound is a great help, an' I thought I'd inquire more about it, you havin' tried it, an' get some, if you thought it would do me good."

Mrs. Noles swallowed down her emotion at being thus appealed to as an authority, and, forgetting her embarrassment, she launched into a discussion of her favorite remedy. As she talked, she unconsciously dropped into the stilted phraseology of the panaceas advertisements, and quoted from the testimonials she knew by heart.

"Yes, it is a marvelous remedy," she said, with a look of intent interest in her little beady black eyes. "You know I suffered for years with sciatikey an' rheumatism, an' none of the doctors in Higginsport seemed to be able to relieve me. I accidentally saw an advertisement of the Compound, an' I begun to take it regular, an' after three bottles I found myself able to do more work than I had been good for in four years. It has made a new woman of me."

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Huxter, impressed by the glib phrases of this little black-eyed woman. "It must be wonderful. Now, Mis' Noles, d' you think it would do me any good, really? I've had Dr. Holmes for six weeks, an' I declare my back's as bad as ever it was, an' I don't know how many of his prescriptions I've swallowed

down." She spoke as to a certified physician, under the spell of the old lady's loquacity.

Mrs. Noles sat up straighter. "What be your symptoms?" she inquired severely.

Mrs. Huxter narrated the features of her case, and the champion of the Compound checked them off on her fingers. Her eyes fixed themselves with a glitter upon her aristocratic caller, and her voice came dry and thin, reeling off the professional expressions of the trade.

"There was Mis' Evans of East Clifton, Missouri; she was cured of just such a cramp as you complain of, only worse, perhaps. An' Mis' Harriman in Butte, Montana, had that tired feeling just like yours, an' she said she felt as if she had been pounded all over with a mallet; she was cured in four bottles. I don't just know about your kidneys, though; seems like you was a special case; but they was a woman in Belle Rapids, Michigan, who had a trouble something similar, now I think of it, an' she said the Compound cured her after the doctors had give her up. I expect it's just what you need, an' I'd advise you to get six bottles to once, if you can afford it, for they come cheaper by the half-dozen, an' they ain't no use givin' it a half-way trial. If it's worth doin' at all, it's worth doin' well."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Huxter. "I believe I'll go down to Mr. Hubbel's store an' order some. I hope we'll see you to the next sociable, Mis' Noles. We're expectin' to have a royal good time."

When Mrs. Huxter left, Mrs. Noles sat down and watched her through the window till she disappeared at the curve of the road.

"To think of her callin' on me, an' she ain't darkened my doors before since I come to Triphammer!" she said to herself. "She wa'n't so toplofty, either. Well, what next? I wonder what she was up to, anyway. Lord! butter would n't melt in her mouth to-day. I expect I better go down to Hubbel's store an' get another bottle o' the Compound before she buys it all up."

She threw a shawl over her plaid gingham gown and walked down the village street toward the post-office. It was a warm, sunny day, but to Mrs. Noles there was more ozone than usual in the air. The graciousness shown by Mrs. Huxter had inspired her, and she walked like a young girl. As she got farther down the street two ladies of her congregation stopped her with polite inquiries as to her health. Mrs. Noles opened

her little black eyes very wide at them, but discoursed with animation upon her few remaining aches and pains, interlarding her remarks, as usual, with quotations from the well-known testimonials. It was strange, however, for her to be thus noticed and collauded, and when the minister's wife actually crossed the street to invite her most cordially to attend the coming church sociable, her astonishment knew no bounds. When she reached the store, the young man behind the counter made haste to come forward, and greeted her with a grin.

"Good mornin', Mis' Noles," he said. "You've got to be quite famous since you was here last, ain't you?"

"Bless my heart! what d'you mean?" she asked.

"Why, havin' your picture in the paper. Everybody in town's talkin' about it."

"For the land sakes alive! My picture ain't in the paper, is it?"

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you ain't seen it, do you? Ain't you read your 'Sentinel' yet?"

"No; I ain't been to the post-office for my mail for two days. I can't believe it's in the paper. You ain't a-foolin' me, be you? Have you got a copy of it here? I'd like to see it."

The young man went to his desk and brought back a copy of the *Kingston Sentinel*, and unfolded it upon the top of the show-case, while Mrs. Noles leaned over it with trembling expectancy.

"There!" said the clerk, in triumph, pointing to the last page of the *"Sentinel."*

There, indeed, was the face of Mrs. Noles, executed in the wavy, shaded lines of a coarse woodcut some four inches square, a picture that stared from the page, compelling the gaze of the reader, literal to the mole on her chin; false front and coral ear-rings portrayed with exactitude; rigid, frigid, expressionless, the face of a martyr at the stake. Beneath it, in the cramped handwriting of the old lady, appeared the name "Miranda Noles," while beside the conspicuous illustration, under the bold caption of "Chase's Thaumaturgic Compound," was the printed letter over which she had toiled so assiduously on her folding-slate.

"Well, if that don't beat all!" Mrs. Noles exclaimed. She reached for her glasses suspended from a black cord, without removing her eyes from the sheet, and with the lenses on her nose she read through the letter with the suppressed excitement of an author who sees his first poem in print. "I

did n't put that in about 'housemaid's knee'!" she cried indignantly. "An' I never knew before that 'sciaticy' was spelled with a *c*. But I declare if they ain't copied my writing just like it was done with a pen!"

This unexpected prominence far exceeded Mrs. Noles's wildest hopes. No wonder Mrs. Huxter had deigned to call upon her. Mrs. Huxter, indeed! Now she could hold up her head with the best of them! They had never had *their* pictures in the paper, and never would. She was, indeed, become famous; the town was talking of her already. Never in the history of Triphammer village had any one leaped so suddenly into celebrity.

As she minced back home she thought with a pang of the old shoes she had on, and the plaid gingham gown in which she must meet the gaze of any one who chanced to meet her on the way. She must not be caught in this attire again. She held her head erect, but kept a sharp lookout from a corner of her eye for observers. Now she was a woman of position, the black shalli would be none too good for every-day wear, and a new bonnet was imperatively necessary.

As soon as she arrived home she made the changes necessary in her costume in case company should appear, and then she sat down to cut the picture and testimonial from her "*Sentinel*." That done, she took her place at her front window and began her work as if nothing had happened. She tried to be calm and to subdue her spirits to a decent humility, but a bounding pride sung in her withered breast. At last she could stand it no longer, and removed the wood-cut to a little fret-sawed bracket between the windows, where she could glance at it as she sewed.

Many persons passed the cottage, and Mrs. Noles's sharp scrutiny detected several meaningful looks pointed in her direction. She was indubitably being discussed. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Liscum, in a conscious state of starched calico, called, for the first time in their acquaintance, by way of the front door. She said nothing about Mrs. Noles's black shalli gown with the purple sprigs. It was tacitly understood between them that it was proper for a person of such importance to dress befittingly. Mrs. Liscum herself had called to pay tribute, but in a little while she adopted the easy familiarity of a friend who had known a celebrity while yet unknown to fame, and retailed the gossip of the village.

"I knew they was a nigger in the woodpile

when I see them photygraph pictures," she said knowingly. "I suspicioned what they was for, but of course I did n't let on to you, bein' as 't was none o' my business. I never see it in the paper till this afternoon, though, but it did n't surprise me the least little bit. I says to Cousin Thomas I thought as much, an' I knew Mis' Noles would have her turn some fine day. I hear Mis' Huxter says you must have had the picture took ten years ago, but that 's only her spite. You ought to wear that false front all the time, Mis' Noles; it looks real smart an' chipper. It was a strikin' likeness, wa'n't it? Large as life, almost, an' twice as natural. They even got that mole on your chin in, did n't they? Now, I wonder if you think the Compound would help my chilblains any? I thought some o' buyin' a bottle if you considered it would likely do me good, or perhaps you got a little left you could spare me?"

Mrs. Noles ignored the last hint and went into the subject of chilblains. "There's that Mr. Roy Pike in Hoogly, Alabama; he had the barber's itch, an' I expect it's pretty near the same thing. He experienced a complete restoration to health after takin' five bottles. Yes, I think you ought to try it, Mis' Liscum. Don't forget to shake the bottle. I'd take about two tablespoonfuls after each meal, an' it would set you up, I'm sure."

"I'll go down to Mr. Hubbel's an' get some right away," Mrs. Liscum decided, seeing the impossibility of borrowing from her friend. "I hear Mis' Huxter called on you this mornin'. She ain't never deigned to call on me. I s'pose she was as smooth as buttermilk now you're in the paper! She's too high an' mighty for common folks, an' she's run things long enough in Triphammer, to my way o' thinkin'. I heard she's goin' over to Plymouth to have her picture took, too!"

Mrs. Noles sniffed. "Hmm! I s'pose anybody can get into the paper now they know how! But they can't testify to havin' took nine bottles of the Compound, not for a while yet, an' I guess I can keep ahead of 'em with nine bottles' start of 'em."

Soon afterward the minister's wife appeared, all smiles and confidences, with insinuating references to Mrs. Noles's celebrated lemon cookies, which, she informed Mrs. Noles, the ladies on the refreshment committee insisted, positively *insisted*, upon having for the next church sociable.

"You've made quite a stir in the village,"

she continued, glancing at the framed wood-cut by the window. "D' you think the Thaumaturgic Compound would really do my headaches any good? I was thinkin' I'd consult Dr. Holmes, but then I thought I'd ask you first, an' perhaps you could give me some advice, havin' had so much experience with it."

"Well, I did hear of a case in Galveston, Texas, that was cured by the Compound," replied Mrs. Noles, oracularly. "Mis' Adam Wolfert it was, an' she had nervous sick-headaches for two years, an' consulted the best physicians in Galveston to no avail. A single application brought relief, an' two bottles effected a permanent cure. Be your headaches nervous, d' you think?"

"I was rather inclined to consider they was rheumatic," said the minister's wife, as if apologizing for her disorder.

"Well, then, I'm sure the Compound is jest the thing," Mrs. Noles affirmed. "I'd give it a trial right away."

"My husband complains a good deal of neuralgia, an' I guess I'd better get two bottles, then, while I'm about it. Perhaps we could club together an' get a half-dozen bottles to once, an' divide 'em. Mis' Huxter says it comes cheaper that way. But I s'pose, from what you say in your testimonial, you're entirely cured, an' so you don't need no more."

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Noles, in eager remonstrance. "That is, of course, I said I was cured in my letter, but I only referred to the pain in my back. But I always have a touch of sciatica in the spring, an' I can't afford not to have a bottle o' the Compound handy in the house."

"Well, an' you'll be willin' to bake us some o' your lemon cookies, won't you?" was the final question.

"Well," said Mrs. Noles, "I dunno as I shall be able to find time, but if I can I will. I don't want to interfere with Mis' Huxter's plans none, though. I know she prides herself on her pink-frosted cakes, an' she might not like to have me set myself up to be as good a cook as she is."

III.

ON the night of the sociable Mrs. Noles, attired in her green bombazine gown, appeared with a paper bag filled with lemon cookies. Her reception this time was very different from that she had met with before, but the events of the week had wrought in her such an increase of pride that she took

her greeting as an undeniable right. The minister's wife invited her into her husband's study to lay off her wraps, and Mrs. Huxter herself found her a chair beside her own, and engaged her in an animated discussion of cooking-recipes. When the game of spin the cover was introduced, Mrs. Noles was complimented with the designation Number One, and, all smiles and elderly graces, she replied to that frequent call with an agility that left her scant of breath at the unaccustomed exercise. She refused to take part in the procession that was going to Jerusalem, but was accorded the important privilege of standing beside the pianist and stopping the music at the critical moments. The little girls who passed the cake and ice-cream came to her among the first waited on, and a majority of the women present found time to come to her and praise her lemon cookies with eloquent eulogy. This night, instead of slipping out unobserved, Mrs. Noles stayed until the last intimate group left.

For four weeks Mrs. Noles was bathed in a fierce white light of prominence. Every week when the "Sentinel" arrived, she took it from the wrapper and turned to the last page, where her calm, frigid, impassive countenance asserted itself from the center of the sheet. The regularity of the picture's appearance gave a spur to her growing fame. It was a perpetual indorsement of her importance, and her place was thoroughly established in the community. To seat her more firmly upon the throne, came many letters from all parts of the country, inquiring of her experience with the widely advertised Thaumaturgic Compound. The postmaster sometimes handed her out three or four such missives at a time, and in such a village as Triphammer nothing else could have made so much gossip.

The renaissance in Mrs. Noles's fortunes was evidenced in her demeanor and attire. She wore the black shalli with the purple sprigs constantly, under an apron which could be whipped off at the first approach of callers, and upon the slightest excuse for formality she swathed her form in the green bombazine. She sat at her window constantly, ready to receive company and to give advice to those who came to consult her upon their diseases. By degrees her word obtained an undeniable authority, and her attitude in the treatment of cases was marked by a boldness that she would not have dreamed of a month before.

She was seated in such state at her window one morning, when she perceived a man



"GOING TO JERUSALEM."

coming inquiringly down the village street. Fanny had first met him—bright, clean, and filled with good fellowship.

She saw at a glance that he was a stranger, but she was pleased to observe that, as he approached her cottage, he examined the place curiously, as if he knew it to be the abode of a notable. He paused before the gate in the picket-fence, and then came up her steps. Then, just before he disappeared in the shadow of the porch, she recognized him. It was her son-in-law Will, whom she had not seen for ten years!

She froze into a stiffer dignity than ever, but with a whisk her apron was off, her false front straightened at the mirror, the turquoise turned outside upon her finger, and she was at the front door in time to answer his rap at the knocker. She opened to find a man of some forty years, with a smooth-shaven chin and a drooping brown mustache. His eyes were a clear dark blue, his skin fresh with health, and there were none of the signs of dissipation upon his face that she had expected to see. He took off his hat and smiled frankly.

"Howdy do, mother?" he said cordially.

Mrs. Noles could not resist him. She had always said "he had a way with him," and she immediately succumbed to his fascination, for he was now what he had been when

"For the land sakes, Will, where did you drop from?" she exclaimed. "Do come in"; and she led the way into the sitting-room.

"Well, I must say you're quite a stranger."

"Yes, I s'pose I am," he answered. "And I'd have been more of a one if I had n't seen your picture in the paper." He pointed to the woodcut on the wall and grinned. "It did strike me all of a heap when I saw your face printed there, for I ain't had no idea where you been all these years, nor even whether you was in the land o' the livin' or not. So I just made up my mind, bein' as I was so near by, I'd look you up an' see how you was. I did n't know whether you'd be willin' to see me or not, but thinksays-I, 'I'll try anyways.'"

"What be you doin' now?" asked Mrs. Noles, non-committally. She dreaded to ask the question for fear of hearing the same old story of shiftlessness and intemperance. She could not believe he had changed much, despite his appearance.

"Oh, I'm travelin' for a harness house now. I been with 'em five years, an' I'm doin' fairly well. I expect you'll be surprised to hear it, an' mebbe won't believe it,

but I ain't touched liquor for eight years come Christmas."

Mrs. Noles beamed encouragement. Will was her nearest approach to a relative, and she was glad to be able to be proud of him.

"Where be you livin'?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm settled out in Ohio now. I got a little place o' my own in the country fixed up pretty nice an' comfortable."

"You have, have you? Be you married, Will?"

"Yes," he replied somewhat apologetically, as if he felt she might resent his disloyalty to Fanny.

But Mrs. Noles seemed pleased. "I s'pose that's what steadied you up, then," she said.

"Yes; Abby's a fine woman, an' she's just made a man out o' me. She ain't so pretty-lookin' as your Fanny was, but she's true blue. She's a Ohio girl, an' she's capable an' willin', an'-well, I'm awful fond of her. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind? No, indeed; I'm real glad for you. If she could reform you she must be a good girl. Got any children?"

"I got a little girl four years old."

"What d' you call her?"

Will looked down at a patch in the green carpet. "I named her Fanny, mother. It seemed to me it was all I could do to make up for how I'd treated your Fanny. She's a fine little woman, the girl is. You'd like her."

Mrs. Noles was much affected. It was as if she had found a real grandchild. Her heart warmed, and the tears came to her eyes at the evidence of Will's feeling for his first wife. "I'm sorry I ain't never heard of it before," she confessed.

"The fact is, I had n't no idea where to find you after you moved away from Higginport, an' I been tryin' for a long time to look you up. I travel this way about twice a year sellin' harnesses, an' it was only yesterday at the hotel I picked up a paper an' saw your picture. I inquired at the office where you lived, and come right out."

"I'm real glad you did, too," said Mrs. Noles. "But now you're here, it don't seem like more'n a week since I saw you last. O' course you've aged some, but still you're more like you used to be when I saw you first, Will. You just stay here while I get something to eat, an' we'll have a little snack o' lunch, an' you can tell me all about your wife."

As she busied herself in the kitchen she cast more than one glance at her good-looking visitor, and each new view strengthened her liking for him. In the first days of

Fanny's married life he had been all that a mother-in-law could wish, and he seemed, under the influence of this other woman, to have got back to that state again. To have him here seemed to give her an added sense of importance, as of one with a family. Their talk was long and circumstantial as they grew back into their former regard, and by the time he had to leave, Mrs. Noles felt quite keenly the prospect of losing him again—her one tie of relationship. It seemed he had his own regrets also, and as he stood on the porch with his hat in his hand, he said:

"I got a proposition to make to you, mother, an' I don't want you to answer it till you've had time to think it over. I want you to come out to Hebron an' stay a spell with us an' see how you like it. We live a good ways out of the village at Hebron, an' she gets awful lonesome when I'm away. She says sometimes she feels like screamin' for the want of some one to talk dressmakin' an' cookin' to, an' we've talked about you many's the time, an' wished we could hunt you up. I'm sure we'd get on together famously now, for I'm a different man than I was while I was drinkin', an' I know I did n't do right by your Fanny an' you. We got lots o' room, an' we could make you real comfortable. I'll be comin' back this way after I've gone to New York, an' I'll expect you to be all ready to go along with me."

Mrs. Noles grasped at the opportunity of delay in which to think it over, for the prospect of moving dazed her.

"Well, I can't say how I'll feel then," she said, "but I'll think it over an' sleep on it. It's real good of you an' your wife to want me, I'm sure, after all that's happened, but I'm gettin' to be an old woman now, an' I don't know about leavin' here. I sort o' got my place here, an' I'm afraid I would n't fit in anywhere else."

She shut the door and went in to sit down in her front room. The prospect was alluring to the old lady, who had never been out of New England, and the trip to Ohio seemed a long journey. But it was long since she had changed her habits, and a kind of terror smote her at the idea of leaving her familiar scenes and duties.

More potent even than these considerations, however, was the fact that she was now a celebrity, with a place and a station recognized in the village of Triphammer. The prospect of giving all this up while it was still so new and so enjoyable worried her. The first taste

of popularity was sweet as honey to Mrs. Noles, and to be pointed out, talked of, to represent the village, in a way, to the outer world, was a pleasure that she could not think of giving up without a pang. She gazed earnestly at the woodcut between the windows, and decided that she could not relinquish the spoils of victory and abandon her laurels to go and live in seclusion with Will's wife.

But Mrs. Liscum, when she heard of the proposal, was, to Mrs. Noles's surprise, entirely for emigration. It seemed, however, that she had an iron in the fire.

"You could dispose of your furniture and things easy enough without half tryin'," she argued, after she had painted the joys of travel. "Cousin Thomas an' his wife have been talkin' of movin' for some time, an' I ain't sure but what this house would just about suit 'em. I should n't be surprised but what you could drive a bargain with him for your whole outfit at a reasonable figure. I declare, I'd be glad if he would move, for his children do act like all possessed. It would be real handy for me to run in, if Cousin Thomas did take the place, though, of course, we'll all be mortally sorry to have you go, though it might benefit you, an' you'll be a heap better fixed livin' with your own folks than here all alone by yourself."

A month after the first publication of her picture, and while her fame was at full high tide, flooding the neighborhood, Mrs. Noles had another call from Will, on his way back to Ohio. He came in the kitchen door with an air that betokened confidence that his offer would be accepted.

"Well, mother," he said, "have you made up your mind yet to come along with me? Don't you dare to say no!"

"I'm afraid I can't go, Will," Mrs. Noles said sadly, for the journey had many attractions. "I guess I'm too old to fit in anywhere now. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, an' I'm afraid I might be a source o' worry to you sometimes. I'm kinder set in my ways. I got my friends here now, an' I sort o' depend on 'em, an' they on me. I feel as if I ought to stay by the Compound, too, an' work for it here, for they's no knowin' how soon folks might be imposed upon by some o' them there quack medicines."

"You could do all that in Hebron," Will insisted.

"I dunno as I could, an' I dunno as I could," she answered enigmatically. "Is Hebron anywhere near to Willow Center?"

"Yes," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, I know a Mrs. Beamish there, that's all."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Liscum, who entered, and then drew back, apologizing for her intrusion when company was present.

"I thought I'd bring along your 'Sentinel,'" she said. "I see it in your box, an' I thought I'd save you the trouble o' goin' for it. No, I won't stay now."

Mrs. Noles returned to her son-in-law and began to unwrap the paper. "You'll excuse me if I just take a look at the paper, won't you, Will? I'm expectin' to see some news, an' I just want to peek into it a minute."

She turned to the last page with the pleasant anticipation of the delight the appearance of her portrait always caused her. Then she turned suddenly pale, and her little black eyes shone with a glitter from her white cheeks. There, where for a month her picture had appeared, impassive, dignified, expressionless, there was, instead, the face of a young woman, a chit of twenty, a brazen-faced hussy with her hair dressed Pompadour style, and a scandalously low-necked gown. What right had she to this place so well earned by one who had already drunk twelve bottles of the Thaumaturgie Compound, who had been universally acknowledged as the champion of the remedy? The shock unnerved her—she felt faint and dizzy; she could hardly believe that this act of injustice was possible.

"What ails you, mother?" Will cried, seeing her put her hands to her head. "Did you find bad news? There ain't none o' your friends dead, be they?"

Mrs. Noles's mind was whirling with the catastrophe, but she summoned her will bravely to adjust herself to a new order of things. She looked at her son-in-law, and said in a trembling voice, "I dunno but what I'll decide to go along with you, after all, Will. There's Mrs. Beamish in Willow Center, an' perhaps I would n't be so lonesome. I think I might pack up in time to leave in the mornin' if I tried." Then she tapped on the window-pane with her thimble to Mrs. Liscum, who was still lingering in the geranium-bed.

The next day, before more than half the village had had time to look over their weekly "Sentinel"—without a farewell, without a proclamation of abdication, the dethroned queen of Triphammer disappeared from the village, never to return.

THE DECEPTION OF MARTHA TUCKER. AN AUTOMOBILE EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS,

Author of "The Four-masted Cat-boat," "Some Americans Abroad," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY.



IT was not that Martha Tucker was particularly fond of horses so much as that she was afraid of automobiles of every sort, kind, or description. That was why she said that she would never consent to her husband's purchasing a motor-carriage.

"Horses were good enough for my father, and I guess that horses will do for me as long as I live and John is able to keep them," said she to various friends on numerous occasions.

But if she was ridiculously old-fashioned in her notions, John was not, and he cast about in his mind for some way to circumvent Martha without her knowing it. The thing would have been easy to do if it had not been for the fact that they were a very loving couple. John seldom went anywhere without taking his wife along, and as his business was of such a nature that he carried it on under his roof-tree, he was unable to speed along in happy loneliness on a locomobile or electric motor. Besides all this, John Tucker's conscience was such a peculiar affair that if he hoodwinked Martha it must be in her sight.

The Tuckers always spent their summers at Arlinburg, the roads around which were famous for driving; and almost their only outdoor recreation, aside from wandering afoot in the fields, was found in riding behind some one or two of his half-dozen horses. The fact that he was abundantly able to maintain the most expensive automobile extant made it doubly hard for John to abstain from the use of one.

"I gave up smoking to please Martha when we were married, but I do not intend to give up the idea of running an automobile

of my own, just because she has the old-fogy notions of the Hiltons in her blood. Her father never rode in a steam-car, although the road passed by his back door, and all the Hiltons are old-fogyish—which sums up their faults."

John said this to an old schoolmate who was spending a Sunday at his house.

"Would n't she try one of your neighbors' automobiles, and see how she likes it?"

"No, sir; her no is a no. But I mean to ride in one with her sometime, if I have to blindfold her and tell her it's a baby-carriage."

It may have been a week after this conversation that John and Martha wandered in the woods picking wild flowers, and Mrs. Tucker was inoculated with ivy-poisoning that settled in her eyes, so that for several days she was confined to her room, and when she came out she was told by her doctor to wear smoked glasses for a week or two, her eyes still being inflamed and very painful. "Keep outdoors; go riding as much as you can; but don't take off the glasses until the inflammation has entirely subsided," said he.

John was sincerely sorry for his wife's misfortune, but when he heard that she would see through a glass darkly for the matter of a week or two, he made up his mind to act, and to act quickly.

That he might test her vision, he took her out for a ride. The horse he was driving was a gray, Roanoke by name.

"My dear," said Mr. Tucker, "don't you think that the gait of this black horse is very like that of Roanoke?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Martha. "With these dismal glasses on I'm not quite sure whether it's a horse or a cow in the harness. I get a hazy outline of some animal, but no color and little form. Don't ever touch poison-ivy if you value your sight."

"Well, the doctor says you 'll be all right in a week or two. By the way, Martha, I 'm going to run down to New York to-morrow on business. I 'll be back in the evening. If your eyes were all right you might come along, but as it is, I guess you 'd better not go down."

"No; driving around with James will do me more good than a stuffy train. Come

"And could I have shafts attached to it so that if it broke down I could call in the services of some horse?"

"But, sir, our machines never break down. That is why we are selling one every minute in the working-day. Our agents are located in every known city of the earth, and our factories are running day and night, and in spite of it we are falling behind in our orders in a rapidly increasing ratio."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Tucker, turning to leave the store. "Then I 'm afraid I 'll have to go elsewhere, as I wanted one sent up to me to-morrow or next day. A birthday present for my wife, you understand."

"Oh, I suppose," said the wily salesman, "that I *could* let you in ahead of your turn if the payment were cash."

"Of course the payment will be cash. That 's the only way I ever pay."

A half-hour from that time John Tucker was being propelled through New York's busy streets in a smoothly running, almost noiseless automobile worked from behind, and its way

led down to a harness-store in Chambers street. As yet there were no shafts, but he had provided for a pair.

Mr. Tucker went into the harness-store. "Good day," said he. "I want to buy a wooden horse like the one out in front, only covered with horse-skin."

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "we don't manufacture them ourselves, but we can order one for you. Going into the harness business?"

"No, but I want to try an experiment. Would it be possible for me to have a mechanical horse built that would move its legs in a passable imitation of trotting?"

"Nowadays everything is possible," said the salesman, "but it would be very expensive."

"Well, I 'll just tell you what I want it



"OH, JOHN, HE 'S RUNNING AWAY!"

home as soon as you can, dear, and —" She hesitated. "I hate the old things, but if you are so set on trying one of those automobiles, why don't you do it to-morrow when you are in New York?"

"Why, I believe I will, my dear. I wish I could overcome your prejudice against them."

"But you can't, dear, so don't try."

When Mr. Tucker reached New York, the first thing that he did was to visit an automobile repository.

"Would it be possible for you to let me have an automobile that could be operated from behind, so that my wife and I could sit in front and simply enjoy the ride?"

"Why, certainly," said the man. "We have every style known to the most advanced makers."

for," said Mr. Tucker, and he entered into details concerning Mrs. Tucker's aversion to automobiles, her ivy-poisoning, and his scheme. The clerk seemed interested.

"If the lady's eyes are as inflamed as all that," said he, "she would not notice the lack of natural motion, and it would be easy to place a contrivance inside of the figure that would imitate the sound of trotting, and your wife's imagination would do the rest. But I think that your idea of having the horse on a platform like the one out front is not a good one. If the platform struck a rock in the road it would knock the whole thing to smithereens. Better place smallish wheels on the inner side of the ankles, fix the hind legs so they will be jointed at the thighs, and then you can run up hill and down dale with no trouble."

Mr. Tucker clapped his hands like a boy. "That's fine! My wife will get thoroughly used to an automobile without knowing she is riding in one, and then when she recovers the use of her eyes I'll give the wooden horse a well-earned rest. Call up that factory on the phone, and I'll order my hobby-horse at once. You think that I can get it in a day or two?"

"It's only a question of expense, sir, and you say that is nothing."

"Of course it's nothing. Nothing is anything if I can take my wife out automobiling without her knowing it."

Three days later Mr. Tucker said to his wife at luncheon:

"My dear, as this is your birthday, I have given myself the pleasure of buying you a new horse and wagon, and it will be ready for us to go out in half an hour."

"Oh, you dear, thoughtful man!" said Mrs. Tucker, beaming as well as she was able to through her smoked glasses. Then she rose and gave him a kiss that made him feel that he was a guilty wretch to be meditating the deception of such a lovable wife. But he had gone too far to retrace his steps now, and he eased his feelings with the thought that the end would justify the means.

"You are always doing things to please me," said she.

"No such thing," he replied. "You may not like this horse as well as you like Roanoke or Charley, but it is quite a swagger turnout, and I've decided to have James go with us and sit behind on the rumble."

"Oh, but, my dear, we will not be driving alone if he is with us."

"Nonsense! We've been married twenty years, and anyhow James is a graven image.

He will not know we are there." ("He will be too busy running the thing," added Mr. Tucker, mentally.)

A half-hour later Mr. Tucker announced to his wife that he was ready, and she put a few last touches to her toilet, bathed her eyes with witch-hazel, adjusted her smoked glasses, and went out to the porte-cochère.

She dimly discerned the horse, the wagon, the groom at the horse's head, and her husband. There was an indescribably swagger look about the equipage, and she wished that she could take off her glasses and gloat over her new possession, but the doctor's orders had been imperative. She did, however, approach the horse's head to pet him; but her husband said: "Don't, dear. He may not like women. Wait until he is used to us before you try to coddle him."

They stepped to their seats; the groom left the horse's head and handed the reins to Mr. Tucker, mounted the rumble, and off they started.

"Why, it's like sailing," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Pneumatic tires, my dear," answered her husband, glibly.

"And how rhythmical the horse's hoofbeats are!"

"An evidence of blood, my darling. I know this horse's pedigree: by Carpenter out of Chestnut—"

"Oh, don't. I never cared for those long genealogies. Blood or not, he is certainly the smoothest traveler I ever saw."

They had been skilfully guided along the winding path that led to the highway by the *chauffeur*, who, although he was a James, was not the James who generally worked in the stable, but a James hired at the office of the company in order that he might break in the local James.

After they reached the road the way for a mile or more was clear and straight, and they met no teams. The horse was wonderfully lifelike, except in his action, or rather lack of action, for his fore feet were eternally in an attitude of rest. The hind legs rose and fell with the inequalities of the road, and his mane and tail waved in the breeze like the real horsehair that they were.

"This is the poetry of motion," said Mrs. Tucker. "I don't believe you'll ever find an automobile that can run like this."

"I'll admit that I would n't wish one to go better. All right back there, James?"

"All right, sir."

"Why, how queer James's voice sounds! I never noticed that squeak in it before."

"It's the exhilarating effect of our fast

driving. Do you think that you could stand a faster pace?"

"Why, if you're not afraid of tiring the horse. He's going like the wind now."

"Oh, he won't mind. Faster, James."

"Why do you say that to James? Did you think he was driving, you absent-minded dear, you?"

"I did, for the moment."

James was *sure* he was driving, and at this command from his employer he put on al-

A minute later they passed the locomobile. If Mrs. Tucker could have seen the codfish eyes of the occupant of the vehicle when he saw a hobby-horse going by at the rate of twenty miles an hour, she would have questioned his sanity. If she could have seen the scared looks and the scared horse of the people in the approaching buggy, she would have begun to wonder what possessed her new possession. But her goggles saved her from present worry, and the buggy was passed in a flash.

"Oh, I do wish I could take off my glasses for a minute so that I could enjoy this rapid motion to the full! How the trees must be spinning by!"

"Don't touch your glasses," said Mr. Tucker, hurriedly. "If a speck of dust or a pebble were to get into your eye, you might become permanently blind. Positively, you are like a child with a new rocking-horse. This turnout will keep until your eyes are fully recovered, and I hope we may enjoy many a spin in this easy carriage, with or without this horse."

"Never without him, dear. After the delight of this swift motion I never would go back to lazy Roanoke or skittish Charley. I have never ridden in any carriage that pleased me like this one."

"She's a convert already without knowing it," said her husband to himself, but her next remark dispelled his illusion.

"How can any one like a noisy automobile better than this? You can't improve on nature."

"Meaning that a wagon is natural, but an automobile is artificial?"

"You know what I mean. By the way, I forgot to ask you if you rode in one the other day in New York."

"To be sure. I *did n't* tell you, did I? It was almost as nice as this, though the traffic impeded us some. Oh, James, look out!"

This interruption was involuntary on the part of Mr. Tucker, and his words were not noticed by his wife in the confusion of that which followed. They were going down a hill at a fearful rate, when the off fore leg of the wooden horse became a veritable off fore leg, for it hit a log of wood that had dropped from a teamster's cart not five minutes before, and broke off at the knee. The jar almost threw Mrs. Tucker out; she grasped the dash-board to save herself, and caught a momentary glimpse of the oddly working haunches of the imitation beast.

"Oh, John, he's running away!"

Now this was not quite accurate, for he



"HE YELLED DIRECTIONS TO MR. TUCKER."

most the full force of the electricity. The wagon gave a leap forward, and turning into a macadamized road at this point, they went along at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Mrs. Tucker clutched her husband's arm. "John, his speed is uncanny. We seem to be going like an express-train."

"It's the smoothness of the road and his perfect breeding, my dear. Do you notice that this furious gait does not seem to affect his wind at all?"

"No, I had n't noticed it; but is n't it queer how regular his hoof-beats are? and they do not seem to quicken their rate at all."

John had noticed this, too, and he had regretted not having told the manufacturer to arrange the mechanism so that the hoof-beats would become more or less rapid according to the gait; but he answered quickly:

"That, my dear, is because he reaches farther and farther. You know some breeds of horses gain speed by quickening their gait. This horse gains it by a lengthened reach. He is a remarkable animal. Actually, my dear, we are overtaking a locomobile."

"Oh, John, is he used to these horrid steam-wagons?"

"Nothing will frighten this horse, Martha. You can rest assured of that."

was being pushed away by a runaway automobile. Mr. Tucker noticed the increased speed, and turned to admonish James.

James had left. The departure of James was coincident with the collision, and he was at that moment extricating himself from a sapling into which he had been pitched. He yelled directions to Mr. Tucker, which lacked carrying power.

The vehicle had now come to a turn in the road, and not receiving any impulse to the contrary, it made for a stone wall that lay before it. Mr. Tucker knew nothing about the working of the machine, but with admirable presence of mind he seized a projecting rod, and the wagon turned to the left with prompt obedience, but so suddenly that it ran upon two wheels and nearly upset.

So far so good; but now what should he do? To get over to the back seat was either to disclose his secret or else make Mrs. Tucker question his courage. He was too obstinate to do the first until he should be forced to, so he sat still and awaited developments. Developments do not keep you waiting long when you are in a runaway automobile, and in just one minute by his watch, although he did not time it, the end came.

Too late to do any good, John Tucker jumped over the back of the seat, because he saw the wooden horse again approaching a stone wall, beyond which lay a frog-pond.

* He pulled the lever as before, but he could not have pulled it hard enough, for the next moment there was a shock, and then Mrs. Tucker sailed like a sprite through the air and landed in the water like a nymph, while some kindling-wood in a horsehair skin was all that was left of Mr. Tucker's thoroughbred.

Mr. Tucker was not hurt by the impact, for he had grasped an overhanging bough and saved himself. He dropped to earth, vaulted the stone wall, and rescued the fainting figure of his wife. The kindly services of a farmer procured shelter of a neighboring house.

Mr. Tucker knew from experience that his wife was an easy fainter, and after assuring

himself that no bones were broken he left her for a few minutes that he might look for James, who might be at death's door.

He found him gazing upon the ruins of the wooden horse.

Upon learning that the man was uninjured he drew a bill from his pocket and said: "My boy, here's money for your expenses and your wages, and if there is any go in this machine, run her to New York and tell your people that they can have her as a gift. I am through with automobiles."

But a half-hour later Mrs. Tucker, fully conscious but somewhat weak, sat up on the bed in the farmer's best chamber and said:

"John, I think if it had been a horseless automobile it would n't have been so bad." Whereupon John overtook James just setting out for New York, and gave him an order for one horseless automobile.

And now John is convinced that his wife is a thoroughbred.



"MRS. TUCKER SAILED LIKE A SPRITE THROUGH THE AIR."



THE END.

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

Author of "The Confounding of Camelia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

I.



USTACE DAMIER bent his long, melancholy profile over the photograph-album. It was an old-fashioned album; its faded morocco cover, its gilt clasp loosened with age, went with the quiet, old-fashioned little room, that had no intentions, made no efforts, and yet was full of meaning, with the charm of an epoch near enough to be easily understood, yet with a grace and a pathos in its modern antiquity deeper than that possessed by a more romantic remoteness. It was the sort of little drawing-room where one's mother might have accepted one's father: one could not quite see one's present in it, but one saw a near and dear past. The gray wall-paper with its flecked gold flower, the curved lines of the sedately ornamental chairs and sofas, the crisp yet faded chintzes, the wedged vases on the marble mantelpiece, the books, well worn, on stands, the group of family silhouettes on the wall, the cheerful floral carpet—all made a picture curiously unlike the early nineties, and fully characteristic of the sixties. There were many flowers about the room, arranged with a cheerful regularity; the very roses looked old-fashioned in their closely grouped bunches; and in a corner stood a tall étagère bearing potted plants in rows that narrowed to an apex. Between curtains, carefully drawn, of white lace and green rep, one saw a strip of garden brilliantly illuminated with sunlight.

It was in just such a room and in such surroundings that Damier had imagined seeing again his old friend, and his mother's friend, Mrs. Mostyn. He always associated her with a sprightly conservatism. With a genial, yet detached, appreciation of modern taste, she would be placidly faithful to the taste of her girlhood. The house, he remembered, had been her mother's, and its contents had probably remained as they were when her mother's death put her in possession of it.

He remembered Mrs. Mostyn's caps, her cameos, her rings, her bracelet with the plaited hair in it,—her jests, too, and her gaieties,—all with a perfume of potpourri, with a niceness and exactitude of simile that had not attempted to keep pace with the complexities, the allusiveness and elusiveness, of modern humor.

Mrs. Mostyn had lived for many years in this small country house; she had entered it as a childless widow after a life of some color and movement, her husband having been a promising diplomat, whose death in early middle age had cut short a career that had not yet found an opportunity of rising from promise to any large achievement. After his death Mrs. Mostyn devoted herself to books, to her garden, her poor people, and her friends. Her house was not adapted to a large hospitality, but one of these friends was usually with her. Damier, however, was only paying a call. He had never visited Mrs. Mostyn; she had visited his mother in London, and since his mother had died he had been little in England. Now he was staying with the Halbournes, eight miles away.

The atmosphere of the room, as he waited, the stillness of the warm, fragrant garden outside, combined to make a half-tender, half-melancholy mood, in which an impression, quickly felt, is long remembered. Such an impression awaited him in the old photograph-album. It had been natural to see there his mother's gentle, thoughtful face—first of a round-cheeked girl, looking like a Thackeray heroine, and, later, the face he knew so well, fatigued, sad, yet smiling under gray hair; natural to see his father, with dreaming eyes and the fine head of the thinker; to see aunts and uncles, his dead sister, and himself: but it was with the half-painful, half-joyous shock of something wholly unfamiliar, wholly arresting, strongly significant, that he came upon the photograph of an unknown lady. It was a faded carte-de-visite, and the small lettering on the

cardboard edge spoke of Paris and of some bygone photographer. The lady was portrayed in a conventional pose and without modern accessories, leaning one arm in its sleeve of flowing silk on the back of a high chair, a hand hanging, half hidden, against the folds of her silken skirt. She was dressed after the fashion of the late sixties, in that of the Second Empire; yet, though her dress spoke of France, as the photograph had done, and spoke charmingly, her face was not that of a Frenchwoman. One's first impression—not too superficial, either—was of a finished little *mondaine*; but finished, poised, serene as she was, she could not be more than twenty—indeed, as Damier reflected, youth at that time was not a lengthy epoch, as in ours. She was slender, the leaning bust and arm rounded, the hand long. Her face was heart-shaped; the dark hair, parted over the forehead and drawn up fully from the brows, emphasized the width across the eyes, the narrowness of the face below; the lips were firm and delicate. Of her eyes one saw chiefly the gaze and the darkness under a sweep of straight eyebrow. And Damier had passed at once through these surface impressions to an essential one: her head was the most enchanting he had ever seen, and her eyes, as they looked at him, had a message for him. Man of the modern world as he was, he stood looking back at this dim, enchanting face; stood trying to interpret its message over the chasm made by more than two decades; stood wondering what she meant to him. He was wrapped in this sensation—of a spell woven about him, of an outstretching from the past, of something mysterious and urgent —when Mrs. Mostyn came in.

II.

MRS. MOSTYN had changed little since he had last seen her five years ago in London. Her hair, under the laces of her cap, was whiter; her rosiness and plumpness—her little hands were especially fat—more accentuated: but the gaiety and kindness were the same. As much as in the past she entered into all his interests: asked questions about his three years at the English embassy in Rome, about his recent travels, what he had done, what he intended to do. When all reminiscences were over, all plans discussed, and when Mrs. Mostyn had sketched for him, with all her crisp, nipping definitiveness, the people of the neighborhood, Damier, who during all the talk had kept the album

in his hand, his forefinger between the leaves at the place where the enchanted photograph had looked at him, said, opening the book: "I have been immersing myself in the past. Is anything so full of its feeling as an old photograph-album? *Çà sent le temps*, and I have made a discovery there. Who is this?" He held out the opened page to her, and Mrs. Mostyn, adjusting her eye-glasses, looked.

"Ah, yes. Is she not charming?"

"She has charmed me. She is wonderful."

"Her story was certainly rather wonderful. And she always charmed me, too, though I knew her only slightly, and saw her for only a short time. I met her in Paris when I was there with my husband. She was a Miss Chanfrey—Clara Chanfrey, a younger branch of the Bectons, you know. Clara had come out in London the year before. Lady Chanfrey, an ambitious woman, had, I fancy, determined on a brilliant match for her, and it seemed about to be realized, for Lord Pemleigh followed them to Paris, where Clara's beauty made a furor—she was thought lovelier than the Empress. As I remember her there was really no comparison; she was far lovelier. I can see her now: one night at the Tuileries—she wore a white gauze dress and lilies-of-the-valley in her hair; and at the opera, Lord Pemleigh in the box, a hard, impassive man, but he was, report said, desperately enamoured; and, again, riding in the Bois in the flowing habit of the time. There was an air of serious blitheness about her; yet under the blitheness I felt always an eagerness, a waiting. She always seemed to be waiting, and to smile and talk *pour passer le temps*—to make the something that was coming come more quickly. Poor child! it came."

"She married Lord Pemleigh?" Damier asked, as Mrs. Mostyn paused, her eyes vague with memories.

"No; don't you remember? He married little Ethel Dunstan—but only after years had passed. No; she did an extraordinary thing—a dreadful thing. She eloped—ran away with a French artist, a man of no family, no fortune. He was introduced to the Chanfreys in Paris, and painted Clara's portrait. Very clever it was thought, rather in the style of Manet; a full-length portrait—I saw it—of Clara in a white lawn dress with a green ribbon around her waist and a green ribbon in her black hair, and at her throat an emerald locket. Perhaps his very difference charmed her, and the distance that separated his world from hers made her

unable to see him clearly; he was, too, extremely handsome. No explanations are needed of why he fell in love; the wealth and the position he hoped through her to attain were sufficient reasons, to say nothing of her beauty. At all events, Clara proudly avowed that they loved each other. One can only imagine the storm. The Chanfreys took her back to England; he followed them; and she ran away with him and married him. Her family never forgave her. Her father and mother died without ever seeing her again, and she refused the small allowance they offered her. Since those days I have heard only vaguely of her, and heard only unhappy things. The man, Jules Vicaud, was a talented brute. With her all had been glamour, charm, romance, the sense of generous trust; with him calculation and selfishness. He treated her abominably when he found that he had gained nothing with her; and he was idle, extravagant, dissipated. They became terribly poor. It was a sordid, a horrible story—a violet dragged in the mud."

Damier had listened in silence; now, as Mrs. Mostyn handed him back the album, and as, once more, the steady gaze met his, "I cannot associate her with the gutter," he said, "nor can I understand this violet stooping to it. I should have imagined her too fastidious, too intelligent, and, if you will, too conventional to be for one moment dazzled by a shoddy bohemian."

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Mostyn, "has delicacy ever been a certificate of safety? She was fastidious, she was intelligent, she was conventional; but she was also idealistic, impulsive, ignorant—far more ignorant than a modern girl would be. Her knowledge of any other world than her own was so vague that the very carefulness of her breeding made her unconscious of its lack in others; differences she would have thought significant only of his greatness and her own littleness. She dazzled herself more than he dazzled her, perhaps. And he was, then at least, more than the shoddy bohemian. He had grace, power—I well remember him—an apparent indifference to the more petty standards and tests of her world that no doubt seemed to her a splendid, courageous unworldliness. And then he came at a moment of rebellion, pain, and perplexity, as a contrast to the formality, the charmlessness of her English suitor. She did not love Lord Pemleigh; her resistance to the match had already embittered her relations with her mother—Lady Chanfrey was a high-spirited,

clever, cynical woman. And then—and then—she fell in love with Jules Vicaud; that is, after all, the only final explanation of these stories."

"And she ceased to love him?" He seemed now to interpret the gaze more fully. Did it not foresee? Did it not entreat—though so proudly?

"Ah, I don't know. All I know is that she stuck to him, and that she was miserable. Poor, poor child!" Mrs. Mostyn repeated.

"And is she dead?" he asked after a little pause in which it seemed to him that they had thrown flowers on a long-forgotten grave.

Mrs. Mostyn looked out of the window, at the summer sky and sunny garden, the effort of difficult recollection on her face.

"I really don't know—I really can't remember. So soon afterward my husband died; Lady Chanfrey died; I came here to live. I heard from time to time of her misfortunes—of her death I don't think I heard; but for years now I have heard nothing. How many years ago is it? This is '95, and that was—oh, it must have been nearly twenty-eight years ago."

"So that she would be now?"

"She would be forty-seven now. If she is alive the story of her life is over."

"I wonder if it is. I wonder if she is alive."

The gaze of the photograph, with all its calm, grew more profound, more significant.

"Could you find out?" he asked presently.

Mrs. Mostyn broke into a laugh that, with its cheery common sense, like a gay cock-crow announcing dawn, seemed to dispel the hallucinations of night, recall the reality of the present, and set them both firmly in their own epoch.

"My dear Eustace! What a dabbler in impressions you are! I won't say dabbler—seeker-after."

"Not after impressions," said Damier, smiling a little sadly.

"And have you not found anything?" she asked.

"No; I don't think I have."

"Neither a religion, nor a work, nor a woman!" smiled Mrs. Mostyn. "You have always reminded me, Eustace, of that introspective Swiss gentleman of the journal. You are always seeking something to which you can give yourself unreservedly. But my sad little Clara, even if she would have meant something to you, came too early. She missed you by—how many years?—fif-

teen at least, Eustace; you were hardly more than a baby when that photograph was taken. But she may have had a daughter,—the daughter of the bohemian and the mondaine,—and you might find there an adventure of the heart."

"Ah, I don't care about a daughter—or about an adventure."

Mrs. Mostyn glanced at his absorbed, delicate face with a smile baffled and quizzical. She controlled, however, any humorous queries, and said presently:

"Yes, I might try to find out. I might write to Mrs. Gaston; she knows Sir Molyneux Chanfrey, Clara's brother,—a man I never liked,—and she could ask him."

"Pray do."

"But I don't fancy Sir Molyneux is very easy to approach on the subject. He and his sister were never sympathetic."

"I wish you would find out," Damier repeated.

"I will, Eustace, and give you a letter of introduction to her if I ever find her," smiled Mrs. Mostyn.

III.

EUSTACE DAMIER was susceptible and fastidious, idealistic and skeptical. He was not weak, for he rarely yielded to his impressions; but his strength, since nothing had come into his life that called for decisive action, was mainly negative. Perfection haunted him, and seen beside that inner standard, most experience was tawdry. He was quite incapable of loving what he had if he could not have what he loved. The vacancy had once been filled, but since his mother's, his sister's death, it had yawned, oppressive, unresponsive, about him. He was no cynic, but he was melancholy. He had gone through life alternating between ardor and despondency.

He was amused now, amused and yet amazed, by the extraordinary impression that the old photograph had made upon him. More than once he had drawn back on the verge of a great passion,—drawn back he could hardly have said why,—feeling that the woman, or he himself, lacked something of the qualities that could make them lastingly need each other. And now it really seemed to him that he needed, and would need lastingly, this woman of thirty years ago; and surely she needed him. She called to him, and he answered. He understood her; he loved her.

It was whimsical, absurd, pathetic. He could smile over it, yet under the smile some

deeper self seemed to smile another smile—the smile of a mystery speaking at last in words that he could not understand, but in a voice that he could hear.

Mrs. Mostyn had yielded the photograph to his determined claim,—laughing at his impudence,—and he kept it always beside him in the weeks that followed his departure from —shire. During those weeks, that lengthened into months, no news came, and the eagerness of his feeling died away. The feeling was still there, but it was like an awakened and living memory of an old, dead love. He thought of her as dead; it was best so, for he could imagine with repulsion the degradation that a harried life in the slimier walks of bohemia might have wrought in her had she lived. The sense of half-humorous, half-tragic pathos remained with him. He smiled at the photograph every day. It represented just what a memory, deep and still, would have represented. It said to him, "We have found each other. Now we will never part." And absurdly, deliciously, he felt—with an instinct that fluttered wings high above any net of reason, singing, almost invisible—that what he had missed was waiting for him somewhere.

ONE day in late autumn, when he had returned to London, something happened which changed the character of this unsubstantial romance. He met at his club another old friend, a contemporary of Mrs. Mostyn's. Sir Henry Quarle was a writer of pleasant reminiscences, a garrulous and companionable man about town, who had kept careful pace with the times, who, indeed, flattered himself that he usually kept a step or two ahead of them: he was prophetic as well as reminiscent; had firm opinions and facile appreciations.

He and Damier spoke of Mrs. Mostyn,—Sir Henry, too, had seen her recently,—of Paris, and of her connection with it. "And by the way," said Sir Henry, "she told me that you were tremendously interested in what she told you about Mme. Vicaud—Clara Chanfrey that was. Now I know a good deal about that unhappy history, and can, indeed, carry it on to a further chapter; the first did interest you?"

"Tremendously," Damier assented, feeling, with a beating heart, that daylight was about to flood his mystic temple. "Is she alive?" he added.

"That I don't know. But I saw the second chapter at close quarters. I went to

Vicaud's studio one day. They had been married only a few years; she was a mere girl even then. I never saw such wretchedness."

"In what way?" Damier's heart now beat with a strange self-reproach.

"Oh—not describable. It was the evident hiding of misery that one felt most, the controlled fear in her face. She was lovelier than ever, but white, wasted, her delicate hands worn with work. The place was already poverty-stricken, but clean—grimly clean; I have no doubt she scrubbed the floor herself. Four or five artists were there—clever, well-known men, but not of the best type: the kind of men who wrote brutally realistic feuilletons for papers of the baser order, who painted pictures *pour épater le bourgeois*; grossly materialistic, cynically skeptical of all that was not so. One felt that, though utterly alien to it by taste, she could have adapted herself, in a sense, to the best bohemianism. She was broadly intelligent; she would have recognized all that was fine, vital, inspiring in it, all that it implies of antagonism to the conformist, the bourgeois attitude. But the bohemianism of her husband and his comrades could only turn her to ice. It was strange to see her fear, and yet her strength, in these surroundings. They saw it, too; her chill gentleness, her inflexible face, cowed them, made them silly rather than vicious. Only, at that time, she had not cowed her husband; at all events, he seemed to take a pleasure in showing his mastery over her, his indifference to her attitude. He was a genius, with the face of a poet and the soul of a satyr. She had charmed him by her unusualness; he had determined to have her, to snatch her, the fine, delicate creature, from another world, as it were, and to make her part of his experience of life in very much the same sense as he would have tried a new kind of sin for the sake of its novelty. Then, too, he hoped, of course, for advancement, pecuniary and social; the disappointment of that hope must have roused the fiend in him. Of course he loved her—if one can turn the word to such base uses. What man would not have loved her? He loved her as he might have loved one of his mistresses; and I remember that on that day he dared—as perhaps he would not have dared had they been alone—to go to her before us all, fondle her cheek, and, putting his arm around her, kiss her. We all, I think, felt the ugly bravado of it, and I know that I never detested a man as I detested him at that moment. She sat mo-

tionless, expressionless. Only her eyes showed the terror of her helplessness, her despair."

"Just heavens!" Damier exclaimed, after a silence filled for him with a bewildering aching and despair. "Why did she not leave him?"

"Well," said Sir Henry, looking at the tip of his cigar, and crossing his knees for the greater comfort of impersonal reflection, "there was the child—they had a child, a girl; I never saw it; and there was her pride—she had been cast off by all her people; and there was his need of her. A few years after their marriage Vicaud took to absinthe, and drank himself half mad from time to time. Her conceptions of the duties of marriage, the sacredness of its bond, were, I am sure, very high; duty, pity, a hopeless loyalty, kept her to him, no doubt. What she went through no one, I suppose, can imagine.

"I saw her once again; I was in Paris for a few days—it must have been more than ten years after that first meeting. I met her leading her husband in an *allée* in the Bois. He was a wreck then, his talent gone, his noble face a pallid, bloated mask. He leaned on her arm, draped in his defiant black cloak. I sha'n't forget them as they walked under the October trees. She was changed, immensely changed. Her stately head was still beautiful, but with a beauty stony, frozen, as it were. There was no longer any touch of fear or softness. When she saw me she smiled with all her own gracious courtesy—but graciousness a little exaggerated; she had become, I saw, by long opposition to the life about her, almost too ineffably the lady. She had to keep, consciously, the perfume of life.

"I walked on with them, and, perhaps as a result of my evident wish to see more of her, she asked me to go back to dinner with them. I did, realizing when I got to their apartment what it must have cost her to ask me, and what the pride must be that could do it and seem indifferent in the midst of that tawdry, poverty-stricken, vicious existence. Up flights of soiled and shabby stairs, in a mean house, to a miserable room—its bareness the best thing that could be said of it—at the top of the house, overlooking a squalid quarter of Paris. There was a harp in one corner, and Mme. Vicaud, in answer to my inquiry about her music, said that she gave lessons. The young daughter was at school in England, and Vicaud's old mother lived with them, a spiteful, suspicious-look-

ing bourgeoisie with a handsome, flinty eye. Clara Vicaud gave her all the quiet deference that she would have given her had she been her equal. She had evidently forced from the old woman—forced by no effort, but by the mere compulsion of her own unflinching courtesy—a sullen respect. Her husband looked at her, spoke to her, with an odd mingling of resentment and dependence. He would say constantly, ‘*Quedis-tu, Claire?*’ But he talked, too, with the evident intention of putting her to shame before her English guest,—seeing how she bore it,—talked of gallant adventures, of the charms of various females of his acquaintance. She sat pale, mild, and cold. It was like seeing mud thrown at a statue of the Madonna.

“When she and I talked together after the supper—one could hardly call the meal a dinner—she did not make an apologetic reference to the ribaldry we had listened to. She did not refer, either, to any of the friends she no longer knew. We spoke chiefly of her daughter, and of books. The daughter was evidently the one ray of light in her existence; she told me about her progress at school, her cleverness, her beauty. And next to her daughter, reading and music had been her great resources. I was surprised at her scholarship, at her familiarity with German philosophy, English poetry, Russian fiction, French and English literary and social criticism; indeed, on the subjects of social problems, of human suffering and the various remedies, economic and ethical, suggested for it, her knowledge was far deeper than my own. But in all our talk there was not a note of the personal, the confidential, the regretful; she might have been sitting in an environment absolutely her own. I never saw her again after that evening. When I was in Paris some years later I went to the house, and heard that M. Vicaud and his mother had both died there, and that Mme. Vicaud, after nursing them through their last illnesses, had gone. I have often wondered what became of her.”

Damier asked no further questions, and the talk drifted away from the subject of Mme. Vicaud and her misfortunes. But that evening he wrote to Mrs. Mostyn, and asked her if she had not yet obtained for him some news of his lady of the photograph. The photograph had for him that night a new look; it still said, “I need you,” but “I need you now. Help me.” He was convinced that she lived.

Mrs. Mostyn’s reply came in a day, and inclosed a letter of introduction to Mme.

Vicaud, Rue B——, Paris. “Sir Molyneux knew nothing of his sister’s whereabouts,” Mrs. Mostyn wrote, “and it was from another source that I found out that Clara still lives, and at the inclosed address. Do find her, my Don Quixote, and I must make her come and visit me.”

The inclosed letter asked Mme. Vicaud to recall an old friend, and to welcome Mr. Damier for her sake and his own. She had only recently had news of Mme. Vicaud, and so was able, happily, to aid Mr. Damier in his great wish to make her acquaintance. She hoped, also, that she might see Mme. Vicaud in England soon; would she not pay her a visit—a long one? It was a long letter, graceful, cordial, affectionate, a rope of flowers thrown to Damier for his guidance into the labyrinth.

IV.

DAMIER, three days afterward, stood in his sitting-room in a Paris hotel, looking with a certain astonishment at the small sheet of note-paper he held, upon which was written in a firm, flowing hand—a hand that seemed, though so gracefully, to contradict any impression of a cry for help:

DEAR MR. DAMIER: I shall be very glad to see you to-morrow afternoon at four. I well remember Mrs. Mostyn; to hear of her from a friend of hers will be a double pleasure.

Yours sincerely,
CLARA VICAUD.

It was like the evocation of a ghost to see this reality emerged suddenly out of the dream-world where, for so long, he had thought of her, the young girl leaning on the chair-back in her flowing dress of silk. She was alive, and he was to see her that afternoon. Damier felt a chill overtake his eagerness. Was he not about to shatter a charming experience—one of the sweetest, most tender, most dearly absurd of his life? Would he not find in the real, middle-aged Clara Vicaud a hard, uninteresting woman? He had a vision of stoutly corseted robustness in jetted black cashmere; of a curve of heavy throat under the chin; of cold eyes looking with wonder, with suspicion even, upon his romantic quest. He could almost have felt it in him to draw back at the eleventh hour were he not ashamed to face in himself such cowardice. He took out the photograph and looked at it, and the eyes of Clara Chanfrey seemed to smile at him with something of tender irony. “Do not be afraid of me; I will never disappoint you,”

they said. After all, what could the mere passage of years mean to such a face as that? What could the bitter experiences of a sorrowful life hold in them to tarnish ever the spirit that looked from it? The reluctance was only superficial, a ripple of reaction upon the deep tide of his impulse.

At four that afternoon he drove to a long, narrow street near the Boulevard St. Germain—a street of large, bleak houses showing a sort of dismantled stateliness. At one of the largest, stateliest, bleakest of these the fiacre stopped, and Damier, after asking the way of a grimly respectable concierge with a small knitted shawl of black wool folded tightly about her shoulders, mounted a wide, uncarpeted stone staircase to the highest floor, feeling, as he stood outside the door, that, despite the long ascent, the thick beating of his heart was due more to emotional than to physical causes.

He rang, and as he stood waiting he heard suddenly within a woman's voice singing. The voice was beautiful, and the song was Schumann's "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai." Its pathos, its simplicity, its tenderness, mingled with Damier's almost tremulous mood, and pierced his very soul. It was like an awakening in Paradise; there was the remembered sadness of a long, long past; the strange, melancholy rapture of something dawning, something unknown and wonderful. Could any music more fitly usher in the coming meeting?

A middle-aged servant came to the door, conventional in the demure quiet of her dress and demeanor, and ushered Damier into a bare and spacious room where the light from scantily curtained windows shone broadly across the polished floor. A woman rose and came forward from the piano. Damier's first impression, after the breathless moment in which he saw that it was not *she*, was one of dazzling beauty.

"I am Mlle. Vicaud—Claire Vicaud," this young woman said, "and you are Mr. Damier. My mother is expecting you; she will be here directly."

Perhaps he felt, as she smiled gravely upon him, it was the power in her face, rather than its beauty, that had dazzled him. Already he discovered something almost repellent in its enchantment. Her eyes were dark, with a still, an impenetrable darkness; a small mole emphasized the scarlet curve of her upper lip; the lines of cheek and brow were wonderfully beautiful. It was indefinably, in the soft spreading of the nostrils, in the deeply sunk corners of the mouth,

that one felt a plebeian touch. There was nothing, however, of this quality in the carriage of her head, with its heavy tiara of dark-red hair, nor in the dignity and grace of her figure; and nothing in her, except some vague suggestion in this grace and dignity, reminded him of the photograph; and he was at once deeply glad of this—glad that Mlle. Vicaud resembled her father (he felt sure she did) and not her mother.

She seated herself, indicating to him a chair near her, and observed him with the same grave smile, and in an unembarrassed silence, while he spoke of his pleasure at being in Paris, at finding them there. Damier himself was not unembarrassed; he found it difficult to talk trivialities to this Hebe while thrilling with expectation; and Mlle. Vicaud, unable otherwise to interpret it, may well have seen in her own radiant apparition the cause of his slight disturbance.

"But you are not old," she said to him.

"Did you expect that?" he inquired.

"Then you are not a friend of mama's—a friend of her youth, I mean? I don't think that she was quite sure who you were."

"It is only through an old friend of hers that—I hope to become another," Damier finished, smiling.

"Well, *pour commencer*, you may be our young friend—we have time, you and I, before we need think of being old ones. I get tired of old things, myself."

"Even of old friends?" Damier asked, amused at her air of placid familiarity.

"Ah, that depends."

He observed that Mlle. Vicaud, though speaking English with fluent ease, had in her voice and manner some most un-English qualities. Her voice was soft, deep, and a little guttural. She had a way, he noticed later on, of saying "Ah" when one talked to her, a placid little ejaculation that was curiously characteristic and curiously foreign. But at the moment further observations were arrested. The door opened, and rising, as swift footfall entered the room, Damier found himself face to face with his lady of the photograph.

He blushed. His emotion showed itself very evidently on his handsome, sensitive face, so evidently that the strangeness of the meeting made itself felt as a palpable atmosphere, and made conventional greetings an effort and something of an absurdity. Mme. Vicaud, however, dared the absurdity, and so successfully that the formal sweetness of her smile, the vague geniality of her voice, as she said right things to him, seemed effort-

less. Damier, through all the tumult of his hurrying impressions, comparisons, wonders, yet found time to feel that she was a woman who could make many efforts and seem to make none. Her manner slid past the stress of the moment; her wonder, if she felt any, was not visible. All that she showed to her sudden visitor, introducing himself through a past that must have been long dead to her, was the smile, the geniality, vague and formal, of the woman of the world.

By contrast to this atmosphere of rule and reticence, the few words he had exchanged with the daughter seemed suddenly intimate—seemed to make a bond where the mother's made a barrier. But above all barriers, all reticences, was the one fact—the wonderful fact—that she was she, changed so much, yet so much the same that the change was only a deepening, a subtilizing of her charm.

"Yes, I remember Mrs. Mostyn so well," said Mme. Vicaud, "and it is many years ago now. She must be old. Does she look old? Is she well? Will she come to Paris one day, do you think? Ah, as for my going to England to see her, that is a great temptation, a sufficient one were the possibility only as great. My daughter has been much in England; she really, now, knows it better than I do."

Mme. Vicaud did not meet her mother's glance as it rested upon her; her eyes were fixed, with their dark placidity, upon Damier, as she sat sidewise in her chair, her hands—they were large, white, beautifully formed—loosely interlaced on the chair-back.

"Yes; I know England well," she said—"educational England. I went to school there. I associate England with all that is formative and improving; I have been run through the mold so many times."

"Run through?" Damier asked, smiling. "Have you never taken the form, then?" He was not interested in Mme. Vicaud, although he felt intimate with her; but her mother's glance brought her between them, placed her there; one was forced to look at her and to talk to her.

"Do you think I have?" Mme. Vicaud asked, with her smile, that was not gay, a slumberous, indulgent smile. "I hope not," she added, "physically at least. I don't like your English outline, as far as that is concerned."

Damier could but observe that hers was not English. She was supple, curved—slender, yet robust; one saw her soft breath-

ing; her waist bent with a lovely flexibility. But the contemplation of these facts, to which she seemed, with the indifference of perfect assurance, to draw his attention, emphasized that sense of intimacy in a way that rather irritated him; Mme. Vicaud, her outline and her exquisite gowning of it, slightly jarred upon him. He hardly knew how to word his appreciation of her difference, and after saying that he was glad she had escaped the more unbecoming influences of his country, added: "I hope that there were some things you cared to adopt."

"They adopted me. I was quite passive, quite fluid," said Mme. Vicaud.

Her mother, while they interchanged these slight pleasantries, continued to look at her daughter.

"You rather exaggerate, do you not, Claire, the coercive nature of your English experience?" she said. "It was not all school; there was play, too."

"Play like the kindergarten kind, with a meaning in it. My mother has always been anxious for me to take the right impressions," said Mme. Vicaud, her eyes still on Damier; "she has always chosen them for me."

There was a momentary silence after this—a silence that might, Damier fancied, have held something of irritation for the mother, though none showed itself in the calm intelligence of her glance as it rested on her daughter.

Looking from her before the pause could become significant of anything like argument or antagonism, she asked Damier for how long he expected to remain in Paris, and the talk floated easily into cheerful and familiar channels—concerts, the play, books, and pictures.

She was so much more like the photograph than he had expected, and yet so different! The figure was the same, almost girlish, more girlish, really, than Mlle. Claire's, though the fall in the line of her shoulders, the erect poise with which she sat, recalled a girlishness of another epoch, another tradition.

There was that in the folds of her long silk skirt,—a worn, shining silk, yet in its antiquity replete with elegance,—in the position of her narrow foot pointing from beneath its folds, in the way she lightly folded her arms while she talked to him, that suggested deportment, a manner trained, and as much a part of her as putting on her shoes was. She was very mannered and very unaffected; the manner was like the graceful garment of her perfect ease and naturalness—their protection, perhaps, and their

ornament. As for her face, Damier, looking at it while they talked, felt its enchantment growing on him, like the gradual tuning of exquisite instruments preparing him for perfect music. Still, the face of the photograph, so unchanged that it was startling to feel how much older it was. The abundant hair was dressed in the same fashion, but its black was now of an odd grayness that made one just aware that it was no longer black. The heart-shaped oval was emphasized; the cheeks were thin, the chin sharply delicate, the lips compressed when she did not smile—but she frequently smiled—into a line of endurance, of a patience almost bitter. There were tones of pale mauve in the faint roses of her lips and cheeks, but Damier felt that this charming tint must always have been theirs—went with the snow and ebony of her type. Although her face was little lined,—emotion with her had been repressed, not demonstrated,—it had a look more aging than lines—a look of bleakness, of a cold impassivity. The texture of her skin was like a white rose-petal just fading. And in this faded whiteness her dark eyes gazed, more stern, more tragic than in youth. There was in them, and in the straight line of her black brows above them, a somberness and almost a menace. Damier wondered over the strange contrast to her frequent smile. He saw that where Mlle. Vicaud was still and grave her mother was light and gay, but the gaiety and lightness—he traced the impression further—were part of the manner, the protecting, ornamental manner; were something that had once been real, and were now put on, like her shoes, again. The daughter showed herself, or seemed to show herself, imperturbably: the mother was hidden, masked; her eyes, with their contrasting smile, made him think of Tragedy glancing among garlands of roses.

Before he went, that day, Damier told Mme. Vicaud that his stay in Paris was to be indefinite; had even let her see, if she wished to, that she counted among his reasons for staying. He was sure that he was to go far, but he knew that he must go with discretion. One thing discretion evidently required of him—to include Mlle. Claire with her mother; her mother constantly included her. It was necessary to invite them both to drive in the Bois next day. It was then that he learned that Mme. Vicaud and her daughter both gave lessons, mademoiselle in singing,—she had studied with the best masters,—madame in the harp and piano. Damier cast a glance

upon the harp; the same, no doubt. Hours of engagements had to be consulted. They could both, however, be free next day at four.

V.

DAMIER was able, while waiting for them in the salon on the following day, to see more clearly Mme. Vicaud's environment, now that it was empty of her. It was one of work, poverty, and refinement. Books lined one side of the walls; the furniture was of the scantiest, simplest description; a row of old prints—after Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, some of them very good—were hung straightly above the simple writing-table; on this table stood a small pot of pink flowers, and on a large table—near the center of the room were books, reviews, and a work-box; the harp and the grand piano dominated the room. The high windows did not overlook the street, but the branches, flecked still with gold and russet autumn leaves, of an old garden. Turning from this outlook, Damier found his attention fixed by a large photograph that occupied a prominent place in a black frame upon a sedate cabinet near the window. It was the photograph of a man—of M. Vicaud, Damier knew at once. He gazed long at the face, still young, yet showing already touches of decay and degradation in the poetry and beauty of its youth. Without these touches—of presage more than actuality—it might have been the face of a Paolo, with tossed-back hair and superb, unfettered throat. M. Vicaud had evidently been one of the few men whom a Byronic disarray becomes. Damier saw in the face the enchantment that had deluded Clara Chanfrey, and hints of the horror that had wrecked all enchantment. The longer one looked at the ardent, dreamy eyes, the perfect lips,—helpless, as it were, before one, and unable in charm of change to divert one's attention from their essential meaning,—the more one felt cruel selfishness, hard indifference, and lurking evil. Instinctively he turned and walked away from M. Vicaud as he heard footsteps outside.

When the mother and daughter came in together, he could infer, even more clearly than from the bareness of the salon, from Mme. Vicaud's shabby furs and unfashionable wrap, that life, to be kept up at all with niceness and finish, must be something of a struggle for them; yet, with her small black bonnet, which she was tying with black gauze ribbons beneath her chin, her neat gloves, the poise of her shoulders, and her swift, light

step, she was still unmistakably *une élégante*. It was natural, he supposed,—though feeling some resentment at such naturalness,—that the struggle should be the mother's mainly; the law of maternal self-sacrifice perhaps demanded it. Claire was charmingly dressed, simply, and with a Parisienne's unerring sense of harmony and fitness. She was neither shabby nor unfashionable; the fashion, too, expressed her, not itself.

After all, she still, though she was no longer *une toute jeune fille*,—she must be twenty-seven,—had her life before her, and her achievement of pretty clothes could hardly be imputed as blame to her.

The early November afternoon in the Bois was misty, with sunlight in the mist; the air was mild. Mme. Vicaud's dark eyes looked down the long vistas, seeing, perhaps, other figures in them, other pictures. Damier and Mlle. Vicaud talked of Italy. She had never been there, but she questioned him about Florence and Rome, and Mme. Vicaud asked him if he had heard much of the old church music; and the music had been his greatest enjoyment. Mme. Vicaud was fond of Palestina, she said; but she said little of the fondness, and only listened with a half-detached, half-assenting smile while Claire and the young man went on from Gluck to Wagner. Mlle. Vicaud was full of admiration—though her admirations were always unemphatic—for the latter; but Mme. Vicaud, though retaining, evidently, no lurking survivals of taste for the operatic music of her youth, would own only to a tempered liking for the great opera-master. She mused lightly over Damier's demand for her preferences, and inclined to think that opera never meant much to her; it was a form of art that offended her taste almost inevitably; its appeal to the eye could so rarely justify itself, and the music, of course, was restricted by its being pinned down to definite descriptive themes.

Claire hummed out, in a melancholy, emotional contralto, a phrase from "Tristan." "I can't sing him—none of our French throats can; but he fills me, sweeps me up; that is all I ask of music. Mama likes music to lift her; I like it to carry me away." Among the deep, almost purple reds of her hair, the tawny luster of her coiling furs, her cheeks, in the keen, fresh air, glowed

dimly. "No, I could not sing Wagner," she sighed; "but I could sing. I am an *artiste manquée*; the one, perhaps, for being my father's daughter, the other for being my mother's. She would rather have me teach—try to force a little of my own energy and feeling into dough-like souls—than have me sing in public." Mlle. Vicaud's smile had no rancor as she made these statements, and her mother's distant gaze showed no change, nor did she speak.

"It is a hard and a rather tawdry life, that of an opera-singer," said Damier; "and, I fancy, almost an impossible one in Paris."

"Ah, but I am tawdry," Claire observed. If antagonism there had ever been on this subject, it had evidently long since left behind it the stage of discussion. Claire made no appeal or protest—merely stated facts.

"You see," she went on, very much as if she and Damier were alone together, "if it were not for that artist nature, mama would not, perhaps, mind so much. It is because I am not—what shall we call it?—respectable? *hein?*—well, that will serve—that she dreads such tests for me."

Damier now saw that, though Mme. Vicaud's silence kept all its calm, she very slightly flushed. He felt in her a something, proud and shrinking, that steeled itself to hear the jarring note of her daughter's jest; and was it a jest? Again the contrast in the two faces struck him, this time with something of fundamental alienation in the contrast. It occupied his mind after Mme. Vicaud, very unemotionally, not at all as if she felt that it needed turning, took the lead of the conversation, and while Claire, leaning back in her corner, listened with, when she was particularly addressed, her indolent "Ah!" It was, indeed, like going from one world to another to look from her mother's face to hers. Already he felt for her a mingling of irritation and pity that was to grow as he knew her better.

How strangely she was tainted with something really almost *canaille*; the soft depth of her voice reeked with it. And how strangely blind must the affection of the mother be that could bridge the chasm that separated her from her daughter, unconscious—her evident devotion to her proved that—of its very existence.

(To be continued.)

POLICEMAN FLYNN'S ADVENTURES.

HE CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS—TERRY TRIES DIPLOMACY—FLYNN TALKS OF POLICE METHODS.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

XIII. HE CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS.

AS Policeman Barney Flynn differs little—at least, in one respect—from the average man of limited means, the approach of Christmas found him troubled, not to say pessimistic. He heard the customary talk about Christmas: he saw the Christmas advertisements

in the papers and the Christmas goods in the shop-windows; he read the accounts of Christmas plans for feeding or otherwise remembering the poor; and the only effect it had on him was to make him jingle the “lucky half-dollar” he carried in his pocket and shake his head dolefully.

“T is th’ da-ay iv th’ rich,” he said to himself. “T is th’ time whin ye wa-ant twinty thousand dollars fr to do th’ r-right thing be all th’ good people ye know. ‘T is th’ da-ay iv give an’ ta-ake, an’ if ye can’t give ye’re ashamed fr to ta-ake, an’ there ye are. ‘T was diff’rent in th’ ol’ days whin I was a la-ad, but now ivery wan who ha-ands ye out a two-bit sca-arf expects fr to ha-ave as good or betther ba-ack from ye, an’ th’ ray-sult is we all go br-roke givin’ things that’s iv no gr-eat use to anny wan but th’ shtorekeepers that sells them. ‘T is fr me to shtall th’ good woman be a little ta-alk iv har-rd times before she spindz th’ rint money buyin’ r-red ties an’ six-fr-a-nickel see-gars be th’ box.”

With this object in view Policeman Flynn entered upon a systematic campaign to discourage Christmas shopping, and he did it with his usual diplomatic ability.

“Ye can’t impress a thing on th’ mind iv a woman be sayin’ it wanst an’ lettin’ it go at that,” he told himself. “Ye must ding-dang it into her head without lettin’ her know what ye’re doin’.”

So he began to drop incidental remarks about poverty and hard times, with a casual suggestion from time to time to the effect that there would be no Christmas in that house. Later, whenever the moment seemed propitious, he aired his Christmas views more at length, and even illustrated them with occasional stories. All in all, he congratulated himself that he was accomplishing his purpose with exceptional cleverness and strategy.

“Think iv th’ bargain days that follies. Chris’mus!” he remarked one day at breakfast. “T is th’ wa-ay iv th’ wur-rl’d. Whin-



FLYNN'S CHRISTMAS.

ye ha-ave no money th' la-ads in th' shtores is thryin' fr to ha-and things out to ye at liss than ha-alf th' cost to ma-ake thim. Oho! they're sma-art min, those fellies. All th' year ye're sayin' to thim that they niver thruly sell anything at liss than cost, an' th' da-ay afther Chris'mus they come back at ye an' say, 'We'll prove to ye now that we can do that very thing be offerin' th' goods at liss than cost whin ye're not in sha-ape fr to buy them.' I tell ye, Mary, th' wise wan is th' felly that plans fr to ta-ake thim up whin they ma-ake th' bluff."

The logic of this seemed unanswerable to Policeman Flynn, and a few days later he supplemented it by reminding her that the year before she was "near dead fr thinkin' iv th' things ye c'u'd ha-ave an' comparin' thim with th' things ye did ha-ave, all because iv th' ba-ad habit iv goin' br-roke wanst a year." Next, after a reasonable interval, he told about Cullen, one of the men at the station.

"Th' only throuble with Cullen," he said, "was that his hear-rt was so big an' ray-sponsive that he c'u'd n't button his vist over it whinver anny wan or anything appealed to it. He had a good head, too, but it was nawthin' beside iv his hear-rt. His head was always givin' him th' r-right tip, but his hear-rt w'u'd n't l'ave him listen to it. That's why th' b'ys at th' station has fr to dodge him reg'lar afther Chris'mus. He come to me on th' twenty-sivinth da-ay iv last Day-cimber,—I ducked him on th' twenty-sixth, knowin' th' kind iv a la-ad he was, but he cornered me on th' twenty-sivinth,—an' he says to me, he says, 'Barney,' he says, 'I ha-ave up to th' house,' he says, 'a br-right-grane nicktie, an' a r-red nicktie, an' a polky-dot nicktie, an' two pipes, an' a box iv see-gars, an' a ol'-gold pair iv suspinders, an' some shippers, an' a fut-rist,' he says; 'an' th' good woman do be havin' a sort iv a doily thing, an' a silk pitticoat, an' some shtockin's with pale-blue clocks on them, an' a pink shir-rt-waist, an' a little statoo iv Vanus fr to put on th' kitchen shelf, an' a wather-caraffy, an' a new tay-pot,' he says; 'an' th' childher has a r-red sca-arf, an' a shied, an' a pair iv ska-ates, an' a toy gun, an' a little pathrol-waggin, an' some blocks, an' a shteam-injine.' Thin he sighs an' says, 'Barney, I niver intinded fr to do it, but ye know how it is ye-ersilf. Will ye lind me th' loan iv a two-dollar bill so's we can ate till th' nex' pay-day?' That's th' wa-ay iv th' ma-an with th' big hear-rt, Mary, an' so I've had me hear-rt ossified."

This naturally had its effect on Mrs. Flynn. "Th' poor ma-an," she said to herself; "he do be havin' a har-rd time iv it over th' money, an' it is fr me to help him out." So she gladdened his heart by proposing that they ignore Christmas entirely. As that was the very idea that he had in mind all along, he readily acquiesced. And yet, even in the hour of victory, he began to modify the compact, thus deliberately disproving his previous pessimistic assertions about the expected return favors.

"A bit iv something fr Maggie an' Terry," he said, "but nawthin' ilse."

Here, however, Maggie objected. If there was to be any such arrangement she wished to be included in it. There was no reason why she should receive any presents if she was expected to give none; indeed, as she was receiving an independent salary for her work as a teacher, she told herself that there was all the less reason why her parents should incur any Christmas expenses on her account. As for her own money, she could do with that as she saw fit. It was right that they should be relieved of a burden that was rather hard to bear in the existing circumstances, but that was no reason why she should be deprived of the pleasure of giving. Here, it will be noticed, was another blow to Policeman Flynn's views of the selfishness that marks the modern Christmas, but of course he did n't know it. Maggie kept her opinions to herself, and merely insisted that she should be included in the compact.

Now this is an agreement that many people of limited means have entered into at various times, and they will appreciate the difficulties that confronted the parties to it. The Christmas spirit is contagious, and more than once Policeman Flynn regretted that he had been so far-sighted. When he saw anything that he wanted to buy for Mrs. Flynn or Maggie, he tried to console himself with the reflection, "Niver mind! T will be mar-rked down afther Chris'mus." But with this came the haunting fear that the stock might be exhausted before the day of bargain sales arrived. The occasional queries at the station, "What are ye goin' to buy th' good woman?" also worried him, for he feared a truthful answer would be misconstrued, and he would be put down as a miserly wretch with little affection for his family. He had one consolation, however. By tacit agreement Terry had been left out of the arrangement, as being too young rightfully to appreciate it and so there was an opportunity to make some family purchases. Thus

it happened that Christmas eve Policeman Flynn told his wife that he must get something more for Terry.

"But ye ha-ave a plinty fr him," argued Mrs. Flynn.

"Are you th' wan that's doin' this, or am I?" he demanded, with some asperity.

"Oh, g'wan, if ye wa-ant to," she returned, "but ray-mimber wan thing."

"What's that?"

"Ray-mimber Cullen, th' la-ad iv th' big hear-rt that niver meant fr to do it."

Policeman Flynn departed with the uncomfortable feeling of a criminal who fears he has been found out, and Mrs. Flynn chuckled. Then she retired to her room and made an investigation of one of the bureau-drawers.

"T will niver do," she commented, as she held up one of Policeman Flynn's socks and regarded it critically. "T is a sha-ame th' min don't wear shtockin's. Now what'll I ta-ake fr to ma-ake it seem r-right an' proper?"

Terry noted his mother's mysterious movements that night, but he was absolutely barred from the kitchen until morning, and Mrs. Flynn kept a close watch of him. Maggie was superintending or assisting to superintend a waifs' Christmas celebration, and did not get home until late. When she did come she made a mysterious trip to the kitchen in the dark and deposited some packages on the table. With the stealthiness of a thief Policeman Flynn came still later, and his movements were the most extraordinary of all. He removed his boots before going to the room where Mrs. Flynn was peacefully dreaming of the surprise she had in store for him, and after leaving that room he crept into his daughter's. Then he went to the kitchen, and felt along the wall until he found two pan-hooks, to which he carefully fastened certain things that he was carrying.

He was awakened the next morning by an outcry from Mrs. Flynn.

"Barney!" she cried. "Wake up! They's been a burglar here."

Policeman Flynn rolled out of bed and hastily reached for his Sunday boots, his only other pair having been left near the outer door when he took them off the night before. This feeling that he had only to put on his boots to be fully dressed was the result of sleeping at the station on reserve duty in times of great public excitement. But now he received a shock.

"Oh, th' murtherin' devil!" he cried.

"He's shtole wan iv me boots!"

"Niver mind th' boot," retorted Mrs. Flynn. "He's shtole me only pair iv silk shtockin's that I had last Chris'mus! An' I hear him now," she added excitedly. "He's in the kitchen, th' thafe! Hear him laughin' at what he's done. F'r th' love iv Hiven, Barney, go down an' gr-rab him quick, an' I'll folly ye with a broom. Bad luck to him! He's afther r-robbin' Santy Claus!"

By this time Policeman Flynn had got part of his uniform on over his usual night attire, and was half-way down the stairs with his revolver in his hand. Mrs. Flynn, somewhat more nearly dressed than he, followed, and Maggie, who boasted of a really pretty house-robe, joined them.

"Did he get anything from you?" Mrs. Flynn found time to ask.

"I don't know," answered Maggie. "He mussed up everything in one of my bureau-drawers, anyway."

"T is Terry!" broke in Policeman Flynn, from the foot of the stairs.

The next moment he pushed open the door of the kitchen, and the three entered. Terry was actually rolling on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter.

"What's th' matter with ye?" roared Policeman Flynn.

For answer Terry simply pointed to a row of pan-hooks on the wall, and laughed some more. From the first hung the silk stockings that Mrs. Flynn had missed, stretched all out of shape by the statuette that protruded from one and the patent egg-beater that looked over the top of the other, with incidental lumps of large size to indicate where a little china clock, some candy, and various other things had been crowded in. Next to this was a stocking that Maggie promptly recognized, although she blushed to note the knobby shape it had assumed in its efforts to provide room for the regulation box of candy, a bottle of perfumery, a glove-box, a fantastic little pincushion, and a ready-made light-blue shirt-waist rolled up and simply jammed in. But it was the last thing in the row that tickled Terry the most. This was Policeman Flynn's missing boot, and loose cigars filled it to the top, with one pipe and two neckties held in place by the cigars, and nodding over the edge. There were also various packages on the table and on the floor.

"Oho!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn, "I see ye're not a woman iv ye'er wur-rd."

"An' ye f'rgot about Cullen," retorted Mrs. Flynn.

"Niver a bit," answered the policeman;

"but wan might as well spind th' money him-silf as lind it to thim that does spind it. An' annyhow, 't is no use thryin' fr to frget whin 't is Chris'mus."

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Flynn, "fr to see ye ha-ave a bit iv sinse in ye'er head now an' thin."

A moment later she and Maggie were hurrying back up-stairs and Patrolman Flynn was looking about him in a bewildered sort of way.

"Terry," he remarked, "I ha-ave a sort iv an idee that some wan kissed me. Was it Maggie or ye'er mother?"

"T was both," said Terry.

XIV. TERRY TRIES DIPLOMACY.

TERRY FLYNN is a well-meaning lad. Like other boys, he gets into trouble occasionally, but when he is good he is most aggressively good. He not only looks out for his own conduct, but he insists upon giving the most painstaking attention to the conduct of others. His supreme self-satisfaction and arbitrary methods on these occasions are most annoying to those of his companions who are disposed to go astray, but fortunately his periods of intense righteousness are of short duration and occur only at infrequent intervals. If this were not so, his popularity would suffer.

It was during an exceptionally severe attack of virtue that Terry undertook to lead a youthful friend into the strait and narrow path, and when he experienced some difficulty in leading, he got behind and pushed. The friend—Tim Delaney by name—betrayed a desire to play hooky. He never did think much of school, anyway, and on this particular day he held it in greater contempt than ever. So he decided that he would absent himself for the day. Now the joys of playing hooky were far from being unknown to Terry, but just at this time he happened to be on his good behavior. He scorned the very thought of deceiving his teacher, dodging the truant officer, and spending the day in thoughtless and unremunerative amusement. Ambition was stirring within his breast; he purposed to be a great and good man, and conscientious work at school was a first requisite. As usual, he wished to bring every one else up to his high standard, too, so he not only refused to join Tim, but suggested that Tim ought to join him.

"Naw," said Tim; "I ain't goin' to school to-day."

"Aw, come on," urged Terry.

"Naw," said Tim again.

"You better," insisted Terry.

"S'm'other day," answered Tim.

"I'll bet you'll come to-day," asserted Terry, as he slammed his hat down on the ground and started after the recalcitrant youth. It was all over in a very few minutes. The principal, who had been attracted by the cries of the other scholars (for the disagreement occurred almost in front of the school),



"WHERE'S TH' CAKES?"

found Terry sitting astride of Tim, and earnestly demanding, "Now, will you go to school?" to which Tim surly replied in the affirmative.

Of course the object that Terry had in view was worthy of all commendation, but the principal carefully explained to him, after hearing the whole story, that his methods were not in accordance with modern ideas.

"I am glad to see that you desired to bring the wayward boy to school," said the principal, "but you should have used diplomacy rather than force. We cannot permit fighting."

Terry thought it all over as he walked home, and he told himself that he would just as soon use diplomacy as any other missile, if he only knew what it was. His desire was to make the world better, and he really did not care how he did it so long as the results were clearly defined and immediately noticeable. Consequently he wisely went to his father to secure the desired information.

"Oho!" exclaimed Patrolman Barney Flynn, when the case was stated to him, "ye'd like fr to be a deeplomatic la-ad, w'u'd ye? 'T is a good thing, it is that."

"But what is a diplomat?" insisted Terry.

"M-m-m, well," replied Patrolman Flynn, thoughtfully, "ye might sa-ay 't is a Chinaman, an' thin ye might sa-ay 't is an Injun ma-an, an' thin ye might sa-ay 't is both iv them r-rolled into wan, an' also 't is neither iv them. They do be fine samples iv r-rough deeplomacy, which is wan wa-ay iv sayin' they're cheerful liars; but ye sh'u'd n't folly thim, Terry: ye sh'u'd have more polish. Th' Chinaman is willin' fr to be called a liar afther he gets what he wa-ants; 't is nothin' to him that ye find him out. Th' Injun ma-an 'll talk fair to ye till he gets ye where he can lick ye, an' thin he 'll give ye th' laugh an' sail in. In wan wa-ay this thing ye're ta-alkin' about is th' art iv keepin' th' other felly quiet while ye're gettin' r-ready fr th' scra-ap, but th' la-ad that's up to all th' thricks 'll do better than that. He 'll get what he wa-ants an' never even fave ye a cha-ance fr to call him a liar or go to fightin' about it. That's where th' art iv it all comes in. Th' Injun ma-an's deeplomacy is so close to strathegy 't is ha-ard to tell thim apart, th' Chinaman's is plain lyin', an' th' white ma-an's is so artistic ye can't tell whether 't is lyin' or not. Sometimes it is, an' sometimes 't is not, but ye never find it out."

"What's it good for?" asked Terry.

"It's good fr th' little ma-an that has th' job iv makin' th' big ma-an give in to him," answered Patrolman Flynn, promptly. "'T is this wa-ay, Terry: I ha-ave a big hulk iv a ma-an to take to th' station, an' I call on wan or two others to help me, an' we throw him down an' dhr-rag him to th' patrol-box. That's foorce an' vi'lence. But mebbe I pull me gun an' ordher him fr to go with me or I 'll put a hole through him. That's discretion. Or mebbe I gr-rab him be th' collar an' thry fr to yank him to th' box, he bein' bigger an' shtonger than me. That's foolishniss. But if I sa-ay to him, 'Th' cap-

t'in wants ye fr to shtep r-round to th' station fr to ha-ave a bit iv a chat,' or something like that, an' he takes it all in, an' goes with me, that's deeplomacy. Ye see how it is, don't ye, Terry? 'T is th' art iv havin' ye'er own wa-ay without makin' throuble fr ye-er-silf."

"Who was the greatest diplomat you ever heard of?" inquired Terry.

"M-m-m, well, 't is ha-ard to sa-ay," returned Patrolman Flynn. "Sometimes I think 't is Li Hung-chang, even if he do be a Chinaman; but there was another felly who c'u'd have beat thim all, if he'd iver gone in fr to use his talints th' r-right wa-ay. He had th' idee iv it, but 't was only spoort an' not juty with him."

"Who was it?"

"A felly be th' na-ame iv Baron Moon-chowsen."

Terry was duly impressed, and for a time he sat silent, watching his mother's preparations for a feast of pancakes.

"Ye-er father likes him," she said as she noted his attention.

"He does," he replied, and then suddenly he bestirred himself and began to help her in various little ways.

"I'll give ye an exthra wan fr that," she said.

"I'll get that shawl you left at Mrs. Casey's after dinner," suggested the boy, casually.

"I'll give ye two exthra wans fr thinkin' iv goin' fr it," said Mrs. Flynn.

"Luk at th' deeplomacy iv th' la-ad," commented Patrolman Flynn.

"Did you see the man waitin' for you at the corner as you came in?" asked Terry.

"Who was the man?" asked Patrolman Flynn.

"Give it up," replied Terry.

"Why did n't ye tell me iv it before?" demanded Patrolman Flynn. "I hear-nd Cassidy wa-anted fr to see me."

"Maybe it was Cassidy," returned the boy, "an' maybe he's waitin' there yet."

Patrolman Flynn caught up his hat and bolted out of the door. He was back in about twenty minutes, sadly out of temper.

"Divil a soul was there," he exclaimed, "an' so I wint on to Kelly's pla-ace to see if he was waitin'. Whin did ye see him, Terry?"

"I did n't see him at all," answered the boy. "I only asked if you saw him."

Patrolman Flynn took a step in the boy's direction, but restrained himself from making any further demonstration.

"Ye sh'u'd n't be playin' jokes on th' ol'

ma-an, Terry," he said. "Where 's th' cakes?"

"I thought from the way you hurried out that maybe you would n't be back," Terry calmly replied, as he disposed of the last pancake.

"Luk at th' deeplomacy iv th' la-ad," commented Mrs. Flynn, proudly.

XV. FLYNN TALKS OF POLICE METHODS.

PATROLMAN BARNEY FLYNN was grievously troubled by a youth of the name of Horatio Mann. Horatio was a well-meaning young fellow, but he had erroneous ideas. He had read dime novels until he had become imbued with the idea that a detective is the greatest of created beings, and it was his ambition to be one. Hence his admiration for Flynn. He had heard stories of the patrolman's prowess, and he haunted him. He wanted to know all about his methods and his exploits, and more than all else he wanted the patrolman to get him a position on the force or with some detective agency.

"I know I 'm just made for a detective," he said frequently. "All my inclinations lie in that direction, and I revel in mystery."

It will be seen from this that Horatio spoke reasonably correct English. Indeed, he had had a fair education, the only trouble being that it had not "worked in." However, as Patrolman Flynn once remarked, "a ma-an can get book-larnin' anny time iv his life, but 't is not so with sinse, fr sinse do be a nach'r'l gift." Horatio had the book-learning, but he lacked the sense, and this it was that made him so annoying to the policeman. He could not be persuaded that the life of a detective was not one long romance, filled with disguises, thrilling adventures, and fabulous rewards. He would make himself up in the most wonderful and outlandish way, and then drop in on Flynn to ask if that would not fool the cleverest "crook." Later he amused himself by shadowing people in the neighborhood, and writing out reports of his "work," which he would submit to Flynn for approval or criticism.

"Ye wa-ant me fr to help ye to be a day-tictive?" said Patrolman Flynn to him one day. "M-m-m, well,"—drawing his hand over his chin in the old familiar way,—"I'll tell ye what I 'll do fr ye. I 'l give ye th' po-lis ixamination an' see how ye come out. 'T is not ye-er pla-an fr to sta-art in as a patrolman, iv coarse?"

"Oh, no," answered the youth. "I feel that my talents are above that."

"T is what I sup-posed," said Patrolman Flynn. "Th' woods is full iv la-ads like you. Some iv them wa-ants to be prisidint iv a



FLYNN COUNSELS THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

r-railroad, some iv them wa-ants to be editor iv a newspaper, some iv them wa-ants to be gin'r'l manager iv anny ol' business that 's big enough, but most iv them wa-ants to be day-tictives. Anny way ye put it, they can do better than th' fellies that 's doin' th' wur-rk now. But 't is a shtrange thing to me that th' min that 's makin' na-amess fr thimselves at th' top is never th' wans that

sta-artert in up there. Did ye iver think iv that?"

"No-o, I can't say that I did," replied the youth.

"Iv coarse not," said Patrolman Flynn, "an' ye w'u'd n't think th' r-rule was fr you if ye did. 'T is not nicassary in ye-er ca-ase. Ye're too sma-art. Well, mebbe so. We'll thry it on. Ivery la-ad that wants to be a day-tictive has to be ixamined, an' I'll put a few quistions to ye. Sup-pose ye was in cha-arge iv th' day-tictive wur-rk an' a big burglary was committed, what would ye do?"

"I'd look for a clue," answered Horatio, promptly and confidently.

"I can see ye doin' it," asserted Patrolman Flynn, with a chuckle. "I can see ye goin' through th' pla-ace, an' lookin' wise, an' gettin' down on ye-er knees fr to ixamine a bit iv mud through a magnifyin'-glass, an' thin goin' out an' measurin' th' tra-acks in th' mud with a fut-rule. I can hear ye sayin', 'This gr-reat crime was committed be a ma-an with a large fut an' a nail shstickin' out iv wan shoe. 'T is only nicassary now fr to find th' shoe an' arrist th' ma-an.' Oho! ye'd ma-ake a gr-reat day-tictive, fr sure."

"Is n't that what you'd do?" asked Horatio.

"I'm not ta-alkin' iv what I'd do," returned Patrolman Flynn. "I'm ta-alkin' iv what th' gr-reat day-tictives does. If ye was a r-real day-tictive an' had this wur-rk fr to do, ye'd go to th' pla-ace an' luk wise, an' thin ye'd go back an' ordher th' dhr-rag-net put out. Ivery ma-an that c'u'd ha-ave done it an' lots that c'u'd n't w'u'd be brought in, an'—"

"Arrested?" interrupted Horatio.

"Fr sure," replied Patrolman Flynn.

"But what right would you have to arrest people against whom you had no evidence?"

"Who's ta-alkin' iv r-rights?" retorted Patrolman Flynn. "I'm ta-alkin' iv th' wa-ays iv po-lis day-tictives, an' I don't want ye fr to be botherin' me with ye-er fool quis-tions. Ye'd ha-ave them all brought in, an' ye'd ixamine them an' ma-ake them prove they was n't th' wans, an' sift it down till ye'd got it bechune a few iv them. Thin mebbe ye'd la-and ye-er ma-an through

some wan tellin' on him so's to keep r-right with ye, or mebbe some felly on th' outside w'u'd tip it off to ye so's ye'd give him a little more shwing. Oho! they's lots iv wa-ays iv gettin' at th' fac's without tracain' a cr-rime up. That used to be th' ol' wa-ay, but 't is out iv date. 'First find out who did it an' thin arrist him,' was th' ol' rule, but now 't is, 'First arrist ye-er ma-an, an' thin find if he's th' wan, or if he knows th' wan, ye wa-ant.' Iv coarse they's ex-citions, but this is th' reg'lar wa-ay."

"And what would be the next thing for me to do?" asked the youth, somewhat distressed by having his ideals thus ruthlessly shattered.

"Ye sh'u'd throw out ye-er chist, puff on a big see-gar, an' say, 'T was a har-nd job, but I done it.'"

"Is that all?" asked Horatio.

"Oho! is that all!" repeated Patrolman Flynn. "If ye c'u'd see th' time some iv th' day-tictives puts in doin' it, ye'd sa-ay 't is enough."

Patrolman Flynn, it is hardly necessary to say, looks with some contempt on the average police detective, believing that he is a man who gets most of the glory, while the patrolman does most of the work; but that perhaps is natural in a man who is a patrolman from choice.

"Still, a man may do work in his own way, I suppose," suggested Horatio, after a moment of thought.

"Fr sure," answered Patrolman Flynn; "but 't is a ha-arder wa-ay."

"And if he does a really good piece of work he gets his reward?"

"R-right ye are."

"What is it usually?"

"M-m-m, well," returned Patrolman Flynn, thoughtfully, "that all day-pinds. Sometimes 't is wan thing, an' sometimes 't is another. Sometimes 't is promotion, an' sometimes 't is not. D'ye ray-mimber th' time I wint down th' chute an' arristed a gang in th' cellar?"

"Yes, indeed. Did you get a reward for that?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"I was docked th' price iv th' coat I ru'ned goin' down th' chute."



OFFICER BRADY.

(THE MODERN RECRUIT.)

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,
Author of "The Recruit," "Cardigan," etc.

I.

SEZ Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"G'wan! Ye 're no lady!
Luk here what ye 've done:
Ye 've run in Red Hogan,
Ye 've pulled Paddy Grogan,
Ye 've fanned Misther Brogan
An' called him a 'gun'!"

"Way up in Tammany Hall
They 's a gentleman layin' fr you!
'An' what,' sez he, 't' ell,' sez he,
'Does the villyun mane to do?
Lock up the ass in his shtall!
He 'll rue the day I rue,
F'r he 's pulled the dive that kapes me alive,
An' he 'll go to the goats!"¹ Whurroo!"

II.

Sez Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"Ye pinched young Mullady
F'r crackin' a safe!
An' Sinitor Moran
An' Alderman Doran
Is inside, a-roarin'
F'r justice, ye thafe!"

"Way up in Tammany Hall
They 's a gentleman layin' fr you!
'What 's this,' sez he, 'I hear?' sez he—
An' the air, bedad, grew blue!
'Well, I nivver did hear av such gall!
But if phwat ye say is threue,
He 's pulled a fri'nd av a fri'nd av me fri'nd,
An' he 'll go to the goats! Whurroo!"

III.

Sez Alderman Grady
To Officer Brady:
"Here 's Sullivan's lady
Cavoortin' an' riled;
She lifted a locket
From Casey's coat pocket,
An' it goes to the docket,
An' Sullivan 's wild!

¹ "Going to the goats," that is, to an undesirable post in the suburbs.

"Way up in Tammany Hall
 They 's a gentleman layin' fr you!
 'T is a shame,' sez he, 'fr to blame,' sez he,
 'A lady so fair an' threue,
 An' so divinely tall'—
 'T is po'ms he talked, ye Jew!
 An' ye 've cooked yere goose, an' now ye 're loose
 Fr to folly the goats! Whurroo!"

IV.

Sez Alderman Grady
 To Officer Brady:
 "Where 's Katie Macready,
 The Confidence Queen?
 She 's niece to O'Lafferty's
 Cousins, the Caffertys—
 Sinitor Rafferty's
 Steady colleen!

"Way up in Tammany Hall
 They 's a gentleman layin' fr you!
 'He 's pinched,' sez he, 'an' cinched,' sez he,
 'A lady tray comme eel foo!
 Go dangle th' tillyphone call,
 An' gimme La Mulberry Roo,
 Fr the town is too warrm fr this gendarme,
 An' he 'll go to the goats, mon Dieu!'"

V.

Sez Alderman Grady
 To Officer Brady:
 "McCabe is afraid he
 Can't open to-night,
 Fr throuble 's a-brewin',
 An' mischief 's a-stewin',
 Wid nothin' a-doin'
 An' everything tight!
 There 's Register Ronnell,
 Commissioner Donnell,
 An' Congressman Connell
 Preparin' fr flight;
 The Dhistrict Attorney
 Told Magistrate Kearny
 That Captain McBurney
 Was dyin' o' fright!

"Oh!
 Way up in Tammany Hall
 They 's a gentleman lookin' fr you!
 'Bedad!' sez he, 'he 's mad,' sez he.
 'So turrn on the screw fr Bellevue,
 An' chain 'im ag'in' the wall,
 An' lather 'im wan or two,
 An' tether 'im out on the Bloomin'dale route
 Like a loonytick goat! Whurroo!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The New Pace for Children.

ANY one in middle life who candidly compares the children about him with those of twenty to forty years ago must be struck with the sophistication which lies in wait on every hand for the young folk of to-day. It was of a winsome and lingering age of youth that Wordsworth sang, in the "Ode on Immortality"—itself immortal:

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light—
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

This trait of ideality is the crowning grace of the child's nature, and it is all the more beautiful and precious because sooner or later must come the awakening into the prose of the real and the practical. Knowing this, by what sedulous artifice and evasion does the thoughtful mother strive to postpone that day when the

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy!

But come it does. This is the logical sequence of life, and is not to be deplored, since to a healthy nature each age brings its own harvest of natural joy. What is to be dreaded is the too sudden transition from childhood to youth, from youth to maturity—the plunge into the blinding light of knowledge. Keats well said: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." Then is needed in parents every precaution of tact, forbearance, and affection. Then is needed in the child the resource of a mind nourished on the best ideals. It is, of course, possible that the transitions of the young may be prolonged too far—that the infant may too long be fed on the soft foods, the little girl be left too much with her dolls, the boy's pretty curls be too long unclipped. But the candid observer of young people of the present day, especially in cities, is likely to draw the opposite conclusion—that in America, at least, there is an extraordinary amount of rail-roading by "flier" from the very cradle to the grave. We say "especially in cities," for the return to the country—now so much on the increase—has become the salvation of the over-wrought, nervous, and noise-ridden citizen.

But at the fashionable pace now kept up, even three or four summer months in the country are not a cure for the ills of a child's winter in town. What with the limitations of play, the exactions

of study, and the distractions (ominous word!) of the theater matinée, the children's dance, and other entertainments, the days of city children are almost as devoid of repose as those of their parents. It is well for them if they escape the precocity of such attrition with the world into which, all too soon, they are to make the full leap from childhood.

A noteworthy defect in the care of children is the lack of supervision of their intellectual food. Mothers who tend as with vestal care the flame of physical life not only betray indifference to what goes into a child's mind, but actually permit to be provided for its consumption vapid, vulgar, and even vicious reading. Sensitiveness to these three qualities represents the grades of conscientiousness of many mothers. Some think their duty done if they can exclude the vicious, and think themselves masters of the situation if they have kept the hungry wolf of "yellow journalism" from the nursery door. Others from instinct draw the line on this side of vulgarity, and do not knowingly admit that handmaid of vice to the assistant tutorage of the children. But how many reflect on the vapidness of much of the reading accessible to boys and girls—empty pabulum with a honeyed taste, but without the intellectual and moral nourishment needed by the growing child. And yet it is a truism that in the long run what we read we are.

One reason why parents should provide in the household children's reading of a wholesome, joyous, and ennobling type is that the laxity of society in its attitude toward semi-criminal newspapers leaves even carefully guarded children exposed to a thoughtless neighbor's indifference. The friendship of intrinsically attractive books and magazines for children is much to be coveted as a bulwark against the disillusionments of life, so that in the mind of the awakened youth the beauty, order, and goodness which are at the heart of things may persist as active principles.

It is a deplorable fact that of late years, for lack of support, a number of excellent magazines for children have been discontinued—in the latest instance with the frank statement that the vogue of the newspaper had shortened the term of childhood so greatly as to make it impossible to sustain such a magazine, the proprietors saying, in effect, that boys and girls, in the old sense of an audience for juvenile periodical literature, exist no longer. The fault, perhaps, is not with the child, nor with the editor, but with the busy parent of these latter years; for the newspaper-reading child is the product of the last decade. The boy of ten or twelve, at the age when he ought

to be acquiring a taste for good literature, is too often left to the ephemeral contents of the illustrated newspaper. Even when the newspaper is a good one he is being startled from the repose of his proper age. He is made a man before his time. He is allowed to share the rapid pace at which modern life is set. Not for him should be

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

And if the newspaper be conducted without conscience his mind becomes the breeding-ground of false ideals—infested by the microbes of envy, social discontent, ambitious greed, scandal, desire for luxury, and disbelief in virtue. If he be a child of the tenement, with little other reading, is it any wonder that he should grow up into the criminal classes? And yet such newspapers are tolerated in the houses of decent and intelligent people!

The death of President McKinley has set people to thinking as to the insidious influences that may have operated on the mind of the wretched and pitiable assassin, little more than a perverted boy; and, as a consequence, a healthy reaction has set in against the sensational newspaper. It will be well if this shall extend to all newspapers of the class. But it will be best if the country can be aroused to substitute for them decent newspapers, magazines, and books, and particularly to study carefully the kind of reading which goes to the formation of the character of children.

What boots it at one gate to make defense
And at another to let in the foe?

The "Vanity of Liberty."

MR. CABLE was among the speakers at a public meeting in memory of President McKinley held in a Northampton church immediately after the President's death. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the "slanders and distempered mis-judgments of a wanton public press," and of "our national vanity of liberty to say what we please of whomsoever we will."

A necessary lack of ceremony, an "over-democracy of manners," a tendency to irreverence—these are a part of the price a country pays for its freedom. There is in America very little of arrogance in "the look from above downward." We have, indeed, heard an international critic go so far as to declare that the absence of such arrogance in America made our national manners superior to those of any other country. But there is undoubtedly in America not a little of arrogance in the other direction.

There is so much training in a country like ours in the idea of equality that youth is apt to regard itself not only as equal but decidedly superior to age; and the ignorant and feeble, even the vicious, are given to the opinion that they are not merely "as good as," but actually much "better than," those whom they are called upon to respect. We have heard it hinted that one reason that there were fewer notorious rascals in high places in English politics than in American was partly because there had been one woman in Eng-

land, who, for a long lifetime, set a standard of public respect—one person who could not be foully and recklessly abused. The idea was that public opinion was keyed up in England,—to some extent by this means,—given a better tone, or at least made more effective.

If it is at all true that public opinion in England is more effective in keeping out of high politics a certain class of notorious corruptionists,—such, for instance, as "boss" our cities and invade our Senate,—there must be other reasons than the one indicated—reasons having to do, doubtless, with the centralization of an acknowledged single commercial, political, and social metropolis.

The license of speech and print in America, however,—the freedom to abuse grossly and caricature outrageously all public men, including the President of the United States,—has a tendency to confuse the minds of the people, and to interfere with patriotic and disinterested public service. It is right and necessary to criticize our official servants; nothing should be allowed to interfere with this right and duty. But aside from the fear of incitement to assassination, a self-respecting country should put a stop to the treatment of its high officials, on mere difference of political opinion and policy, as if they were outcasts and criminals. Now that the country is starting in, so to speak, with a new President, it is a good time to consider this subject with all seriousness.

Mr. Cable has put his finger upon a national failing—the "vanity of liberty." Here is food for reflection, and the text for many a timely clerical and lay sermon.

The Philosophy of the "Too Much."

It would enable us to regard with a calmer and more philosophic spirit not only the idiosyncrasies of our associates and neighbors, but the shortcomings also of both the dead and the living great, if we had it firmly fixed in our minds that, as a rule, no one can have enough of a quality to do anything remarkable with it without having that quality in excess. The absolutely balanced temperaments seldom achieve conspicuous ends. Balance, so far as being under control, that is necessary; but balance as to endowment is not necessary for great success. Washington's temperament was not so evenly balanced as his earliest editors and biographers would have us believe. He had a temper which, in the case of a less well-governed mind, might easily have been classed with those which are called "ungovernable." But Washington's balance of character was exceptional. He is a marked man, in this respect, even among the handful of world-heroes; Alfred the Great, we are reminded by his millennial, being one of his extremely few competitors.

Take a figure like Napoleon. His celebrity as a man of war places him, in that respect, in the front rank, with only one or two others dressed to the same line. He was a tremendous warrior. Yes, but he was too much of a warrior for his own greatness and final success. He himself said that a king should be clever at many things, but

not too clever at any one thing, as, for instance, at the work of a cabinet-maker: he should not be an expert cabinet-maker. He himself, it will be noted, was altogether the greatest expert in his day in the art and occupation of making war. The consequence was that he turned, in every emergency, to the thing he could do most easily—and made war several times too often. He and his empire went to destruction that very way.

So it is in every direction. You hear of a great wit; his sayings go about the town. Ten chances to one, a few hours with the wit will give you an idea that he is something of a fool, whereas he is only exhibiting that excess of a trait which seems to be necessary to make it carry far. Cross-question the associates of a man whose business career has been remarkable for audacity of suggestiveness, and they will tell you that he has made for each valuable "suggestion" at least two that were worthless, or worse than worthless. The fact is that if a man is engaged in a business which requires inventiveness in means and method, it is a bad sign if he makes no "fool suggestions" at all, for it shows that his mind is not working with the required vigor. Of course the over-suggestive man must be teachable and not infatuated with his own ideas, or he will soon enough be confronted by the bitter lesson of disaster.

A man gains a wide reputation for firmness; he is tremendously, gloriously firm; yes, and ten chances to one, you will find him confessing to

not a little plain, homespun obstinacy. Find a man who is widely known for a proud and imperious and fascinating carriage. Get near enough to him, and you may find him so afflicted with the petty vanities that his company is unendurable. Take the trait of amiability. One might say that no one could be too amiable. But a little experience of life teaches one that an overplus of amiability has highly dangerous—often disastrous—issues, notwithstanding all the good that may be accomplished through this engaging trait.

Let a man have an extended reputation for physical and mental energy and activity: you are likely to discover that in private life, and in public as well, if he happens to be a public man, this activity shows its overplus in all sorts of curious ways. They may seem to the cold-blooded pure extravagances; they may, indeed, be pure extravagances. But you will conclude, if you are blessed with good sense and a bit of discernment, that any criticism of such a character for the evidences of the "too much" merely amounts to a recognition of the phenomenal force of the man—a recognition, indeed, of the very temperament which is the reason for his success in life, and which accounts for the fact that you think it worth while to bestow so much attention upon his mental and physical "outfit." Ten chances to one, if he had not been endowed so heavily with his distinguishing trait he would not have had enough of this trait to accomplish anything notable in life.

This last illustration may be considered timely.

● ● IN LIGHTER VEIN ● ●

Beauty-land.

(A LULLABY.)

KIVER up yo' eye, my baby, wid yo' mammy's sleeve,
When de windy elemints is callin' out aloud,
Dat's de way de stars dey go to sleep, I do believe:
Mammy Night she kivers up her babies wid a cloud.

White mama, lady mama, she's so mighty gay,
Beauty's boun' to dance at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away,
Nuver leave 'er sleepin' baby 't all.

All about in Slumber-lan'dey's beauty layin'roun'—
Layin' loose, a-waitin' for de chillen to come in;
Yesterday my baby went, an' what you think she foun'
But dem creases in 'er wris'es ap' dat dimple in 'er chin?

White mama, lady mama, she's so mighty gay,
Satins boun' to rustle at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, nuver gwine away—
Ain't expected nowhar else at all.

Lady mama walked in Beauty's garden as a babe;
Same ole nigger mammy settin' watchin' at de gate,
Trusted wid de treasure dough dey say she was a slave—
Oh, chillen, quit yo' foolin', 'caze de times is gittin' late!

White mama, lady mama, she's so mighty gay,
Boun' to grace de 'casion at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away—
No, sir, Mister Angel, don't you call.

Baby 's gone to Beauty-lan',—de pinky gates is
shet,—
So mammy gwine a-noddin', too, to gyardens in
de sky,
To view de heavenly mansions whar de golden
streets is set,
An' mammy an' her babies will be gethered, by
an' by.
refrain of first stanza.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

If Sandy Claws was Pa.

I 'VE often thought what fun 't would be
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He surely would be good to me,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He 'd let me see the million toys
He makes fer little girls an' boys;
An' every single winter's day
I 'd ketch on to the reindeer sleigh,
An' he 'd be good an' would n't mind,
But jes p'tend that he was blind,
An' would n't never *whip behind*,
If Sandy Claws was pa.



The reindeer 'd take us 'way up high,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
They 'd trot right through the air an' sky,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
An' pa would tell me how the deer
Could do a thing so awful queer,
An' why they stay up in the air
Without balloons to keep 'em there;
He 'd tell me how they fly all night
Up past the stars so big an' bright,
Without a single wing in sight,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

The pole explorers would be blue,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
We 'd find the pole before they do,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
For we 'd go there jes like a streak;
It would n't take us half a week
To make the trip, ner half a day,
Ner half a night while on the way.
It 's great ole time them reindeer make
When their slim legs gits wide awake—
Not half a nour it would n't take,
If Sandy Claws was pa.

Each night there 'd be a Chris'mas tree,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
An' one each day, besides, fer me,
If Sandy Claws was pa.
He 'd tell me how he climbs right down
The red-hot chimbleys in the town,
An' he how ever, ever learnt
To never git his whiskers burnt.
But what 's the use of thinkin' so?
These dreams is nice, but they don't go,
Fer pa ain't Sandy Claws, you know,
An' Sandy Claws ain't pa.

Earle Hooker Eaton.

The Best Authority.

THEY say that worldly goods and gauds
Are all that 's "worth the while";
They say romance is out of date,
And love is out of style;
They say a bright tiara's gems
Will solace any throe:
But Philip, blue-eyed Philip,
He does not tell me so.

They say that lovers' strongest vows
Have proved but brittle things,
That Love *must* fly, since Art portrays
The little god with wings;
That youth's fond fancies quickly fade,
That men inconstant grow:
But Philip, faithful Philip,
He does not tell me so.

They say that one should only think
Of lofty birth and place;
They say it makes one thrill with pride
To set the social pace;
They say a cottage on the green
Must be forlorn and slow:
But Philip, ardent Philip,
He does not tell me so.

I let them prate of pride and pelf,
I care not what they say.
O heart of mine! to-morrow's sun
Shall light our wedding-day.
Within our cottage, Love, content,
Shall ever bide, I know:
For Philip, dearest Philip,
He says it shall be so.

Beatrice Hanesom.

When Mother has Gone Away.

It is n't often it happens—mother's no hand to "trot";
 If we did n't insist she'd never leave home, as like as not;
 But once in a while, come summer, we're bound that she take a rest,
 And we pack her off to visit Aunt Jen, who lives out West.
 She is n't exactly *willing*, but father urges: "Go."
 Jennie is counting on it; she wrote and told you so.
 And you need n't think we'll miss you," he adds, for he loves to tease.
 "We can do first-rate without you. So stay as long as you please."

Then mother goes in the morning, and father at noon will sigh:
 "Well, it does seem mighty lonesome, with mother not sitting by!"
 At supper we joke and tell him he's losing his appetite
 (And to speak in sober earnest, the things don't taste just right).
 And every night it's funny, and kind of pitiful, too,
 For father fidgets and cannot decide quite what to do,
 Till he settles in desperation with the old, familiar pack
 At his solitaire, and mutters, "I'll be glad when your mother's back."

Or else he nods and dozes, sunk in his big arm-chair,
 Sudden to start and waken, with a fretful, puzzled air,
 And a peevish cry, "Why, Nancy!"—only to look so queer,
 Like a grieving child, and murmur, "I thought that she was here."
 Oh, it's collars he cannot button, and shirts that he cannot find;
 It's handkerchiefs all ragged, and watch he forgets to wind;
 It's wearing his shiny trousers when he ought to have worn his best;
 And it's, "What in the world possessed her to bundle clear out West?"

Perhaps he is tired and worried, or feeling a little "down,"
 Or has caught a cold—there is n't a bluer man in town;
 And he can't be cheered, but hazards, as a kind of hint: "I yum!
 I've a notion to write your mother and tell her she'd better come."

Now of course I admit these stories—or, rather, they're simple facts—
 All are concerning father, and the manner in which he acts;
 And you talk with him, and doubtless he'd have some things to say,
 For we are as bad as he is when mother has gone away.

Edwin L. Sabin.

Hints on Table Etiquette

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

With Pictures by Oliver Herford.



TO A BAKED FISH.

PRESERVE a respectful demeanor when you are brought into the room;
 Don't stare at the guests while they're eating, no matter how much they consume.



TO LETTUCE.

THE humblest are counted the wisest, the modest are lauded the most;
 Don't have a big head because sometimes you sit on the right of the host.



TO LAMB CHOPS.

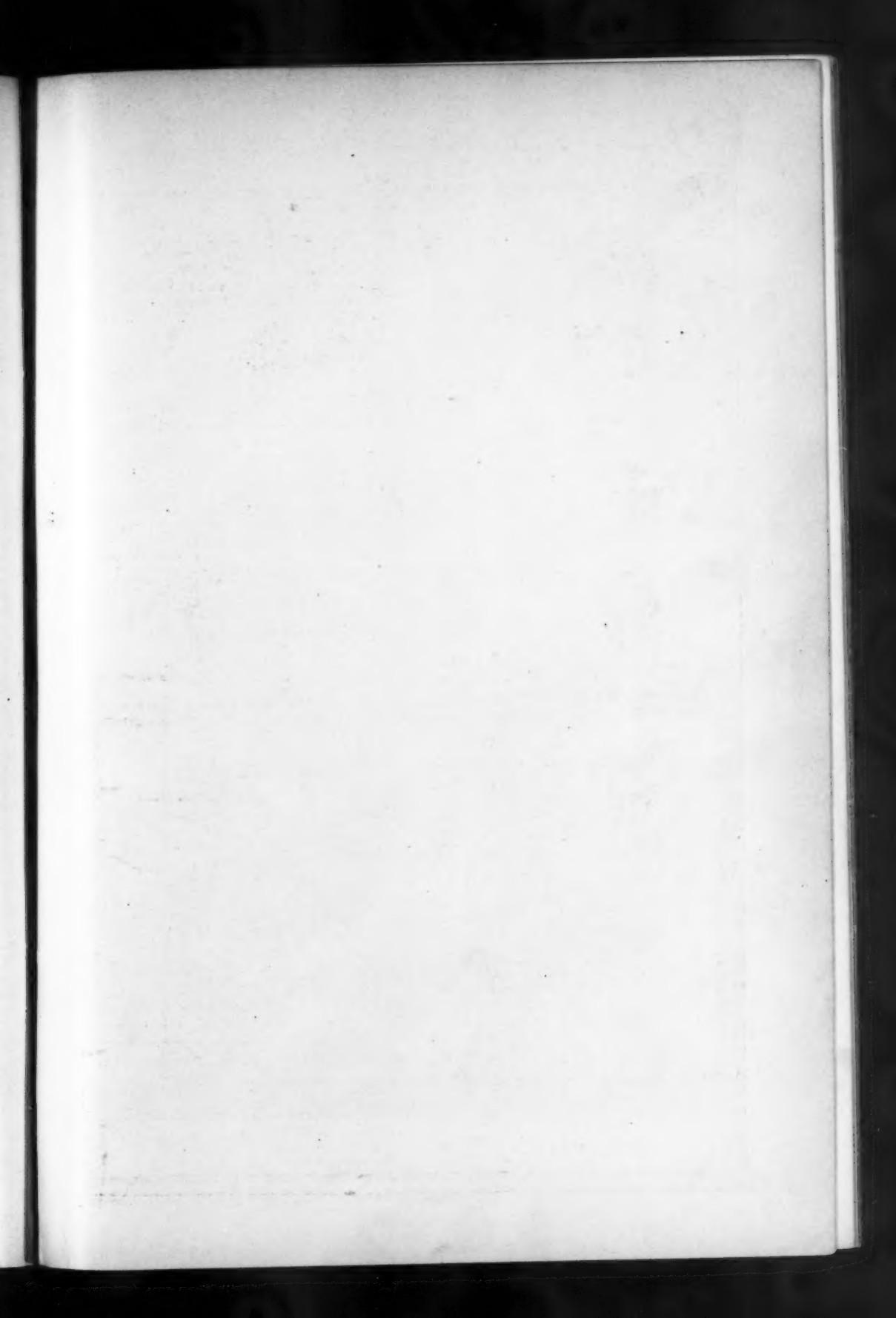


TO THE MORNING PAPER.

If there are only ladies at luncheon,—it being a feminine feast,—
By the family you're welcomed at breakfast,
your presence, indeed, they expect;
You then may appear in curl-papers; no one will
But pray do not come in your wrapper—it is n't
object in the least.
considered correct.



"SAY, BUNNY, GIVE ME A BOOST."





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THE OLD STAGE-COACH OF THE PLAINS.